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Collier's

THE N EEKLY

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Cover by
Augusta Meday

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN"

The true story
of the real ma

Your hair *can* beat the summer sun

Heed Nature's 3 warning signals

SUMMER robs beautiful hair of its life and lustre. Remember this when you pick your shampoo. Ordinary soaps help the fierce sun to suck the life from your scalp. But, there is *one shampoo,* especially suited to beat the summer sun. Wildroot Taroleum Hair Wash feeds the scalp while it cleans the hair.

Healthful crude oil makes this possible. That is why Taroleum is called the "double benefit shampoo."

Look at your scalp—*today*

In summer, your scalp quickly tells you when it needs care.

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*
3. If you find dandruff—*beware!*

There is a Wildroot treatment for each one of these dangerous conditions. Read the directions on this page and ask for the Wildroot preparations at better drug and department stores.

Above all—use *only* Taroleum for shampooing. Get some to save your hair from summer dangers.

1. Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Before you wet your hair rub *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.*

2. Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic.* Then gently massage *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp, before you wet your hair. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

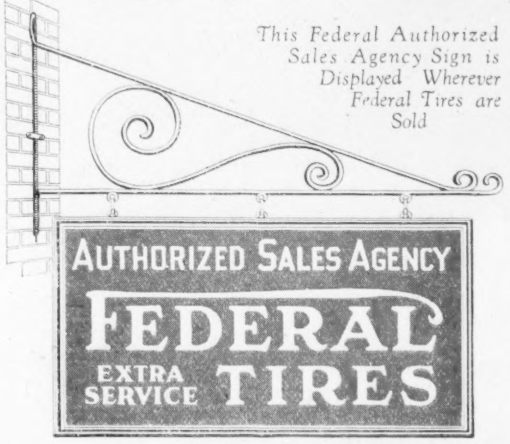
3. Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR WASH

FEDERAL TIRES

FEDERAL BALLOON CORD
FEDERAL



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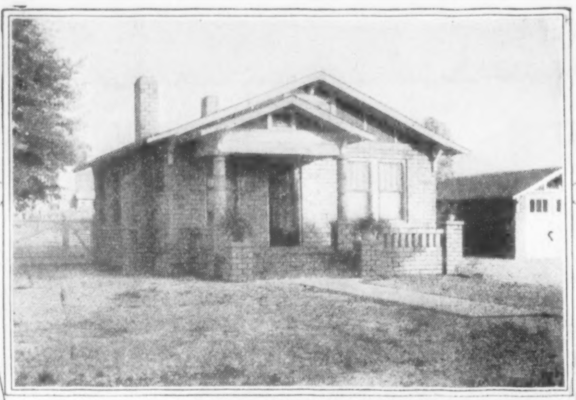
Therefore, to guarantee Federal users the intelligent tire advice and service they deserve, only men of standing with experience and good facilities are appointed to sell Federal Tires.

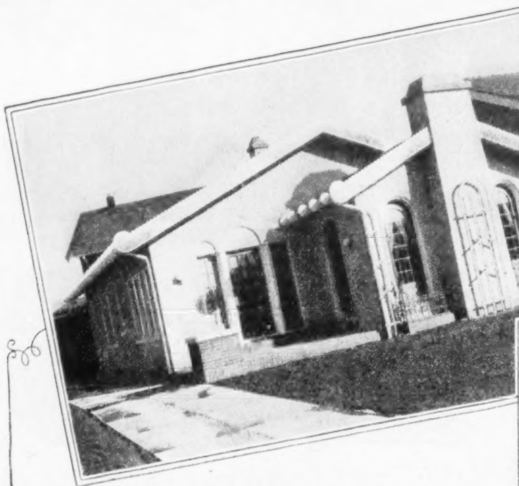
Naturally, these merchants have chosen Federal Tires to sell because they are tires on which they can safely stake their own reputations.

When you need another tire, whether it be a Balloon, a regular or a commercial Cord, talk to the Federal Authorized Sales Agent near you.

You will not only get a fine tire, attractively priced, but you will enjoy the advantage of prompt, competent service whenever you want it.



Built at West Point, Miss. Cost $3,000.00



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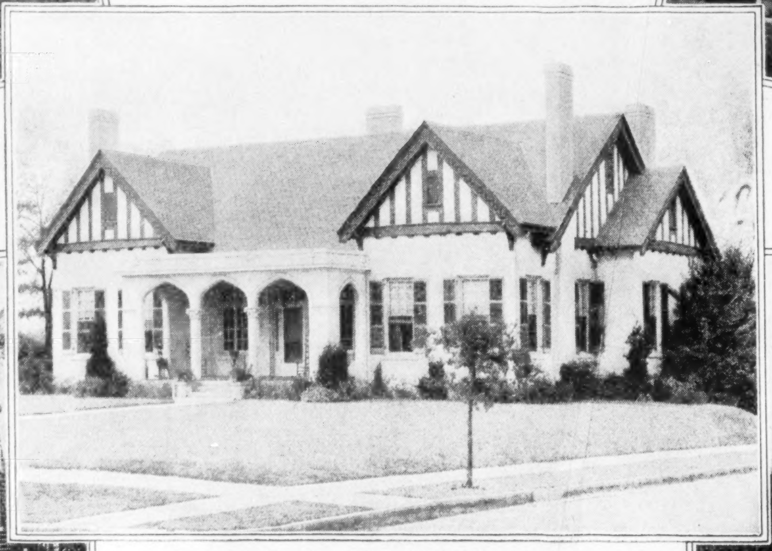

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The true story of the real man who, after years of poverty, wants more than anything else to make his mother happy

Did You Know that Charlie Chaplin——

Had a gypsy ancestor? Can play on almost any instrument you can name? Is likely to lunch, dine or sleep almost anywhere except where you'd expect to find him? (That old gypsy blood, again!) Loses vast sums because he won't work unless he feels like it? Often sings while he works and will spoil a costly scene if it doesn't harmonize with his mood while singing? Is a clever business man who can take care of himself?

An Authorized Interview by KONRAD BERCOVICI

"I HAVE found out something about myself that has thrilled me as I have never been thrilled before," was almost the first thing Charlie Chaplin said when I revisited him in his studio recently. "But you look hungry, Konrad. Sit down right here," and clapping his hands he called, "Food! Food!"

"Any money in the bank of which you didn't have a record?" I prompted Charlie, who looked happier than I had ever seen him. "Or have you found out that you can act?"

"Wrong. All wrong, as usual."

Charlie leaned forward. His gray eyes glistened, reflecting his intensity, his nervous little hands clasped and unclasped.

"No, I found out from my mother a few days ago that I had gypsy blood in my veins. And that has thrilled me more than I have ever been thrilled by anything else. At once a good many things, Konrad, have become clear to me. I now remember little allusions my grandmother made when gypsies passed by our home during the fruit season in England. And I remember many other things that have new meaning for me, now. In those days it was a great blotch on the escutcheon of a family to have gypsy blood. When I questioned my mother the other day for more definite details on the subject of my ancestry, she withdrew within her shell and wouldn't tell me more."

And, as Charlie looked dreamily up at the ceiling and closed the subject by suddenly beginning to talk about something else, it occurred to me that he, too, knew more than he was telling me, and had withdrawn within his shell at the point where he was beginning to give me more information about his ancestry; there were other people present. Charles ("Chuck") Reisner, his assistant, was there. And Jim Tully, and Bergman, and D'Arrast.

And at once a good many details about Charlie became clearer to me. I wondered why I had not thought of it before! So many things pointed to gypsy blood in Charlie's ancestry. Yet, I have speculated a good deal without getting anywhere—and Charlie didn't know or wouldn't tell.

His great love for music, his great gift of improvisation and his instinctive familiarity with musical instruments pointed to gypsy origin. There is hardly an instrument Charlie cannot play more or less well. His gift of improvisation is such that he can sing or play any melody in any mood. Not only that but he can take any melody and give it a Russian, a Hungarian, or a Jewish twist. He can make it into a French chanson or a jazz tune. Why had I not thought of it before?

He Scorns Millions

AND there are a good many other things. Whenever Charlie finishes work he wants to run away from the place where he has been working. Whenever he has an opportunity to go away and live in a tent he abandons his home on Beverly Hills and does so. Like the gypsies, he is unable to stay in the same place without going and coming. Many a time in the midst of the making of a picture he has disappeared from home and studio. As it is, he always has three homes to go to! The big one on the hill, another one in his studio, and a bungalow on the lot. You never know where he is going to eat his lunch, where he is going to have his dinner, or where he is going to sleep!

I had before ascribed these vagaries to his artistic temperament, but now I know that they are to be traced back to the gypsy ancestor whose blood speaks through him. Even his mimicry is absolutely gypsy. Unable to speak the languages of the countries through which they pass, the gypsies have had to learn to rely on sign language to make themselves understood.

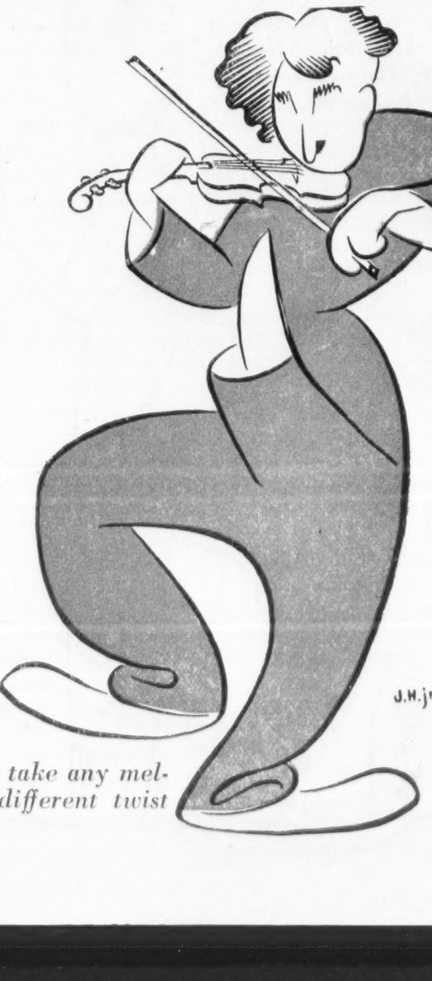
And the gypsies, it is now definitely known, were a tribe of minstrels, acrobats and actors, in India, before they began to spread over the world.

Charlie's slight figure can contort itself upon itself, and hang and twist in a thousand different ways. It is the figure of the gypsy acrobat and not of the trained actor. He is unable to work unless he feels like it. Although there are hundreds of people in the studio waiting for him, hundreds of people who are being paid huge salaries for waiting time, Charlie cannot be induced to work when he does not feel like it. And the time he loses! Sometimes, when everything is ready and the cameramen are waiting to "shoot" Charlie will suddenly begin to play his violin or dance or sing. Who else would do that but a gypsy?

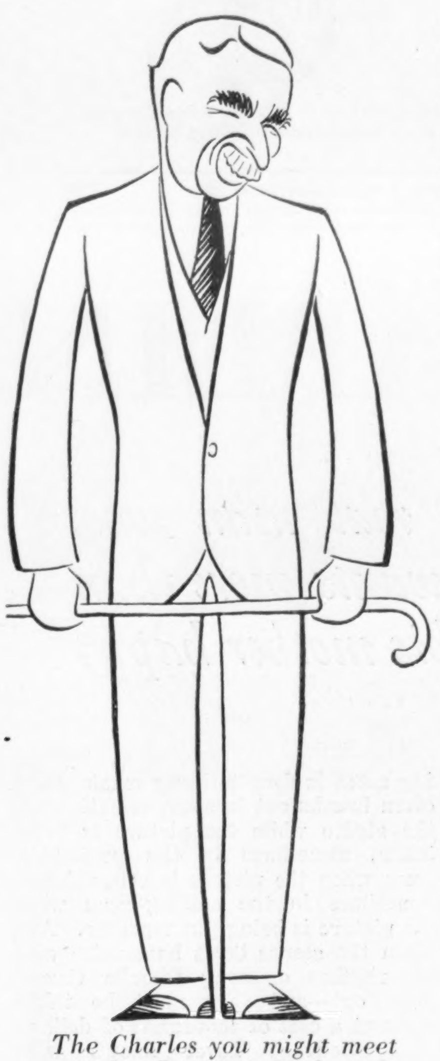
The artistry and the timing of his pictures as they are being acted is done to inner music which often breaks out in song, sometimes in the studio while the picture is being taken, sometimes in the projection-room when the picture is being shown, sometimes in the cutting-room when the picture is being put together. And when the scenes don't harmonize with his rhythm or song Charlie throws them out—and they must be taken anew at a cost of thousands of dollars. His entourage never knows why. Charlie knows.

And there are a good many other things that I know about Charlie which were suddenly explained by what he had told me.

Some time ago I happened to be in Charlie's room on one of the days when he felt depressed. Alf Reeves, his manager, had just shown him the cost-sheet of his latest picture. There is always a warm session between Charlie and his manager at the end of the making of a picture; for the cost sheets are not shown to him until the last day. Charlie was in argumentative mood. Why had they not warned him that it was costing so much? Why had he not been cautioned? Why, oh, why, had they not told him?



Charlie Chaplin can take any melody and give it a different twist



The Charles you might meet on the Parisian boulevards

As if he did not know that all warning would have been in vain! As if he did not know that it had ever been a prearranged thing between him and his manager never to talk to him about the cost of a picture while he was making it! Well, as Reeves says, that, too, is part of the act. It blows over and Charlie will do exactly the same thing next time he makes a picture, although he will start out very, very cautiously and economically.

In the midst of all the turmoil the bookkeeper brought in some bills from a department store. It appeared that Charlie's mother had gone on a buying rampage through the leading department stores of Los Angeles and had bought as many silks of vivid colors as the salesladies had cared to show her. And now the bills had arrived and the figures were way up in the thousands. It was a wrong time for these bills to arrive. Bills always manage to arrive at the wrong time. Charlie grew angry at the sight of the total at the bottom of each bill.

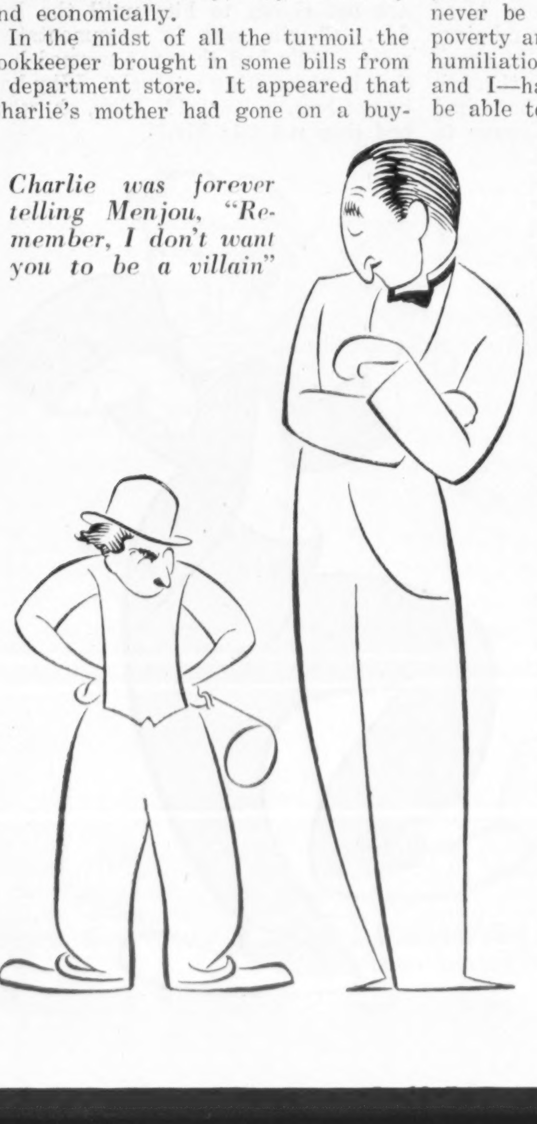
"Good God!" he cried out. "What does she want with these tens of yards of yellow and blue and green and white and black and mauve silk! Thousands of dollars thrown away! Let them take it all back. She has not used it yet—it's all there, somewhere."

But suddenly he checked himself. The tenseness vanished, and he sat down in front of the slowly burning wood in the fireplace. Then, after wringing his hands (at first with fury and then more softly so that presently he was slowly caressing the backs of his hands), he dismissed the bookkeeper. "That's all right," he said. "Don't worry about it. Pay the bills."

And talking to me without taking his eyes away from the burning fire he said, "Let Mother have all that. Let her have that and more—and all she wants of the frippery. The poor soul has been longing for such things all her life. She must have wanted these silks since she was very young to deck herself and show off her pretty figure and beautiful face. Mother was very beautiful, you know. Why . . . she still is, isn't she? And what of it if the silks came thirty years too late? She doesn't know it. She doesn't realize it. Do I? Does anybody realize one's real age sooner than when one has absolutely broken? Will I, will you, ever realize that it is too late? Age comes upon one so stealthily . . . suddenly one is old."

And then turning toward me with eyes moist with tears he gripped my arm and said:

"Let her have all that and ten times as much. I should have liked to be with her in the shops when they showed her the silks. How her eyes must have glistened! She has beautiful eyes, the poor old dear! Oh, Konrad, I shall never be able to tell anybody all the poverty and all the misery and all the humiliation we—my mother, my brother and I—have endured. I shall never be able to tell, for no one would believe it. I myself at times cannot believe all the things that we have gone through. Why, at times the workhouse in England was a Paradise to us! Why shouldn't she have all the silks she wants, now that we can afford it? For it is 'we' between my mother and me. Let her play with them. I do understand her love for color. She has always loved high colors. She got only rags. Let her have silks now. We shall go out and see her to-morrow. She will be so happy!"



Charlie was forever telling Menjou, "Remember, I don't want you to be a villain"

A second later Charlie was dancing to a wild Russian gypsy tune which he played on his violin. He had spoken about his love for color. I knew. I had seen an assortment of Chinese and Japanese robes in his dressing-room that rivaled that of an Oriental potentate. Charlie's love for color frequently borders on gaudiness. I did not then understand the reason for that love as well as I understand it now. It had always puzzled me. Now I know. The gypsy ancestry explains that to me.

Down in Hollywood you will frequently hear people talk about Charlie's tightness. Hollywood likes a good fellow who spreads his money like butter on hot toast. And when the money is gone Hollywood shrugs its shoulders. Never has anybody yet said anything about Charlie's generosity at the beginning of Jackie Coogan's career. How he deliberately let the "kid" run away with a good deal of the picture because he recognized talent in the child. And, though Charlie's managers had Jackie tied up on a long-term contract at a ridiculously low salary (considering what Jackie earned later on), when the elder Coogan came to Charlie and told him about the propositions of other managers, instead of hanging on to his contract and making millions out of it he just tore the paper up; for he would not stand between the child and his future and the millions that awaited him. Yet he was sorry Jackie was leaving him. He had intended to continue his education and his artistic development. The best in Jackie is what he has gotten from Charlie.

And since I am talking about Charlie's generosities why not also mention the Adolphe Menjou story? Nobody knew about Menjou. He had played small and insignificant parts on the Lasky lot and elsewhere, until Charlie took him in hand for his "A Woman of Paris." And I know, for I was in the studio during the making of that picture, of Charlie's infinite pains and patience with Menjou. He spent days and days with the actor off the lot, talking to him, explaining details, telling him stories, and making philosophical theories for him, so that he could understand the rôle of the good-hearted cynic Charlie had created for him in that play.

He's a Star Maker

AND Charlie was forever telling him, "Remember, I don't want you to be a villain."

Charlie had just gotten hold of Wilde's definition of a cynic: "A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."

"Keep that in mind," he repeatedly told Menjou. "A man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."

There were scenes that Charlie "took" over forty or fifty times with the patience of an angel, while the cost of production mounted by leaps of tens of thousands of dollars. Again and again he told Menjou that he was still acting the usual stage villain, that he should have another expression; and to inspire him, played his face for him as one plays one's violin.

And ultimately Menjou reaped and is still reaping all the profits of Charlie's generosity. He has created a new moving picture type, of which all the companies are now trying to avail themselves. Menjou is the busiest man in Hollywood, playing for four or five pictures at one and the same time. It takes some force of character, some inspired generosity, to teach a forty-year-old actor to impersonate a new personality of which he has never thought before.

Who that has seen "A Woman of Paris" will ever forget the actress who played the masseuse! It was one of the finest bits in the picture. But very few know that Nellie Baker—the girl who made it—had been a switchboard operator in Chaplin's studio. How Chaplin drilled and worked with her! How he fired her with an ambition that she had never before possessed, making her dream dreams that she had never dreamed before. Not long ago Miss Baker signed a fat contract with a moving picture company, and she is on a fair road to success.

There is the Von Sternberg affair. A former second cameraman with great directorial ambition managed to raise some four thousand dollars and made a picture called "The Salvation Hunters." When the film was ready no company wanted to touch it—until a young English actor who had played in the picture induced Charlie to look at it.

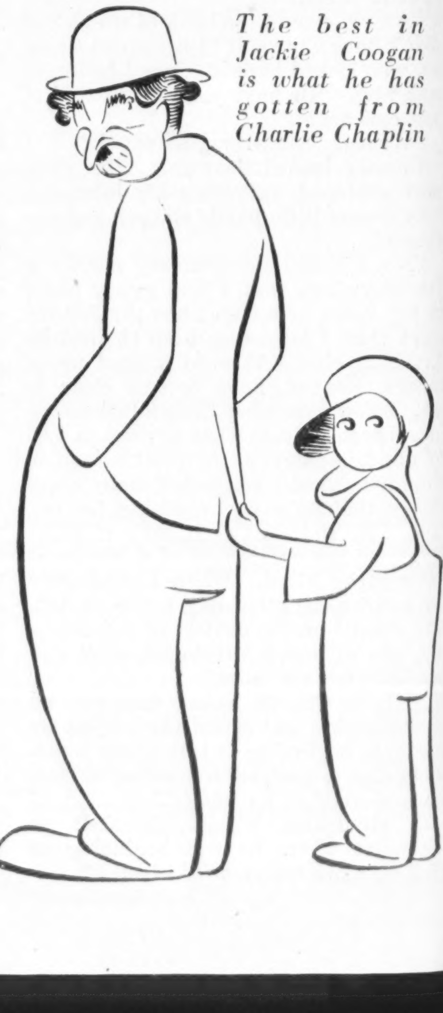
100 Chaplins in 1

AFTER seeing the picture I had my doubts as to what animated Charlie's enthusiasm for it. There were some good things in it but I doubt whether they were behind his interest. For days and days he talked of nothing but the great Von Sternberg picture. He got Doug and Mary so enthusiastic that they, who admire Charlie very much, talked of nothing but Von Sternberg's "Salvation Hunters." Within a few days the news spread from Charlie's studio that Von Sternberg had made the greatest picture ever.

Needless to say that the film obtained a release immediately. And if it has not revolutionized the moving picture industry it has at least obtained fat contracts for all the participants in the making of it. Von Sternberg does possess qualities of which nobody had been aware; but Charlie went out of his way to point them out. He fought for him. And what Charlie says about picture making is law to many in Hollywood. Everybody admits that he is one of the few who really know.

I could go on repeating such generosities indefinitely. I doubt whether Charlie is conscious of them to the extent I am. I have no doubt that a good many of these things are done without much forethought, just on the spur of the moment and with no intention of being generous. Charlie likes to pick up a person who has never been anybody and make of him a somebody. He has always preferred the association of the inconspicuous to the near-great and the great.

Recently, Charlie, with characteristic sweep, was passing in review the world's literature. Like a child who plays with a (*Continued on page 36*)

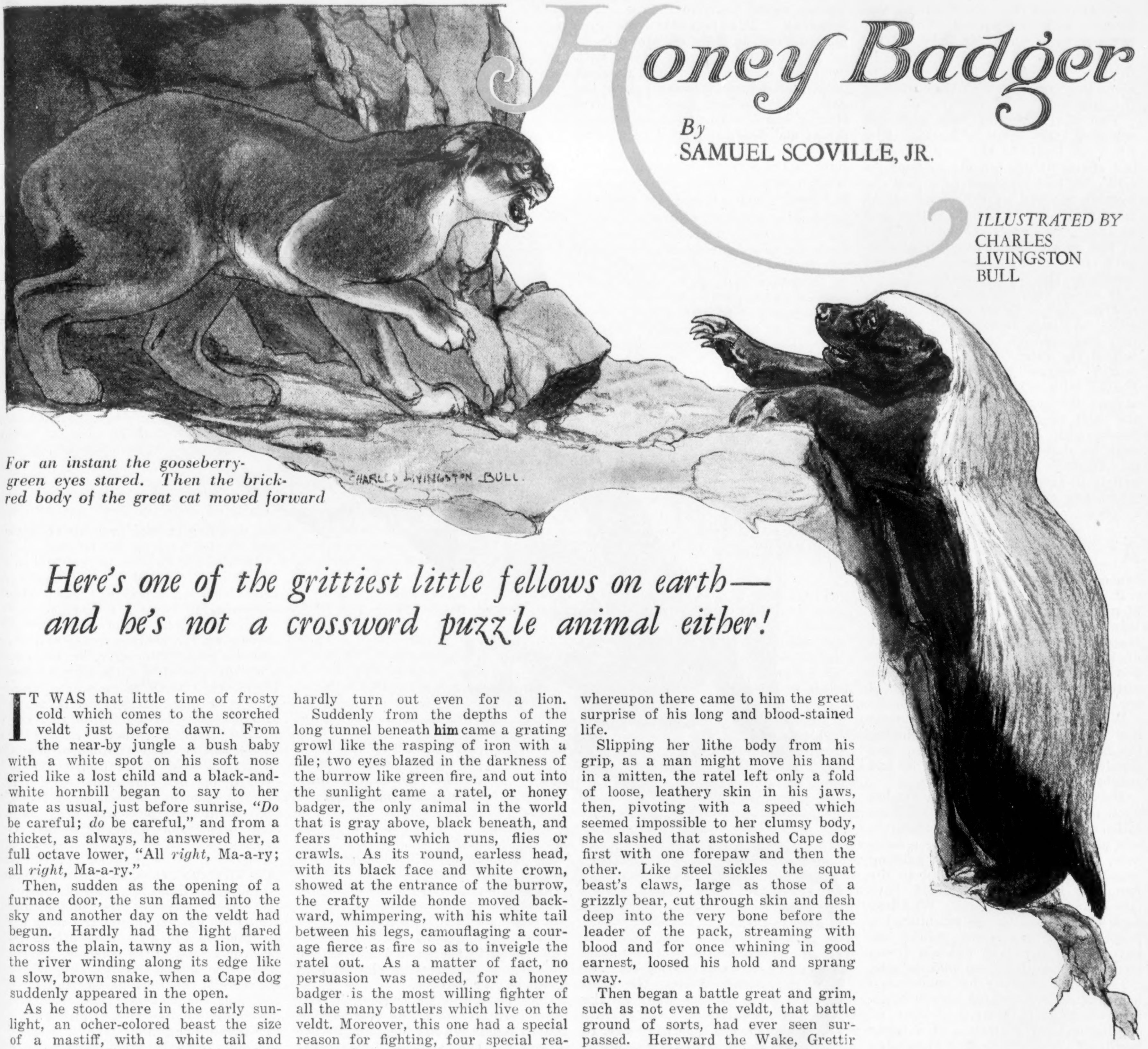


The best in Jackie Coogan is what he has gotten from Charlie Chaplin

Honey Badger

By
SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES
LIVINGSTON
BULL



For an instant the gooseberry-green eyes stared. Then the brick-red body of the great cat moved forward

Here's one of the grittiest little fellows on earth—and he's not a crossword puzzle animal either!

IT WAS that little time of frosty cold which comes to the scorched veldt just before dawn. From the near-by jungle a bush baby with a white spot on his soft nose cried like a lost child and a black-and-white hornbill began to say to her mate as usual, just before sunrise, "*Do* be careful; *do* be careful," and from a thicket, as always, he answered her, a full octave lower, "All *right*, Ma-a-ry; all *right*, Ma-a-ry."

Then, sudden as the opening of a furnace door, the sun flamed into the sky and another day on the veldt had begun. Hardly had the light flared across the plain, tawny as a lion, with the river winding along its edge like a slow, brown snake, when a Cape dog suddenly appeared in the open.

As he stood there in the early sunlight, an ocher-colored beast the size of a mastiff, with a white tail and round, upstanding ears, he did not look much like the animal whose name he carried. As a matter of fact, the Cape dog is not a dog at all, since he lacks the fifth toe on his forefeet which all true dogs must have, but is the last survivor of a race of wolfish animals big as bears which a few million years ago harried giraffe-camels and saber-toothed tigers on a younger and hotter earth than the one we know to-day.

This one, a crafty old male, was up betimes, as befitted the leader of a hungry pack. His sniffing nose soon led him to where an aard-vark had once dug a burrow under a yew tree.

From its opening came a strong, warm reek which showed that some other animal had leased the abandoned apartment of the anteater. Instantly the wilde honde began to dig. Not every hunter of the veldt would have dared to uncover such a burrow without more exact information as to its tenant. It might hold twenty feet of cold death in the form of a rock python or a spotted hyena whose jaws could crunch leg bones like celery stalks. An African hunting dog, however, with his pack behind him, will hardly turn out even for a lion.

Suddenly from the depths of the long tunnel beneath **him** came a grating growl like the rasping of iron with a file; two eyes blazed in the darkness of the burrow like green fire, and out into the sunlight came a ratel, or honey badger, the only animal in the world that is gray above, black beneath, and fears nothing which runs, flies or crawls. As its round, earless head, with its black face and white crown, showed at the entrance of the burrow, the crafty wilde honde moved backward, whimpering, with his white tail between his legs, camouflaging a courage fierce as fire so as to inveigle the ratel out. As a matter of fact, no persuasion was needed, for a honey badger is the most willing fighter of all the many battlers which live on the veldt. Moreover, this one had a special reason for fighting, four special reasons, in fact—chubby, brown ones which she had recently weaned and which were at that moment sleeping rolled up in a round ball in a grass-lined room deep beneath the roots of the yew.

AS THE ratel trundled out toward her enemy, three tawny shapes slipped out of a thicket and cut off her retreat, and two more joined the leader, for the hunting dog is a confirmed gangster and always has some of his pack lurking in a near-by thicket or hidden behind some convenient bush. Swiftly the six dogs, each one double her weight, closed around the ratel in a ring of death and crept in closer. Odds, however, mean nothing to a honey badger. Paying no attention to the rest of the pack, she rolled on like a baby tank toward the tawny burglar that had tried to break into her burrow.

In accordance with the devilish tactics of his kind, he sidled toward her, still whining and dragging his tail between his legs as if ready to run at any moment. Only when within striking distance did he shed his simulated cowardice like a mask and slash sidewise at the ratel like the wolf he was, whereupon there came to him the great surprise of his long and blood-stained life.

Slipping her lithe body from his grip, as a man might move his hand in a mitten, the ratel left only a fold of loose, leathery skin in his jaws, then, pivoting with a speed which seemed impossible to her clumsy body, she slashed that astonished Cape dog first with one forepaw and then the other. Like steel sickles the squat beast's claws, large as those of a grizzly bear, cut through skin and flesh deep into the very bone before the leader of the pack, streaming with blood and for once whining in good earnest, loosed his hold and sprang away.

Then began a battle great and grim, such as not even the veldt, that battle ground of sorts, had ever seen surpassed. Hereward the Wake, Grettir the Strong, Gunnar of the Rhineland or Shammah in his lentil field never fought more gloriously, one against a multitude, than did that little, battle-gray, death-black fighting machine that morning against the wolf-dog pack.

Surrounded, her retreat cut off, outnumbered, outweighed but never outgamed, the broad, flat figure of the ratel disappeared in a smother of hunting dogs as the wounded leader made way for the rest of the pack. Her impenetrable hide stood the little battler in good stead that day. Loose and tough, it was as impervious to the fierce teeth of her assailants as De Bracy's Spanish breastplate was to the shafts of the archer.

Dog after dog gripped her with jaws more powerful than those of any Great Dane or British bulldog. They might as well have tried to worry a doormat. The ratel was so small and the dogs so large and there were so many of them that they got in each other's way as they fought. None of them, however, got in the ratel's way—more than once. With her round, earless head tucked between her stumpy forelegs, she traded slashes with the whole pack—and had the better of every bargain. Flát against the ground, while they bit and tore at her impenetrable skin, the bunched muscles of her bowed forelegs drove her curved, eviscerating claws through the flesh of every dog which came within her reach, like a steel blade through butter. As she fought, the gray-black beast kept up a hissing growl which only stopped when at intervals her grim jaws closed like a steel trap on the body of one of her opponents. When that happened her fierce fangs worked exactly like the steel teeth of a crosscut saw, piercing deeper and deeper until the beast they had gripped either went down or tore himself loose at dreadful cost.

AT THE end of half an hour of as fast and furious fighting as was ever seen on the veldt, the ratel was still on her feet, and although her gray back was blotched and dabbled with red, the color was none of hers. Bruised and battered, wrenched and twisted by the gripping jaws of the worrying dogs, her body, steel-built and leather-sheathed according to the most approved ratel specifications, was nowhere seriously injured. Several of her opponents, however, had tottered away and taken refuge in near-by thickets, there to die decently and alone in accordance with the custom of the wild folk.

Two of the hunting dogs were still engaging the gray-and-black battler when the leader of the pack made his last effort. Hidden beneath some acacia scrub, he had managed to stanch the wounds received at the claws of the ratel and went back into action just as that little fighter managed to land at last on one opponent after another with her curved claws, keen and deadly as Druid war sickles.

It was in vain that they slashed and worried her impenetrable body, but when at last, desperately wounded, they staggered off, the leader crept up behind the ratel, thrust his pointed muzzle beneath her flat body and heaved with all his might. For an instant the unprotected underparts of the ratel were exposed and the wilde honde with a last desperate effort sank his fierce teeth deep into the little Amazon's flesh and settled down grimly to improve the first advantage which any of the pack had been able to obtain over her that day.

AT THE first pang of the piercing teeth, the wounded ratel spun around, braced her bowed legs, and tore herself loose from his grip at the price of a ghastly wound. Disregarding her injury, her fanged jaws closed like a trap of death on the powerful neck of the wolf dog, driving the sawlike teeth through skin and flesh and bone until they met in the very marrow of the great beast's spine.

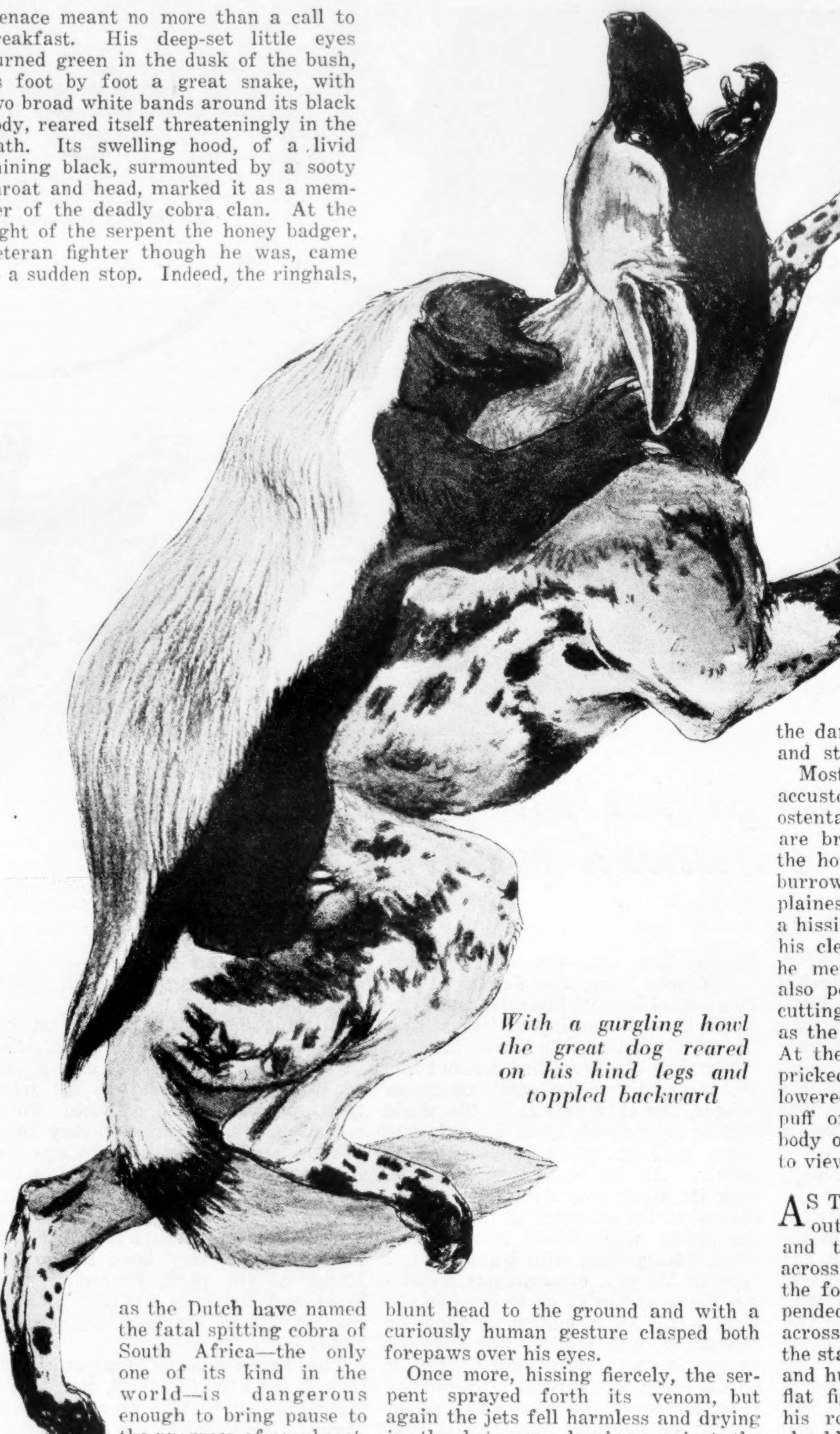
With a gurgling howl the great dog reared on his hind legs, swinging the honey badger high in the air, and toppled backward, dead before he had reached the ground.

Most animals after such a combat upon top of such a wound would have fallen exhausted and died speedily from loss of blood. The honey badger, however, comes of a grim and battling breed, and this one disdained to die from an injury which would have killed any other animal. Waddling back to her burrow, she established a hospital in a far corner, where she gave herself first and last aid treatment with her flickering pink tongue.

Later that morning her mate came home, after a successful night's hunting which had involved a deal of digging and the extinction of a lively family of gerbils. His first knowledge that all was not well with his family was when he found three spotted hyenas lurking around the entrance of his burrow, attracted by the scent of shed blood. Although the hulking brutes were double his size and had the most powerful jaws of any known mammal, they lurched away with long-drawn-out moans like ghouls caught beside a violated grave, when they heard the ratel's hissing chuckle and saw his squat bulk bear down upon them.

When, at the bottom of the burrow, the honey badger was received with hungry whines from the cubs and a menacing growl from his mate, he perceived immediately that his duty, until further notice, was to provide food for six instead of one.

HE WAS passing under a mimosa bush bristling with eight-inch thorns like white daggers, when, from beneath its boughs, there came a sound at once fierce and ghastly, full of hate and soulless cruelty—a sound which turns the spine of a man to ice and his blood to water and which gives pause even to the fiercest beast—the hiss of a great serpent. To the honey badger the menace meant no more than a call to breakfast. His deep-set little eyes burned green in the dusk of the bush, as foot by foot a great snake, with two broad white bands around its black body, reared itself threateningly in the path. Its swelling hood, of a livid shining black, surmounted by a sooty throat and head, marked it as a member of the deadly cobra clan. At the sight of the serpent the honey badger, veteran fighter though he was, came to a sudden stop. Indeed, the ringhals, as the Dutch have named the fatal spitting cobra of South Africa—the only one of its kind in the world—is dangerous enough to bring pause to the progress of any beast. Only the black mamba and the terrible hamadryad of the Far East can compare in danger and deadliness with its five feet of death incarnate.



With a gurgling howl the great dog reared on his hind legs and toppled backward

The honey badger had hardly come to a halt before, with another sharp hiss, the cobra lowered its hood and like a streak of sudden death darted toward the gray beast. A scant two yards distant it reared again, a dark threatening shape surmounted by glittering eyes which gleamed in the sunlight like black tourmalines. Opening its grim mouth slightly, four short grooved fangs showed, two on either side of its upper jaw. Then, arching its neck, the great snake suddenly struck toward the ratel, expelling, at the same time, the air from its single lung and contracting the muscles which sheathed the poison glands back of its flat head. Instantly there shot through the air, straight toward the small deep-set eyes of the animal, two thin curved streams of pale gold, the very essence of death. Evidently, however, that honey ratel was familiar with ringhals tactics, for just before the deadly drops reached him he sank his blunt head to the ground and with a curiously human gesture clasped both forepaws over his eyes.

Once more, hissing fiercely, the serpent sprayed forth its venom, but again the jets fell harmless and drying in the hot sun, showing against the ratel's fur in tiny golden flakes.

Then, as a triple attack, the great cobra rushed forward and, lashing downward, buried its fangs in the wiry hair of the honey badger's neck and tried to drive them home with the curious chewing motion of its kind, but failed to pierce the ratel's tough hide.

THEN, as the raging serpent started to draw back, the yellow venom trickling from the corner of its grim mouth, the ratel, still keeping his eyes shielded with his forepaws, suddenly twisted his head and in an instant had gripped the livid hood in his traplike jaws, filled with gleaming white stilettos, double-edged daggers and razor-sharp grinders. Once more the great snake hissed, and there was an indescribable menace in the sound as it lashed desperately again and again at the ratel's impervious body, while, slowly, the rending teeth cut through skin and muscle and met at the base of the serpent's brain. The long, black body writhed horribly and went suddenly limp. Then, although his enemy lay helpless, the wise gray beast carefully severed the fatal head before he swung the dangling carcass over his shoulder and started back to his burrow.

Most of the dwellers in the veldt are accustomed to travel deviously and unostentatiously, especially when they are bringing home a dinner, but not the honey ratel. He proceeded to his burrow by the shortest route and the plainest path. Moreover, he hummed a hissing, chuckling little song through his clenched teeth as he went. Once he met a black-backed jackal, which also possesses an armory of piercing, cutting teeth and moves as swiftly as the shadow of a wind-blown bough. At the sight of the trailing snake he pricked up his marvelous ears, but lowered them and melted away like a puff of mist as the sturdy gray-black body of the honey badger trundled into view.

AS THE dark came on the ratel went out again hunting among the bushes and tree trunks of the jungle and across the flat expanse of the veldt for the food on which the lives of six depended. Suddenly a shadow drifted across the midnight-violet sky, where the stars of the south flared like lamps, and hung for a moment just above the flat figure of the ratel, which raised his round head and gave a hissing chuckle. Instantly from above came a sound as if someone were cracking nuts, and the shadow drifted away. A giant eagle-owl, with a hooked bill like a skinning knife and keen talons like steel hooks, had recognized that chuckle just in time. Even that death-in-the-dark, which feared few things indeed and had a wing spread of some three feet, did not care to tackle a honey ratel and, snapping his beak angrily, drifted away to find some easier victim.

Not until the moon rose and dissolved and blended all the colors of the jungle, as moonshine has a trick of doing, did the ratel have any luck in his hunting. Then he suddenly stumbled upon a cane rat, big as a rabbit, which wore bristles instead of hair. The rodent's big, gnawing teeth had no chance against the weapons which the honey badger carried, and in less than a minute its plump body was on its way to the hungry family beneath the yew.

So by dark and daylight the hunting for six went on. Then came a night when no game seemed to be abroad. In the heart of the jungle the ratel met a wart hog sharpening his tusks like curved Gurkha knives against a fig tree, and again on the veldt he found a pangolin, that leftover mammal from the age of reptiles which looks like a pine cone, so covered is he with horny scales. There was no nourishment in either for the head of the ratel family, and nothing else was moving. Bush dassies, Cape hares, gerbils, giant rats and all the other rodents or small deer which usually made up the honey badger's menu seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth that night.

The sun was well up in the sky before the ratel reached his burrow. This time he did not chuckle as he rolled along, nor did he enter when he heard the hungry whines of the cubs inside, but turned and started off again for the open veldt. As he moved along over the tawny scorched grass and past bushes and thickets, a strange thing happened. A honey guide, a gray bird the size of a starling, suddenly appeared from nowhere and called and called excitedly as she flew beside him. For a moment he stopped, and the beast and the bird stared at each other in silence. Then the honey guide moved away, stopping repeatedly and calling back to the ratel as, with half-open wings, she fluttered just ahead.

SLOWLY, as if lured against his will, the honey badger began to move after the calling bird. Then, suddenly, from under his very feet, sprang from its form in the tangled grass a blue duiker, smallest of South African antelopes, hardly larger than a rabbit. With a sharp whistling snort, its slate-blue body was lost to view in a patch of high, tangled grass, beneath which, along hidden trails, it would circle and hide and double like a hunted hare. At the sight the ratel turned away from the bird and in spite of her frantic calls, with head down and tail up, followed the trail of the pygmy antelope like a hunting hound. For a time the honey guide followed, chirping and twittering above his head, but finally fluttered away, still calling and looking back as she flew.

At first sight the hunt seemed a hopeless one. The duiker is the swiftest of the smaller antelopes, while the trundling gait of the ratel is hardly faster than a man can run. It was the race, however, of the hare and the tortoise over again as the bicolored beast doggedly followed the duiker. Double and side-slip and run as it would, sooner or later the tiny antelope always heard behind it the hissing chuckle of its pursuer, whose unerring nose had puzzled out every twist and turn of the fugitive's trail. Sometimes in desperation the duiker would come out into the open and vanish like a blue streak across the scorched plain, yet, like all of its kind, the pygmy was unwilling to make a straight-away race of it, but always, when it came to the end of the territory with which it was familiar, it would turn back, thus allowing the ratel to cut corners and cross the circles which the duiker was continually making.

Little by little the inevitable, untiring gait of the ratel began to wear down the antelope, until at last, oppressed by the heat and despairing of escape, the little buck turned at bay, its back against the very yew tree beneath which was the entrance to the ratel's burrow. Its needlelike horns and the cutting blows of its sharp little hoofs were of no avail against the grip of the ratel's claws and the death trap of his terrible teeth, and a moment later its plump body was greeted with chuckles of delight by the hungry cubs below. After his mate and the cubs had feasted full, the ratel finished what was left and, curling himself up, slept the clock around.

The next night he was more fortunate and chanced upon a colony of ground squirrels. By the time he had finished digging, that colony was extinct and he had accumulated provision enough to last his hungry family until Mrs. Ratel was able once more to do her share of the providing.

Then came an afternoon when the ratel wandered abroad earlier than usual, leaving a well-fed family behind him. Suddenly from out of an acacia tree fluttered again the honey guide. Ten thousand years ago an ancestor of that gray bird had discovered a word of power and to-day, by virtue of it, the gray beast trailed after her across the veldt, his quaint clicking chuckle answering her insistent call. Across a tawny plain, along a bush-choked ravine and straight through a patch of dense jungle the bird led and the beast followed.

For miles on end the strangely matched pair traveled together until in the distance showed a high krantz, as the Boers have christened those gray cliffs found here and there in the veldt. Straight toward its weathered face the calling bird flew to where, fifty feet up, a swarm of the furious black bees of the jungle eddied in and out of a crevice in the rock like smoke. Once more the bird cried her call, the word which had lured the beast across miles of veldt and jungle, that liquid, golden happiness of the wild folk—honey. What catnip is to the cat clan, honey is to the ratel folk a lure, a delight, and a passion for which they will dare any danger.

On and on the ratel hurried toward the cliff, hissing like a teakettle and clucking like a hen, and before him the gray bird fluttered her wings excitedly as if cheering him along the last lap of a long race.

There are few animals indeed which will dare to face the million stings of a swarm of wild bees. The honey badger is one of those few.

HOOKING one sturdy paw after another in the crevices of the cliff, the honey badger began to haul himself by main strength up the almost perpendicular face of the rock until he reached at last a little ledge fronting a cave from which a steep path sloped away and disappeared in a tangle of bushes and vines. Not twenty feet above was the honey-filled crevice, the goal of his endeavor.

As he was pulling himself over the edge of the shelf, from the cavern beyond came an angry yowl, and suddenly into the open was thrust the fierce head of a caracal, or rooi-kat, the lynx of South Africa. For an instant the gooseberry-green eyes of the caracal stared flamingly into the black ones of the ratel, which glittered like obsidian in the sunlight. Then the brick-red body of the great cat moved forward, and with one armed forepaw after another he struck swift, dabbing blows at the beast before him. The sudden attack broke the scant grip of the ratel and dashed him down the side of the cliff. Even as he fell, however, he hooked the five curved claws of one forepaw deep into the caracal's soft fur and tugged with all his might. Already overbalanced by his last stroke, the red cat was dragged over the cliff, and with a furious snarl followed the ratel in a sheer drop to the rocks below.

TUCKING his round head well down between his forelegs, the honey badger coiled himself up like a ball, and, although he struck on the bare rock, his iron-boned, leather-lined body received no injury whatever, and in a second he was up on his stumpy legs again hissing and clucking with rage.

The caracal had righted himself in the air with the quick turn of his kind and landed as lightly as if on steel springs. He desired, however, no further part nor lot with the gray battler that confronted him, and as the ratel rolled toward him, clucking his war cry, the rooi-kat disappeared in the scrub like a red streak.

The honey badger had started to follow the red cat's trail when just above him sounded again the twitter of the honey guide. Fluttering down until she was only a yard away from the ratel's blunt muzzle, the gray bird called him back to the cliff with an insistence which would not be denied.

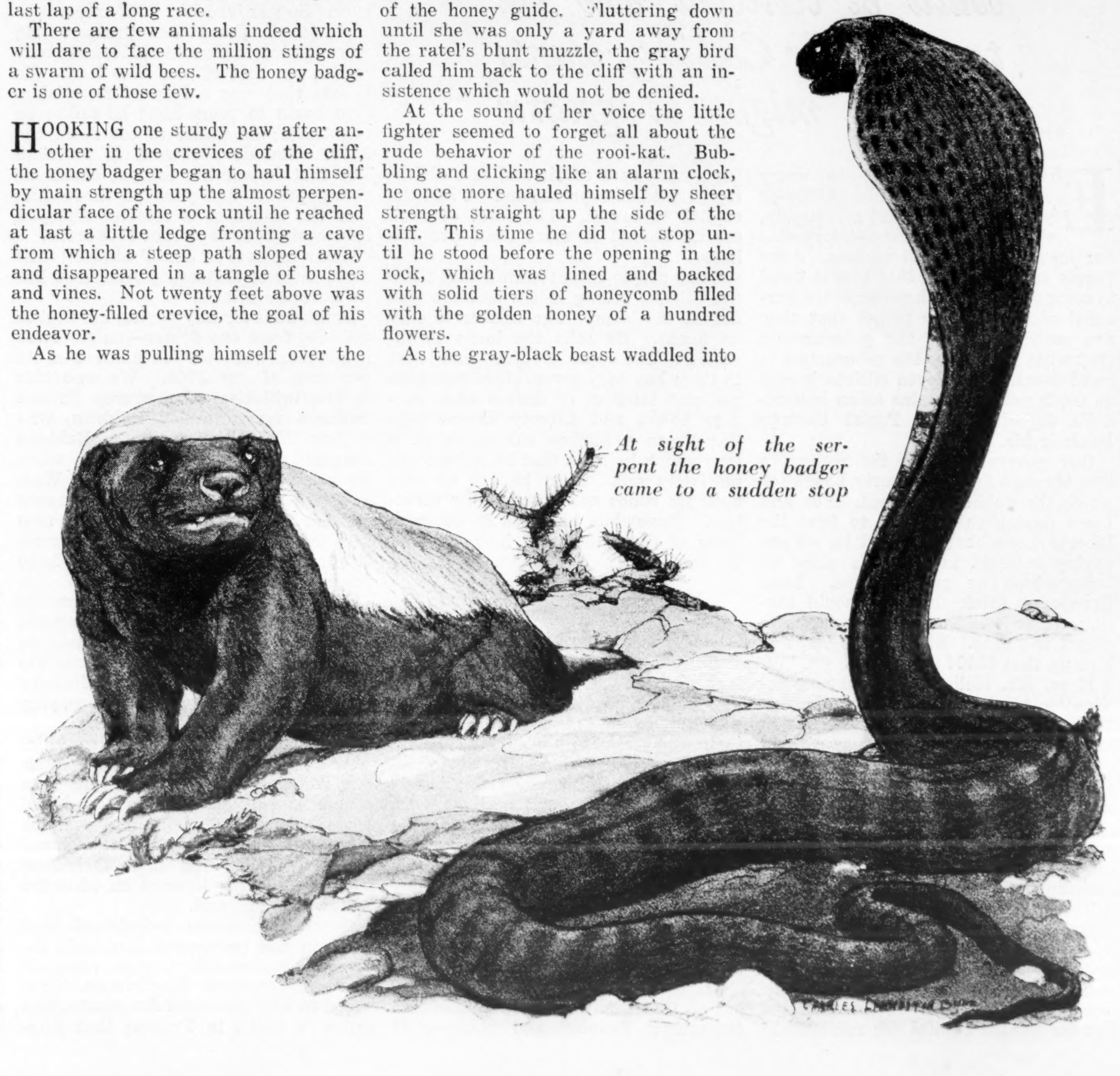
At the sound of her voice the little fighter seemed to forget all about the rude behavior of the rooi-kat. Bubbling and clicking like an alarm clock, he once more hauled himself by sheer strength straight up the side of the cliff. This time he did not stop until he stood before the opening in the rock, which was lined and backed with solid tiers of honeycomb filled with the golden honey of a hundred flowers.

As the gray-black beast waddled into the little cave, with the roar of a million wings a black wave of buzzing, stinging bees burst over his body. Almost any other animal would have been killed by that raging swarm then and there, but the ratel in his armor of proof did not even seem to notice them.

Stretching out first one paw and then the other, he tore down masses of the dripping comb and with chuckles of contentment filled himself full of honey, bees, wax and grubs, and then threw down on the rocks below what was left.

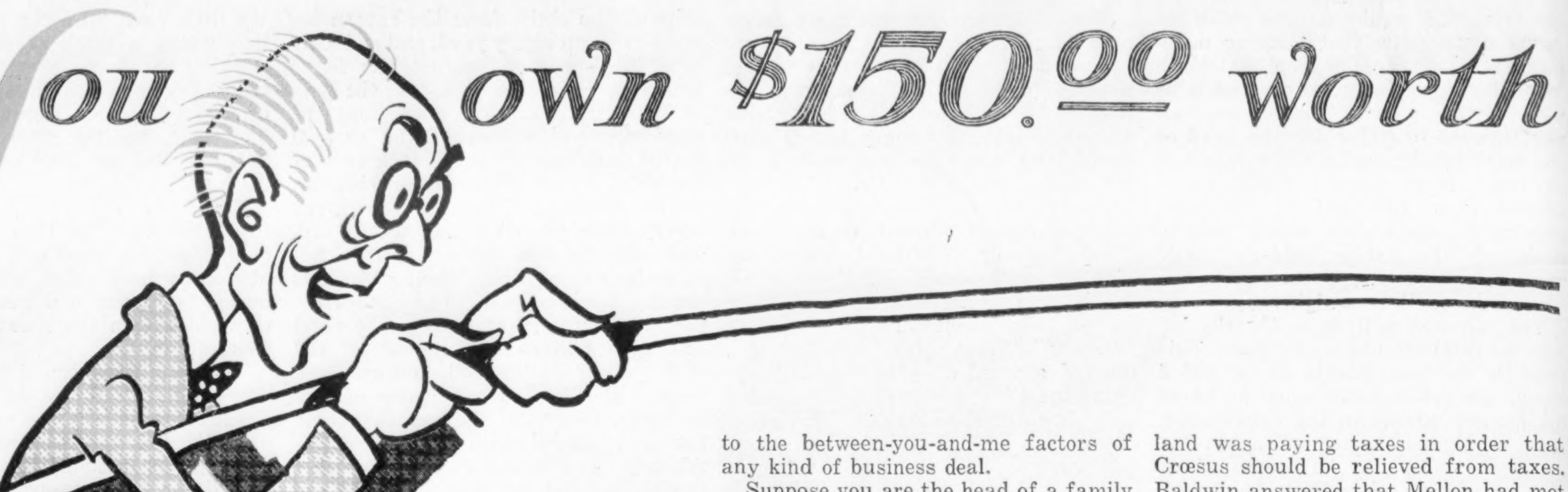
That was the moment for which the honey guide had waited. With loud chirrups of delight she swooped down upon the brood cells filled with plump white grubs intended to become workers, drones or queens, and gobbled them up as her share in the partnership venture with the ratel. Like the European cuckoo and the American cowbird, she had no family cares to disturb her feasting. Long weeks ago she had deposited five speckled eggs in as many different nests, where her little ones would be hatched, fed and fledged gratis by other birds, leaving her free to hunt for bees' nests and when found to persuade ratels or humans to ransack them and give her the grubs.

It was nearly sunset before the beast and the bird between them finished the last scrap of honeycomb and the final fat grub of the devastated swarm. Then the honey guide fluttered lazily to the top of a tree and with a final chirp flew away, while the honey ratel, sticky but satisfied, with many contented chuckles followed the long trail back to the burrow beneath the yew.



At sight of the serpent the honey badger came to a sudden stop

You own $150.00 worth



By
FREDERICK
PALMER

And you do own it—if it could be collected now the tax cut Mr. Coolidge wants to make might be greater

EUROPE owes $150 to every American. Of this, $100—or your share of a total of, roughly, eleven billion dollars—represents our loans to the Allied nations. Some people seem to think that this is owed to our government. They forget the personal equation; they forget that they are stockholders in the government; that what is owed to the government is owed to us. The eleven billions is just as much yours and mine as an individual's deposit in the Postal Savings Bank is his.

Our government got the money to loan through floating Liberty Loans for which the public subscribed. You and I are paying the interest to meet the Liberty Loan charges. That is, we are paying interest in Europe's place on loans which we gave Europe. Some Europeans think that we should continue to do so. They even want us to cancel the debt. But do *you* want to give up that $150?

If so, Mr. Mellon is showing no inclination to give it up on your account. When he promises to reduce taxation another $300,000,000 next year a thrill runs through the country. Business feels refreshed confidence. He knows, what the rest of us forget, that if tomorrow all the debtor nations came across the counter with checks for their indebtedness he could make a far more sweeping reduction.

The other $50 of the $150 represents private loans to European countries and loans to all manner of European and other foreign enterprises. In the last year we have poured out two billions in such loans. War-exhausted Europe needed capital for reëstablishing government credit and reëstablishing private enterprises, and we had the capital to invest. The total of such credits abroad is more than five billions.

Some people seem to think that these five billions belong to the bankers who floated the loans. The banker is only an agent. He sells the loans to investors. The appeal of European loans to them has been seven, eight and nine per cent interest, or double what savings banks and Liberty Loans pay. Sometimes a banker subscribes to a loan which he finds that he cannot immediately sell. Then he has to wait until its bonds are absorbed by investors. Meanwhile he takes on no more loans of that kind until he is sure of his market.

John Bull Faced the Music

THE five billions belong to the public just as savings bank deposits belong to those who put them in a bank. The banker has the use of these deposits. He makes a commission on their reinvestment under strict legal limitations. The depositor can withdraw his deposit at any time; but if he wants to realize on a bond he owns he must take what he can get in the open market. Each of us will get the $100 and the interest on it only if the allied debtor nations earn the money to pay. We shall get the $50 and the interest on it only if the property on which the loans were made is sound and productive.

All of which is taking the mystery out of that high sounding phrase "international finance" and reducing it to the between-you-and-me factors of any kind of business deal.

Suppose you are the head of a family and you have loaned $500 to Jones on a personal note. That money represents labor whose product you have saved in the form of a gold credit. You have put it out to work for you and the wages it receives is the interest it draws.

Jones' plant has suffered. He needs more capital. His credit is good. He has much real property. You loan on the property and good will.

When he fails to meet his interest payments you suddenly take a very personal interest in Jones and his affairs. If he lived in the same community it would be easy to keep in touch with him. But he lives in a neighboring community. You find that he must have time. To press him into bankruptcy is to lose most or perhaps all of your capital as well as interest. Your stake is involved in his recovery. His business affairs become a part of your own business affairs. It may be best to lend him more money in order to tide him over. So you lend him $250 more.

At length Jones does prosper. He pays the interest on the $250, but stalls on paying that of the first loan. He insists that was a loan of friendship. You begin to press him; he talks; he negotiates; he wants to cut down the $500. You do not want to foreclose lest that impair his capital, check his rising profits and perhaps throw him into the hands of a receiver and you lose most of the capital of both loans.

Your interest in Jones' affairs is the same interest that every American has in Europe's affairs.

England is already paying her debt to us. So, from one debtor—unless there is another war—we are assured of 40 per cent of our $100. We owe this to the initiative of a sturdy British business man, Stanley Baldwin, who is now the British premier. Baldwin reasoned like General Grant when he was President after the Civil War, and talk of resuming specie payments was in the air. Many public men thought we could not afford to resume. Grant said, "The way to resume is to resume"—and we resumed.

Baldwin's chin is as square as Grant's. He concluded a funding arrangement by which Britain was to meet her debt by annual payments extending over sixty-two years. But for those payments we should be paying heavier taxes than we are.

England did this when the Allies were owing her as much as she owed us. She had floated loans among her own people to lend to the Allies and had loaned them some of the money which we had lent to her. So Englishmen are now paying interest on their debt to us and paying interest on what the Allies owe England.

Some Englishmen complained that Baldwin had mortgaged England's future to the American Crœsus when six hundred thousand Englishmen, compared to fifty thousand Americans, had fallen in battle in France; that England was paying taxes in order that Crœsus should be relieved from taxes. Baldwin answered that Mellon had met him in a big and broad-minded way. Both had been thinking in terms of world credit and prosperity. Baldwin knew that one day England would thank him. She is thanking him now.

John Bull faced the music. He was paying a rising income tax beginning at twenty cents on the dollar. He and Mrs. Bull cut down expenses in all directions. They did this for England's sake, for her future, as surely as they sent their sons to the front. To borrow money to pay the interest on their national debt and to balance the budget—getting deeper and deeper into the hole and trusting to a miracle to pull them out—was not their way, although it was the French way.

Bonds Across the Sea

ON THE contrary, they began reducing their national debt. Holders of British war bonds, instead of seeing their bonds weakened by the issue of more, were having some paid off. And this was done in face of more than a million unemployed and Lloyd George's "dole" to the unemployed, which is a bribe to shortsighted workmen to have enough periods of idleness so that they will not be removed from the "dole" list.

"But guts will do it!" said the Englishmen who wanted to belong to a solvent and not an indigent nation. And "guts" did it. On the day that the pound sterling went to par there was triumph in English faces as on the day of Germany's capitulation. England had won her second war.

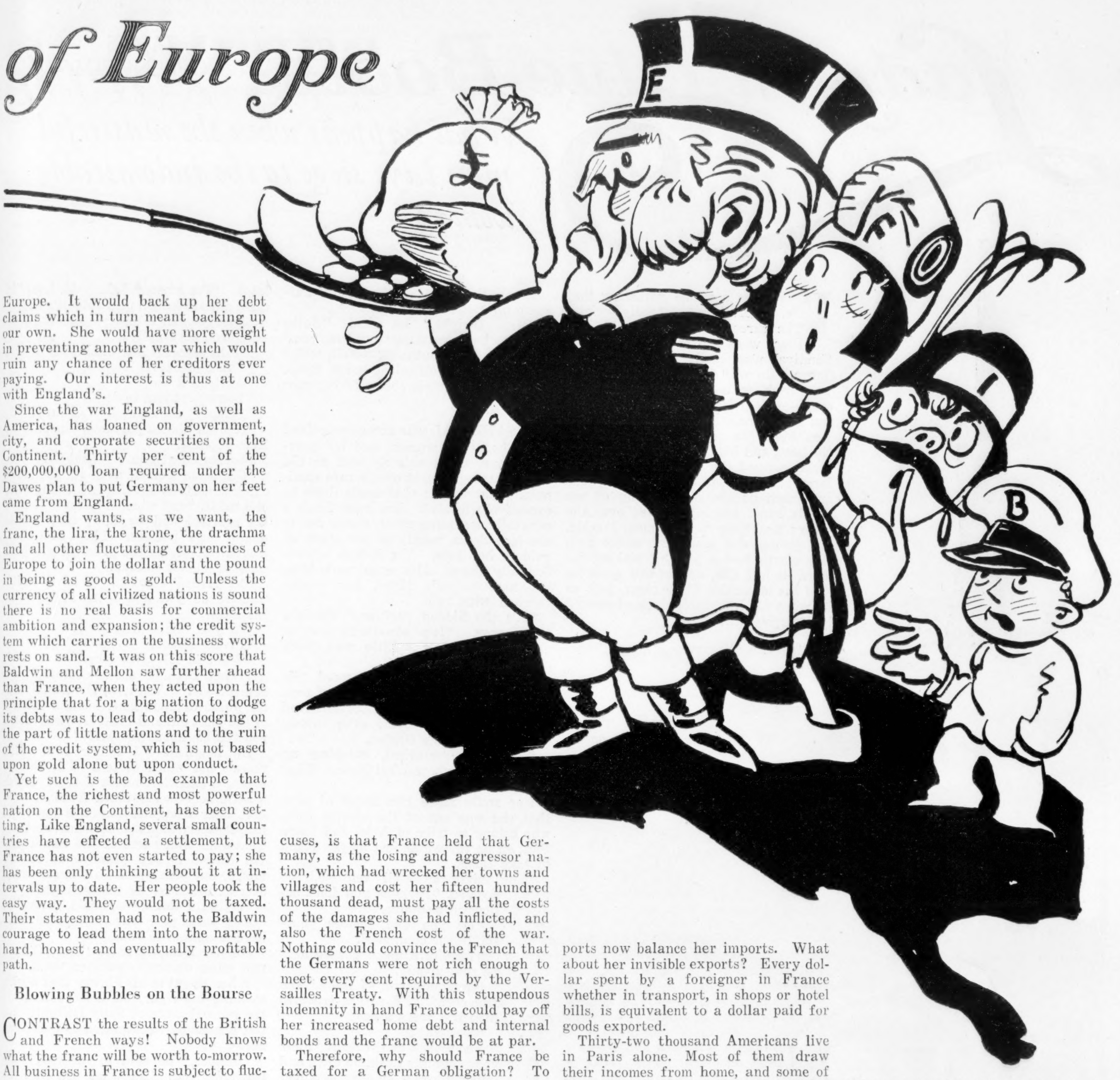
With the pound at par Britain can better realize on her great pre-war resources and the additional resources which she won in the war.

Britain owns most of the diamond fields of the world. Three quarters of the world's gold output is mined under her flag. The gold from South African mines is again going to London, as the market for sale and distribution. The British Government supports British business interests. There are no oil fields in England but there are many under the British flag and British capital holds many concessions and owns many wells under other flags. The amount of British capital is increasing rather than decreasing. Britain is our foremost customer. The more prosperous she is the more of our products she will buy.

London is again the financial center of the world. We have the money; but the British have the technique and the advantage of geographical position. British war bonds are above par. They are preferred securities from Arctic to Antarctic. Considering their rise and their increase in gold value they are worth about forty per cent more in dollars than they were five years ago. That is the return the taxpayers have received for bowing their shoulders to their burden. Verily, honesty pays.

England's foresight had still another object in view. Her financial stability strengthened her political influence in

# of Europe



Europe. It would back up her debt claims which in turn meant backing up our own. She would have more weight in preventing another war which would ruin any chance of her creditors ever paying. Our interest is thus at one with England's.

Since the war England, as well as America, has loaned on government, city, and corporate securities on the Continent. Thirty per cent of the $200,000,000 loan required under the Dawes plan to put Germany on her feet came from England.

England wants, as we want, the franc, the lira, the krone, the drachma and all other fluctuating currencies of Europe to join the dollar and the pound in being as good as gold. Unless the currency of all civilized nations is sound there is no real basis for commercial ambition and expansion; the credit system which carries on the business world rests on sand. It was on this score that Baldwin and Mellon saw further ahead than France, when they acted upon the principle that for a big nation to dodge its debts was to lead to debt dodging on the part of little nations and to the ruin of the credit system, which is not based upon gold alone but upon conduct.

Yet such is the bad example that France, the richest and most powerful nation on the Continent, has been setting. Like England, several small countries have effected a settlement, but France has not even started to pay; she has been only thinking about it at intervals up to date. Her people took the easy way. They would not be taxed. Their statesmen had not the Baldwin courage to lead them into the narrow, hard, honest and eventually profitable path.

Blowing Bubbles on the Bourse

CONTRAST the results of the British and French ways! Nobody knows what the franc will be worth to-morrow. All business in France is subject to fluctuating currency.

French financiers must now remember their dream of Paris as the post-war world's financial center as a nightmare.

French bondholders have found that floating more internal bonds is a poor way to keep up bond values. Taken at their present price in gold value internal bonds have lost more than the interest received on them since the war. They will fetch in gold less than one fourth of their par value.

Seven years after the war France has not yet balanced her budget. She has kept right on borrowing money by floating more bonds to meet interest charges and running expenses. Her people have been drugged by two excuses for following this fatuous policy.

One was the cost of reparations in the devastated regions. Bond flotations for this expense were undoubtedly warrantable as a capital investment to be charged against future income. But the fact stands that France has borrowed more since the war than the total cost of reparations.

The other, the basic excuse of all excuses, is that France held that Germany, as the losing and aggressor nation, which had wrecked her towns and villages and cost her fifteen hundred thousand dead, must pay all the costs of the damages she had inflicted, and also the French cost of the war. Nothing could convince the French that the Germans were not rich enough to meet every cent required by the Versailles Treaty. With this stupendous indemnity in hand France could pay off her increased home debt and internal bonds and the franc would be at par.

Therefore, why should France be taxed for a German obligation? To submit to taxation to balance the budget was to give Germany excuse for dodging and lead the Allied world to think that France was not "Poor France." Meanwhile more and more paper francs have been printed to meet circulation demands as the franc has fallen under shadow of the inflation orgy of Germany which made the mark worthless.

The British might have reasoned the same way, letting loans take the place of taxation against not only the future payment of reparations but the Allied loans to Britain. But the British concluded to regard these as only a possible windfall.

In the same way, too, we might have borrowed against the eleven billions. Increasing the national debt would not have brought British war bonds to par or ours, either.

Another reason the French advance is their part in the war. They see their sacrifices as having saved civilization.

Can France begin paying her external debt? In order to do so her income must exceed her outgo. Her exports now balance her imports. What about her invisible exports? Every dollar spent by a foreigner in France whether in transport, in shops or hotel bills, is equivalent to a dollar paid for goods exported.

Thirty-two thousand Americans live in Paris alone. Most of them draw their incomes from home, and some of them draw very large incomes. Every year three hundred thousand American tourists come to expend their letters of credit in France. These are not the only foreign residents; America does not supply all the tourists. They include people from all over the world. The distant Australian who comes to France to see where he or his relatives fought or to visit a relative's grave is spending money in France. All visitors are prodigal in the world's playground.

France has had an average of only ten thousand unemployed for her forty million people for the last three years. The coal and iron from the mines which victory brought her are keeping British coal miners idle and competing sharply with British steel production. And the Bank of France has an immense gold reserve aside from the individual hoardings of the French people.

In spite of this prosperity only depreciated paper circulates in France. French peasants' stockings are full of gold and silver gathered during and since the war: and well-to-do men of affairs prefer to hide their gold in their cellars to turning it over to the safekeeping of a French bank.

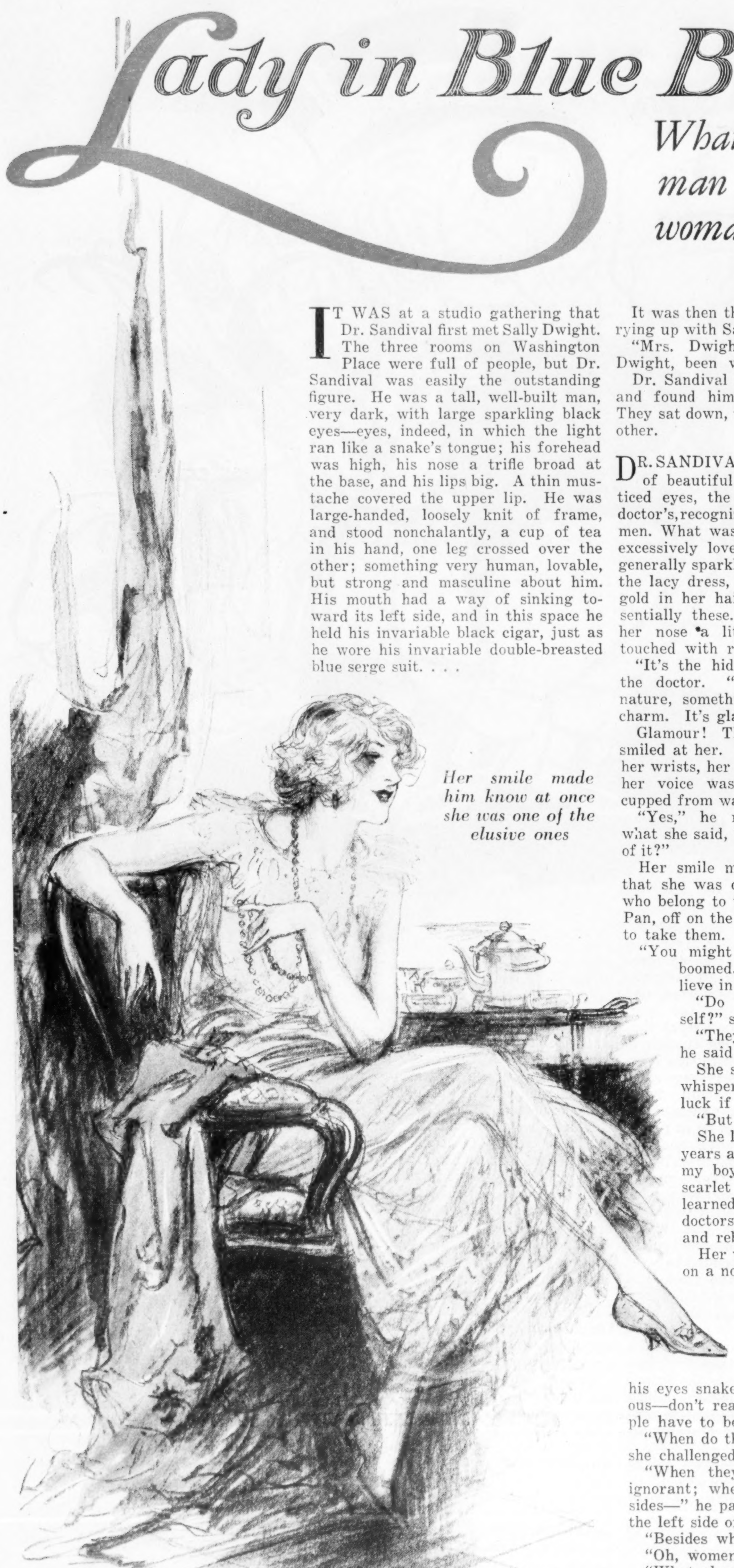
As American bankers become increasingly loath to bolster up the decline of the fluctuating franc the French are awakening under increasing pressure to the necessities of the situation. There is but one way out for France. She must face taxation as we have faced it, and as she will yet, with the same courage that she faced the war. She owes the world less than half our national debt. Her internal debt added, at the present value of the franc, brings the total to a little more than our national debt. But this debt of twenty-two-odd billions, measured in *dollars*, is owed by less than forty million people, against some one hundred and fourteen million people who are responsible for the twenty-odd billions of our own debt, and her internal debt, *if* settled on a gold basis, is equivalent to around fifty-six billion dollars.

Collection of our debts would not only fortify the world's credits but tend strongly to prevent another war which would ruin Europe.

Lady in Blue Boots

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

What happens when the masterful man lays siege to the indomitable woman



Her smile made him know at once she was one of the elusive ones

IT WAS at a studio gathering that Dr. Sandival first met Sally Dwight. The three rooms on Washington Place were full of people, but Dr. Sandival was easily the outstanding figure. He was a tall, well-built man, very dark, with large sparkling black eyes—eyes, indeed, in which the light ran like a snake's tongue; his forehead was high, his nose a trifle broad at the base, and his lips big. A thin mustache covered the upper lip. He was large-handed, loosely knit of frame, and stood nonchalantly, a cup of tea in his hand, one leg crossed over the other; something very human, lovable, but strong and masculine about him. His mouth had a way of sinking toward its left side, and in this space he held his invariable black cigar, just as he wore his invariable double-breasted blue serge suit. . . .

It was then that Smithers came hurrying up with Sally Dwight.

"Mrs. Dwight," he said, "Sally Dwight, been wanting to meet you."

Dr. Sandival muttered, "Well, well," and found himself alone with Sally. They sat down, their chairs facing each other.

DR. SANDIVAL was exceedingly fond of beautiful women, and his practiced eyes, the man's as well as the doctor's, recognized at once a rare specimen. What was it that made Sally so excessively lovely? She gave forth a generally sparkling effect, partly due to the lacy dress, partly to the glints of gold in her hair. Yet it was not essentially these. Her eyes were blue, her nose a little tilted, her cheeks touched with rose.

"It's the hidden perfume," thought the doctor. "It's something out of nature, something a little wild. It's charm. It's glamour."

Glamour! That was the word. He smiled at her. The flexion of her feet, her wrists, her neck was adorable. And her voice was a clear, crisp music cupped from water ripples.

"Yes," he remarked, catching up what she said, "a medical doctor. What of it?"

Her smile made him know at once that she was one of the elusive ones, who belong to tribe of Ariel and Peter Pan, off on the winds just as you reach to take them.

"You might as well tell me," he boomed. "Perhaps you don't believe in medicine."

"Do you like doctors yourself?" she countered.

"They're a much abused lot," he said grimly.

She shuddered. "I think," she whispered, "I'd rather trust to luck if I were sick."

"But why?"

She looked at the door. "Four years ago my husband died, and my boy when he was two had scarlet fever. Both times I learned about the tyranny of doctors. Everything in me boiled and rebelled. I hate them all."

Her voice, surprisingly, ended on a note of passion. It stirred him. He sat forward abruptly. "You're an only child," he said.

She looked up, startled. "Why?"

"Well," the light in his eyes snaked about, "bossy: rebellious—don't realize that sometimes people have to be handled!"

"When do they *have* to be handled?" she challenged.

"When they're sick; when they're ignorant; when they're helpless. Besides—" he paused, smoking grimly on the left side of his mouth.

"Besides what?" she flashed.

"Oh, women and men—"

"What about women and men?"

He spoke slowly, and maliciously, "The woman must submit!"

Her eyes grew large, her nostrils dilated. "I'm amazed," she said, low, "in these days to hear a man talk like that!"

"Has no man talked to you like that—I mean, personally?"

"If he dared!" she said with scorn.

"You'd—what?"

"Well, he'd see!"

"You tempt him to do it!"

"Tempt!" she echoed. "Absurd!"

"It's the hidden perfume," he said as if to himself.

She stared at him. "What is?"

"Oh, some women have it," he went on, his nostrils moving as though he scented it, "and when they have it men are startled and waylaid; they would pursue and possess. They are challenged. It seems the greatest glory to conquer such a woman."

She smiled then, the elusive smile. "Where do you aim these arrows—at the moon?"

"At you," he said gravely.

"I wear armor."

"What is it? Not lace."

"What I think about doctors," she smiled. . . . "And now, Dr. Sandival," she pursued, sipping her tea and talking in the most offhand manner, "why don't you tell me about yourself?"

He laughed. "I follow you. But there's not much to tell. I'm thirty-seven, a bachelor, and a doctor. Have a little house on Seventh Avenue, over here near Eleventh Street, a good old housekeeper, and my bachelor brother. That's all that's left of the Sandivals. We dwindle. My practice is rather mixed, but steady. I do clinical work over at Bellevue. Is that enough?"

"I should think," she said shrewdly, "that, with your theories, you'd also have a woman to tame!"

He never answered to that. Others now came up and separated them.

When he sat in his library that night, smoking his cigar, his blood roused at the remembrance of Sally Dwight. He felt challenged: he wanted to overcome her.

"Besides," he said to himself, "she bewitches me! And what fire in her! What passion!"

Then he laughed and picked up a book. It was quite likely he would never see her again.

YET he did. More than a week later, while he was occupied in his office, the phone rang and a child's voice piped through.

"Dr. Sandywell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mummy says, come and see her. She's sick."

"Who is mummy?"

"Mummy says, say Mrs. Sally Dwight."

"Where do you live?"

"Mummy says, look it up in the phone book."

"Is Mummy very sick?"

"She's nervous."

"Tell Mummy I'll be over soon."

He bounded for his things like a boy and was out traversing the street. He was delighted and laughed silently through all his being. She hated doctors, she abhorred tyrants, she scorned *him,* yet here she was sending for him! They had fought together at the very first encounter; they had locked horns and fought, and she was no mean adversary. Against his hail she flung her fire. Her treble pierced his bass; her beauty made uneasy his strength.

"She is one woman in a million," he shouted to himself gleefully, "and it will be my joy to tell her where she gets off. Oh, to break her in! What ho! Belay!"

In short, he felt jolly, gay and young, and was anxious to fall in love.

He turned down West Twelfth Street, and somewhere near Fifth Avenue came to the remodeled brownstone house where she had her apartment. It was two flights up, and the door was opened by a colored maid.

She took his coat and hat.

"Jest in front, Doctor," she said.

He entered the living-room, carrying his bag. In the grate burned a log fire, and near it stood a couch, and on the couch, half sitting, was Sally.

HER hair was loose and spread over the pillow behind her, a golden aura; she had on a light blue negligee affair, very soft and clinging; but what immediately arrested the doctor was her feet. They were shod in blue boots. The leather was soft and closed snugly over the little feet, the heels were high and dainty. The doctor was convinced he had never seen any shoes before so beautiful and so fetching. They gave to Sally the last touch of insolence, of hauteur and seductiveness. With her feet lying one on the other and her hair on the pillow, she brought him up standing, as it were. . . .

He drew near and looked down on her. Her face, he then saw, was pale and drawn. "Well, what's up?" he asked.

She smiled wearily. "I needn't have sent for you. It's nothing."

"Then why did you?"

"Oh, I was scared. My heart thumped."

"Ha! Well, we'll see!"

Her eyes flashed a little, she set her lips. He reached and took her wrist. To his surprise, her hand struggled a little in his grasp; he withdrew his own. "Why that?" he asked, low.

She spoke almost hotly. "It's your manner, your way of speaking, your tone. You think you own people."

His own pulse quickened. The battle was on. "I am a tyrant, eh?"

"You are a doctor."

"Enough said. Very well. May I be favored, Mrs. Dwight, with your charming wrist, in order that I may have the privilege of counting your pulse beats?"

She smiled faintly, in spite of herself, and extended her hand. He took it carefully, leaned over it and imprinted a kiss upon it. Then, as she strove to pull it away, he held it tightly while he said carelessly, "That may have been presumptuous, but it was merely my bow to Lady in Blue Boots."

She pulled again; he released the hand, and she sat back, gathering her skirt about her feet. She was pale, and her look was intense.

In the silence he finally turned, drew up a large armchair and sank into it. Then he lit a cigar and puffed from the left side of his mouth.

"We don't get on," he grumbled. "I come here as a doctor, and remain as a friend."

"Or an enemy," she flashed.

"When I'm professional," he went on, "you resent it. And when I'm unprofessional, you—resent it."

"Dr. Sandival," she said slowly, and with a bitter strength in her words, "I knew the moment Lawrence called you up that I'd made a mistake. I just don't happen to know any doctors here, and I was frightened. I thought maybe your theories didn't carry over into your practice. But I see I'm wrong."

"You mean," he smiled, "I'm a rare fellow—I practice what I preach."

"I mean," she said, "and since we seem to have adopted a brutal way of speaking to each other, I'll tell you—you're not a gentleman."

"But, Mrs. Dwight," he said mildly, "you're bewitching."

COLOR came to her cheeks. "Do you usually find your women patients so?"

"Alack, no," he said. "That's why it's so hard to be a doctor. The beautiful women bear charmed lives. You should have seen the patient I just had in the office. She's a mountain with a face of rock. Then, besides, as I was saying to myself as I came over, and as you well know, you're one woman in a million."

"Therefore, made to be tamed!"

"It would be glorious to dictate to you," he said frankly. "And I've a right to say it."

Her nostrils dilated. "What right?"

"Well, I'm a bit mad about you. Those few minutes, a week ago, set me off dreaming. You came at me like a golden—something; the hidden perfume business; glamour; and everything obstinate in you, everything untamed and wild, has only fired me up. There's something in a man that loves to break in wild things—horses, dogs, steers, women."

She was breathing fast. "I'm glad you are so candid, so that I can see what you are."

"What am I?"

"A brutal savage. You're not civilized."

"Are you?" He puffed thoughtfully.

"I am. That is why I can't abide men like you."

"Then what is it," he asked, "that breathes from you, fresh, sparkling, enchanting, so that the savage in a man is awakened? Why do you give every man a dare? Why would it be a glorious thing to command you?"

Her eyes blazed. "Men, until you came along, have always treated me with respect."

"Then you never met any," he laughed softly. "What's respect in love?"

"It is the basis of it," she flashed.

"Love," he went on, "knows neither respect nor self-respect. One is willing to grovel in the mud or commit crimes. That's love."

She now changed her tactics. She suddenly laughed a cool, mocking laugh, tilting back her head, narrowing her eyelids.

(*Continued on page 38*)

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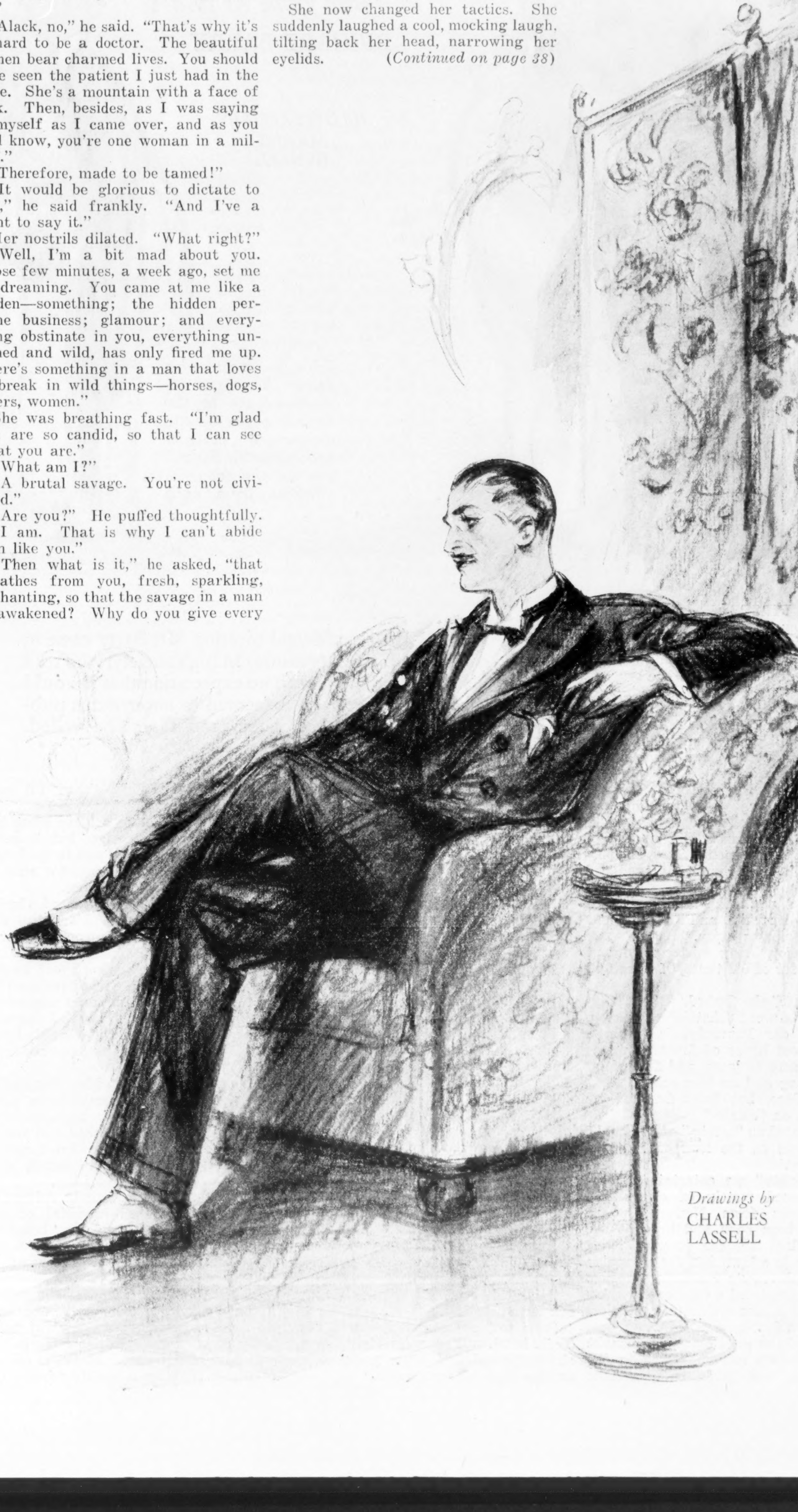
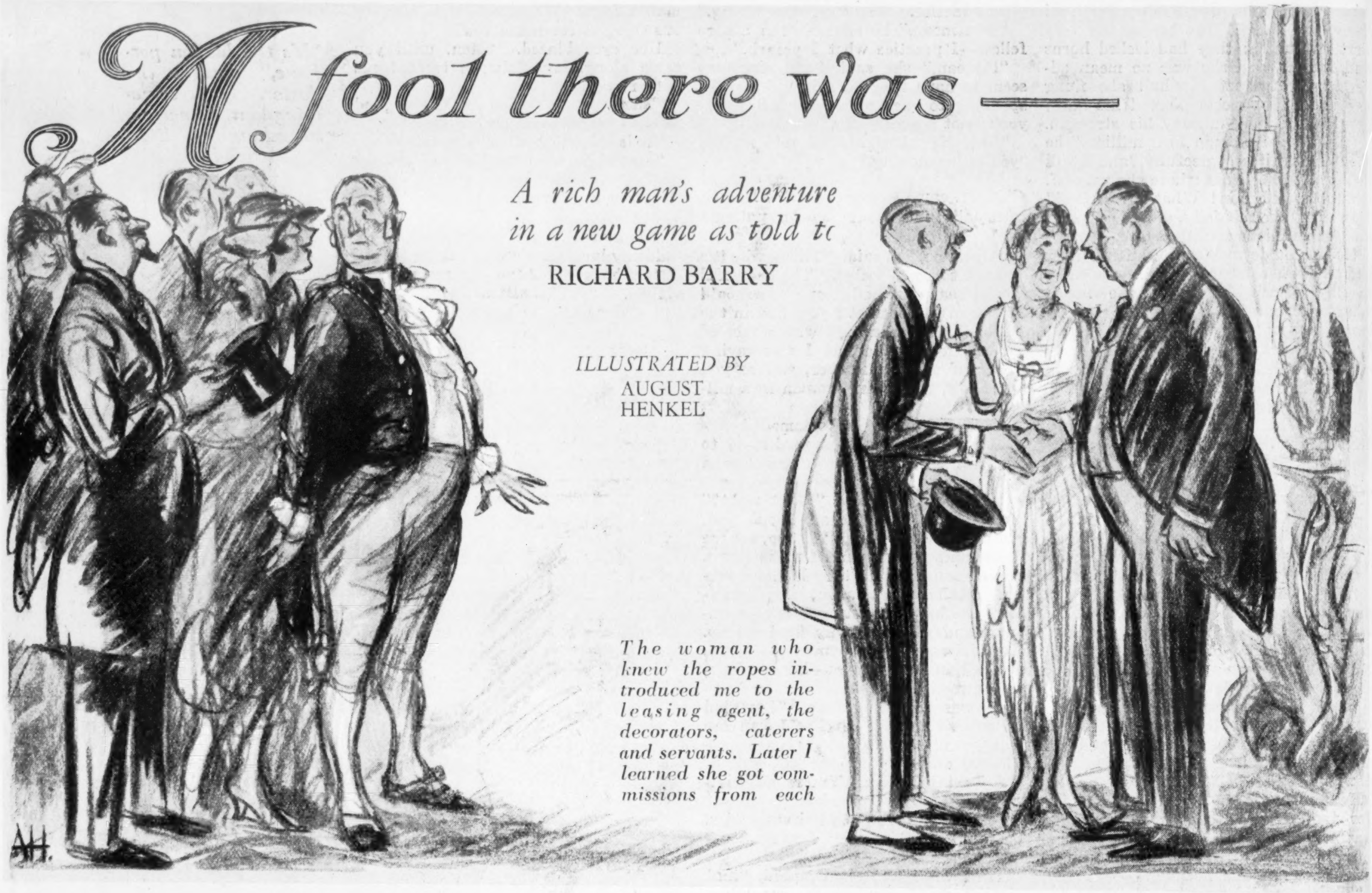


Drawings by CHARLES LASSELL



A fool there was —

A rich man's adventure in a new game as told to

RICHARD BARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY
AUGUST
HENKEL

The woman who knew the ropes introduced me to the leasing agent, the decorators, caterers and servants. Later I learned she got commissions from each

THROUGH an accidental meeting Mr. Barry came in contact with this adventurer in high society, who told his "story" bluntly, with no expectation that it would go farther. He afterward consented to anonymous publication and insisted that names and places be veiled.

MY FIRST wife did her own housework for ten years; and, even when I got into big money she objected when I wanted to hire more than one servant. She died when I was 37, leaving me with one child, a boy, and the money we had saved together. The newspapers have called me a "self-made" man, yet I know, better than anyone else, that she "made" me.

My second wife had been formerly my housekeeper. The wedding announcements, which I ordered engraved, threw her into tears. Her name was *Sarah*, but it was spelled *Sara*, she protested. She had them reëngraved and never again was she Sarah.

Within a week she had discharged all the old servants, and had in a new lot—and twice as many.

"You enjoy being mistress without any reminder of old times," I remarked jokingly.

"Mistress?" she flashed. "No! Chatelaine!" The word "chatelaine" was too much for our Pennsylvania home, a mansard-roof house of fourteen rooms set in an acre of lawn, and flanked by an iron stag and an iron doe. I liked the old place, but Sara declared we must have an "estate."

Sara located an "estate," and I bought it—ten acres on the Rumson Road in New Jersey.

The "society" we entertained there was composed mostly of clerks and stenographers from Newark, where Sara had been born and brought up.

Sara's final bid for Rumson Road "society" was a lawn fête for a popular charity with tickets five dollars apiece. For this I imported a caterer from Atlantic City, a jazz orchestra from New York, and a first-release movie.

Plenty of the good neighbors bought the tickets, but not one came to the fête, which was given to deadheads from Newark and Pennsylvania. The worthy charity got the contributions from those who would not give us the coveted distinction of their presence, and as our chief purpose in living on Rumson Road was to be one of them we were a complete social flivver.

Sara complained about those I had asked from among my old friends, for I had been a puddler in a steel mill.

"My old pals are not as low down in the social scale as that bunch from the factory and the soda fountain you tried to mix with Rumson Road," I replied.

Both being right we quarreled and separated. We never again opened the Rumson Road "estate." Later I sold it for half its cost.

I Decide to Break In

WHEN I got away from Sara I was bitten hard by the social bug for the first time. I can only account for this on the score that I had always prided myself on getting anything I went after.

Here, though, I had gone after something and had failed. The reflection stung me.

I decided to make up with Sara and ask for a new deal.

Sara met me contritely—in a New York hotel. "You were right, dear," she confessed. "I never want to see anyone from Newark again."

"Good!" I replied, "then I'll soft pedal on my gang."

She had a plan to achieve what became our mutual design, but it came from a woman she had met in the hotel, one I will call Mrs. Bang, for that is very far from her real name.

Naturally Mrs. Bang required a background for her stunts. I supplied the first by leasing a seventeen-room, six-bath Park Avenue apartment. She introduced me to the leasing agent, to the decorators and dealers who furnished it, to the caterers and servants who eventually waited on us. Though I vaguely suspected it at the time, it was only later that I learned she got her commissions from each.

The day we moved in Mrs. Bang said, "Now, my dears, you must have some publicity." A social position, she argued, could be established and maintained, like any other position, through organization, attention to detail, and —chief of all—by advertising.

That seemed to me sound. Advertising is a recognized essential of all American business. Society being a business, a game, advertising must therefore be a part of it. But how? I was at sea.

Not Mrs. Bang. She knew the ropes. "I have a friend," she said, "who can do more in getting you the right publicity than anyone in New York. I will have him to dine. He is the editor of Blank (naming a weekly devoted to social tittle-tattle) and just by the turn of a phrase he can make or unmake you."

This omnipotent person proved to be a squint-eyed little rat who finally consented to permit his secretary to accept my subscription of $10,000 to the stock of the paper, for which I never received a dividend, and which is still worthless.

However, Sara was mentioned six times and the two of us together twice that winter in the Blank. I estimated the mentions at $1,250 apiece, a rather high advertising cost, it seemed, though Mrs. Bang said not, that the quality of the notices established us among the socially elect.

"Sold" on "Society"

THEN Mrs. Bang urged us to go in for more obvious advertising. At her recommendation I employed a girl reporter on a daily paper to devote some of her spare time to us at fifty dollars a week.

That girl earned her money. Hardly a week passed, while she was on my pay roll, that Sara's picture did not appear in the social columns of some paper or magazine.

I am ahead of my story. Our first notice came for a midnight party I gave, at which appeared two operatic stars and a French dancer who was then a headliner in musical comedy.

We had over two hundred guests. I met them all for the first time that night.

To me, for the time being, they *were* Society. A very different outfit from our Rumson Road gang. They lived up to the movies. Mrs. Bang vouched for them, having supplied them herself from her copious acquaintance. If they had been introduced as Mr. Astor, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Beekman and Mr. Livingston I would not have been surprised.

If a man had tried to sell me an oil well or a gold mine I would not have considered the proposition without hiring established experts, but I was easily "sold" on "Society" by a chance acquaintance Sara met in a hotel lobby.

All that winter we entertained at various affairs Mrs. Bang's list of invited guests, and the apparently endless additions leading from them. We gave dinners, musicales, dances and theatre parties, and were never at a loss for smart-looking company, but our invitations were seldom returned.

Among those we met in this fashion was a pretty, excessively modest creature whom I will call the Countess de Brie, whose speech and manners were almost painfully correct. "She makes everything American seem vulgar," Sara said.

That spring we went to London and Paris, where, Sara declared, "there is the only society really fit for a lady or a gentleman, because people in America are too busy making money to know how to enjoy life." I recognized the words as from the Countess, who sailed with us.

We had been in Paris but a few days when I found the Countess in tears. Only because I insisted as a friend that she tell me the cause of her trouble did she confide that a cousin was in dire straits due to the aftermath of the war, that he was about to lose his estates, and that a small matter of $18,000 in American money (but a huge sum over there) would save him.

I insisted that I be permitted to advance this amount. The Countess broke down and wept with gratitude, and while I was comforting her Sara discovered us.

Sara lost her head and stormed at the Countess, ordering her out of our apartment, and accused me of improper intentions. Nothing would appease her but packing our trunks and taking the first boat back home.

Mrs. Bang was on hand promptly.

"My dears," she said, "most luckily you have returned in time to pick up the most marvelous country place in America."

So I leased Shore Lawn, and the rental I paid must have been a fine pick-up for the heirs of the deceased industrial potentate who had developed this highly pretentious estate.

I made application to the most exclusive country club near by, but found it had a long waiting list. However, I was promptly admitted to the most expensive club. I haunted it for a week and invited everyone I met to come to our New Year's party, the affair with which we intended to open Shore Lawn.

We fell back on Mrs. Bang, who filled in our list, very discreetly, she assured us. Five hundred were invited. Three hundred came. The absent two hundred included the most important names along the sound—the mark at which we had aimed, and missed.

We began to see Society as something that must appear to be exclusive and modest even if it is neither.

Our next move was to sacrifice Mrs. Bang. We made it a rule to ask no more than a hundred to Shore Lawn for any affair. It was about this time that I made the remark which the editor of the Blank printed and which you may have read in his weekly: "Ward McAllister had four times too big a list—mine is strictly limited to One Hundred."

Following this I was solicited for another subscription, but I said no. The next week the Blank published the list of my hundred, with certain veiled remarks which caused me to seek my attorney. He advised me that I had grounds for a libel suit.

While I was considering whether or not I should sue the Blank for defamation of character we gave a party to a selected list—only seventy. It was a particularly wet party and the next morning I woke up to the beginning of a realization of the truth of my exact situation.

The Prince of Wiles

THIS Tuesday morning—the party had been a week-end affair—I made the rounds of the house and grounds before anyone was up. I came to one room where an onyx table top had been smashed. In another room the wall paper, figured with huge yellow parrots, was spotted with wine stains.

I went from room to room. Linen was torn; draperies stained; two paintings defaced. The butler told me that from many of them toilet articles had been lifted by my "guests;" and, to pacify me, he explained that Shore Lawn had suffered no more than did the average high class hotel.

That word "hotel" sank into me. Was I running a hotel, free, for a gang of spongers who cared nothing for me and for whom I cared nothing?

I went about the grounds. A group of rhododendrons of which I was particularly fond—the native white blooming variety found in the Allegheny Mountains, the sort I grew up with as a boy—had been stripped.

Vandalism! I felt suddenly desperately chagrined and outraged. I began to think—should a man ask any but the most proven friends into his home?

As soon as Sara was awake I tried to talk in this strain to her, but she failed to see the point. I complained especially of the damage done the rhododendrons, because when the branches are broken the blooms never return. Sara asked how much they cost. I phoned the superintendent to find out and he said forty to fifty dollars apiece for the domestic varieties.

"You are like every other American!" she wailed, "judging everything by dollars and cents."

I had no reply for this and then she went from wailing to whining. "Prince Hassan," she said, "was so pleased with everything at the party. It was the first time in America, he told me himself, that he felt like a guest in the palace of a European monarch."

"Hassan!" I exclaimed. "Which one was he? I missed him."

She produced his card, which read. "Prince Hassan Mohammed ed Dhin Saroulph."

As she described him I remembered the fellow, a dark-skinned wisp with rather beady eyes and a soft voice. Something about him had especially offended me, and I suddenly exclaimed, without realizing how far my stand would take me, "I shall not invite another one of those grafters and bootlickers to Shore Lawn."

There followed our first quarrel since our reunion, and, as it proved, our last. At its end we had agreed to go separate ways.

A year passed. Then, in the lobby of a hotel I one day saw a familiar face—the Countess de Brie. I felt I had done her an injustice through my wife's suspicions, and I strove to make amends at tea. Later I saw her several times, though always in public, for it seemed that she often ran into me by accident.

Suddenly I was served with divorce papers. Sara named the Countess. I was furious. A detective I engaged reported Sara as being constantly with Hassan, apparently infatuated. Once she had introduced him as her "fiancé"—long before it was possible to try the divorce action. I told the detective to investigate Hassan.

"There is in existence," he reported, "a Prince Hassan Mohammed ed Dhin Saroulph, and he is a member of the Egyptian royal family. Seventeen years ago he was adjudged insane by a British court and has since been held in confinement in Sussex, England. Your wife's friend is, therefore, an impostor.

I decided to have "Hassan" arrested, but the detective's next remark caused me to pause.

"Do you also want the low-down on the Countess de Brie, your co-respondent?" he asked.

"Sure I want it," said I. "Shoot!"

"She was born in Minnesota," he went on, "the daughter of a country hotel keeper. She ran away with a traveling man and came to New York; went on the stage; was a well-known show girl; married a young Cleveland fellow with seven millions coming on his twenty-first birthday, but under age; his family had the marriage annulled and bought her off with two hundred thousand dollars. With this sum she went to London and married the Count de Brie, an impecunious noble with a legitimate title listed in the Almanach de Gotha. Two years ago she divorced the Count and is now on the hunt for someone with a few millions who will marry her for her title."

Sara was persuaded to drop the divorce action in New York if I would not expose "Hassan." Then she got her divorce in Paris and I settled a sum on her which made her independent. She escaped "Hassan"—and, a short time ago, married her chauffeur.

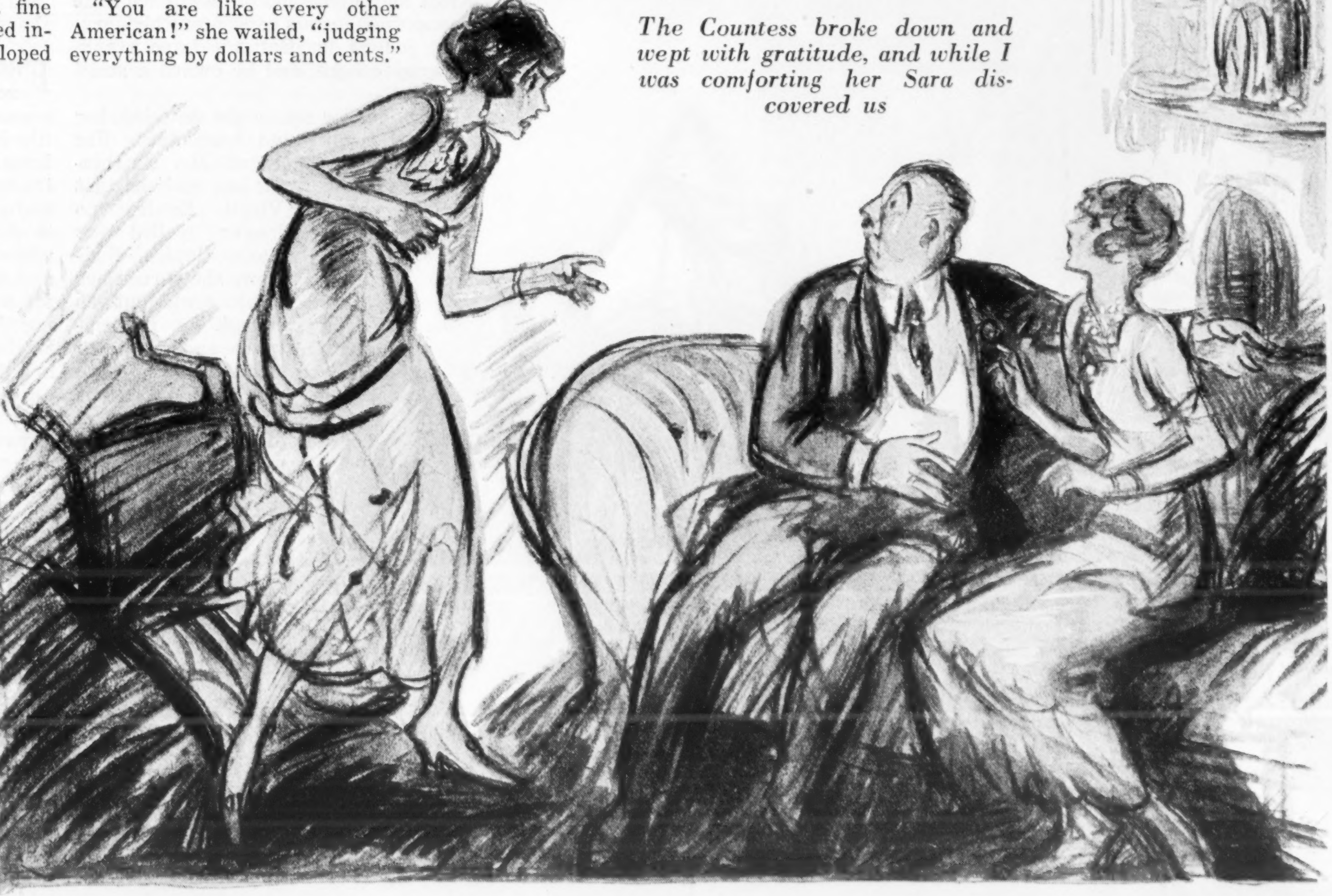
Back Home at Last

THE day after the divorce was granted I had a slight stroke of paralysis. "You are a victim of nervous prosperity," the doctor said. He prescribed the country for a long spell if I wished to escape a complete breakdown.

The "country" might suggest Shore Lawn, but I thought of the 40-room house and the exclusive bridle paths with horror. Instead, I instructed my lawyer to sell my lease at once.

That marked my turning my back on "Society." I returned to Pennsylvania and reopened the old house where I had been happy with my first wife.

My boy has just been graduated from college and we are reorganizing the business together. Our "Society" is my old crowd—and his. And I am out of purgatory at last.



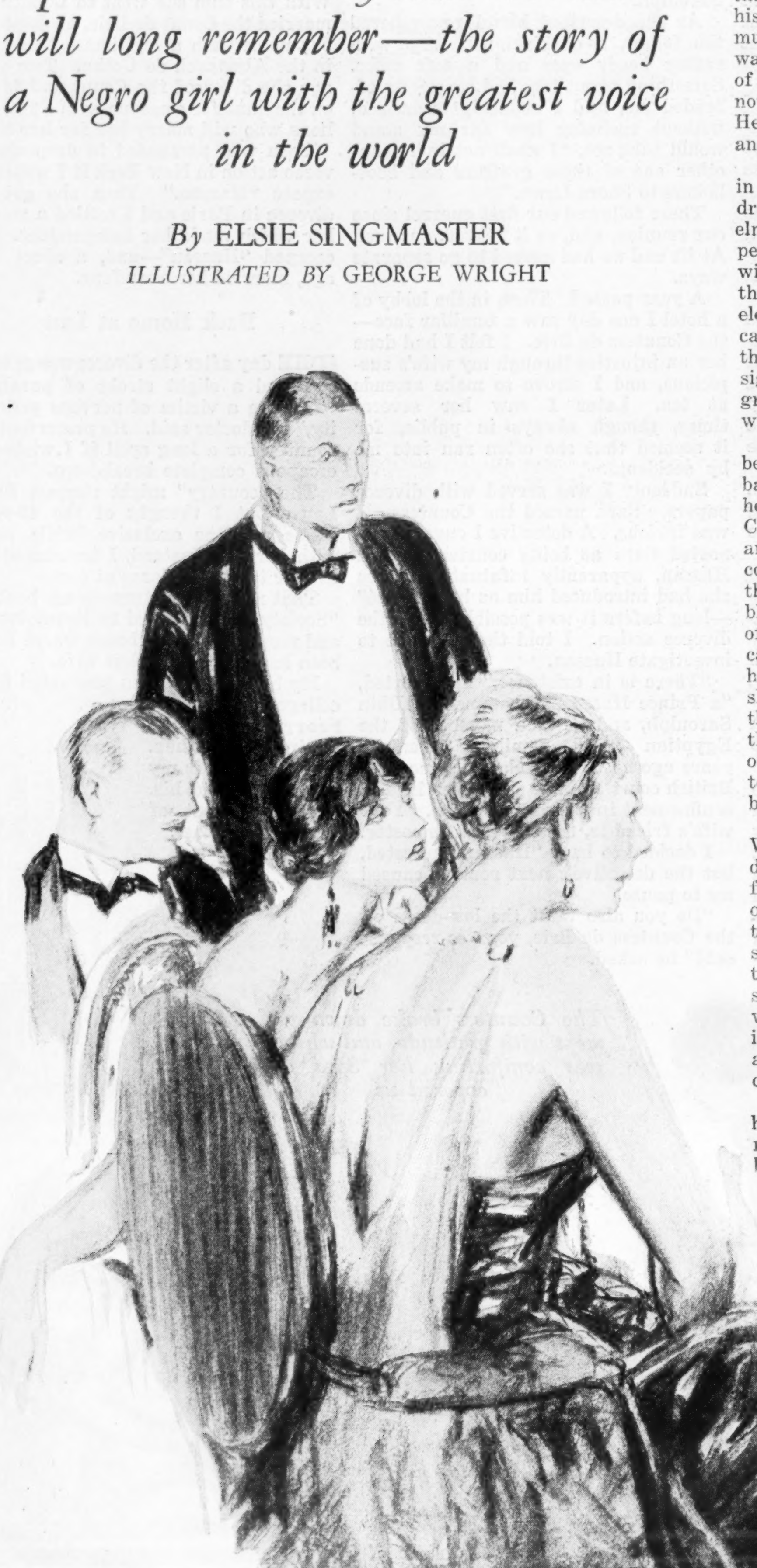
The Countess broke down and wept with gratitude, and while I was comforting her Sara discovered us

ELFIE

Here is a story of a pathos and beauty that the reader will long remember—the story of a Negro girl with the greatest voice in the world

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



They breathed heavily, as though they were frightened, "Quite wonderful! But a little terrifying, don't you think?"

NIGHT fell at eight o'clock in Batter's Lane. It was the third Sunday in May and for the first time in a cool season it was comfortable out of doors. Darkness, thickening under the spreading oaks, brought with it a blessed silence. In adjoining Elm Street Mr. Aughinbaugh laid aside his French horn; the unruly Healey, who had enlivened the evening by calling to Callie Squire, "You're no better than you ought to be!" grew weary of his sport; old black Keturah ceased to mumble in her doorway. The silence was not that of exhaustion; it was that of expectation. Mr. Aughinbaugh was not tired of his horn, nor was Virgil Healey tired of his mockery—all awaited another sound.

For a long time waiting seemed to be in vain. A little breeze waved the drooping branches of the two enormous elms back of the close-built houses, whispered among the oak leaves, still moist with sap, and set the young foliage of the poplars twinkling, so that near the electric light they looked like tall, delicate green fountains. Accompanying the last breath there was some human sighing, as though expectation had grown sharp. Then that began for which everyone waited.

In the last house on Batter's Lane, between the widespread city and the bare fields, a few colored families had held their properties since before the Civil War. On one side lived the large and unruly Washington family with a conspicuous mixture of white; beside them the respectable Lees, who were black, and opposite, under the finest oak of all, shriveled Keturah. Next to her cabin was the pretentious two-story house of Ann Johnson, a handsome, sharp-tongued, bitter woman at least three quarters white, who was maid in the dressing-room of a hotel. She had one daughter, Elfie, who was a reversion to type beside whom the Lees were not black but brown.

At this moment Ann was visiting the Washingtons. Nothing would have induced her to be seen with them away from Batter's Lane, but here she was occasionally friendly, as though relaxation were a necessity. She did not observe that, seeing her at the Washingtons', young Philip Lee crossed the street and stood outside her fence. He was an industrious carpenter; his earnings, judged by Batter's Lane standards, were high, and he owned a small car.

Elfie Johnson sat on the doorstep, her hands clasped round her knees. She recognized the blast of Mr. Aughinbaugh's horn as final; she realized that Virgil Healey no longer yelled at Callie Squire. Suddenly she spread her black arms out as though in an embrace and began to sing. After that there was no sound except the stealthy motion of those who crept nearer: Callie Squire and Maggie Platt to the doorway of old Mary Fidler; Mrs. Bergstresser to the tiny porch of Fidelia Crane; various men to comfortable positions on fences. A large automobile, passing down a road which cut across the end of the lane, halted, crept nearer and stopped. The windows were let down and the doors opened and Ann Johnson saw, in the flash of the light inside, evening wraps and black evening coats and bare, beautifully dressed heads. Of the presence of the car Elfie was entirely unaware.

Elfie's voice, a contralto of wide range, large volume, and fine timbre, was used with power and ease. But here was far more than a voice: here were a mind and a soul. She sang the songs of her own race, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," "Go Down, Moses," "Deep River," "Steal Away." One saw the old slaves kneeling by pallet beds with hands uplifted; one heard prayers rising from dismal swamps; one heard, alas, the sound of the lash! When she sang "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" the neighbors saw Elfie herself, in a sense worse than motherless, and, unable to endure this poignant close, several of the invisible audience called " 'Hallelu!' Elfie! Sing 'Hallelu!' "

There was a pause, as though Elfie stopped to smile, then she began:

Goin' to write to Massa Jesus,
To send some valiant soldier
To turn back Pharaoh's army,
Hallelu!

She lifted her hand and almost all the inhabitants of Batter's Lane and Elm Street joined in the chorus, singing softly so as not to lose the sound of the deep voice. Young Philip Lee's tenor lifted the air an octave higher. When she came to the last stanza, Elfie rose and stood, a black Miriam, with arms outstretched, an onomatopoetic quality in her rich tones reproducing the thunderous music of the sea:

When Pharaoh crossed the water,
The waters came together,
And—drowned—old—Pharaoh's army,
Hallelu!

Over and over they sang, enchanted by the melody, at once mournful and majestic. Keturah rose from the doorstep and paced her yard; the Washingtons sang loudly, but with a sort of shame; the Lees listened with tears.

FROWNING into the darkness, Ann rose from her chair and stepped across the grass toward the automobile. She had a vast amount of that kind of information which may be assembled in the ladies' room of a fashionable hotel, and she identified the car as belonging to John Boyden, whose cement plants whitened the fields of a whole township and who lived in near-by Philadelphia for a few months each year. Remembering that the Boydens had visitors from England, she surmised their satisfaction in this unforeseen experience. Sauntering idly across the pale lines of light from the dimmed lamps, she was about to pass the car when that for which she planned happened: she was halted by Mrs. Boyden.

"Please tell me who is this extraordinary singer?"

It was Ann's cunning habit to answer questions briefly.

"A girl named Elfie Johnson."

"It is marvelous singing. Is she studying?"

"She studies with Mr. Doré." Ann lifted her hard, finely modeled face into the light. "She's a colored girl."

"I was sure of it," said a voice from the car.

"Doré is a colored man," said Ann, her level voice taking on a still harder quality.

"The teacher in Philadelphia, you mean?"

Helpless to resist, Ann yielded to the racial instinct to be elegant in speech.

"His father was French, but his mother was Ethiopian."

There was an instant's silence.

"Has this girl means to continue her studies?"

"No, madam." Ann would naturally have said "ma'am," but that was servile and she used instead a "madam" which was not far from impudent.

"Will she sing again?"

"Probably not."

Ann looked thoughtfully after the car as it backed into the main road. Mrs. Boyden had befriended and supported young Keringer, the violinist, and Ellie Welsh, the soprano, and she offered a dozen scholarships at the Art Institute. Doré insisted that Elfie's voice had no counterpart in his wide experience, and if Elfie could earn a fortune she might justify her undesired existence, the blackness of her body, the kink in her short hair, the shape of her unnatural foot. Standing where the electric light shone brightly, Ann lifted her own small foot in a black slipper and looked at it; then she crossed to the house and addressed the dark cavern of the doorway.

"Don't sing on the street again. It's common."

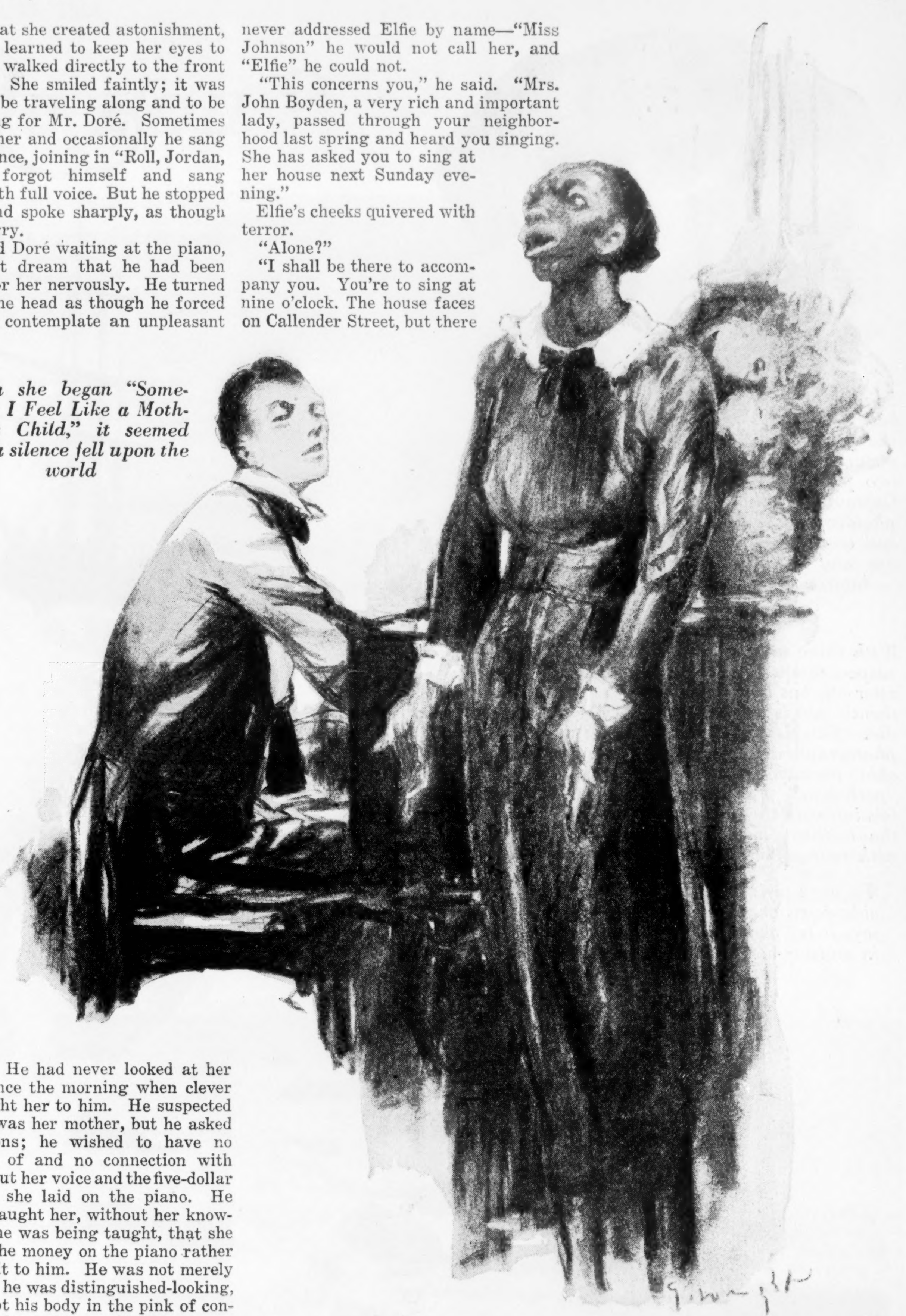
Elfie did not answer—the Sunday-evening concert was her greatest pleasure, especially when young Lee was at home. She did not dream of marriage; no lover would ever seek anyone so humble and unlovely.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am," Elfie's deep voice quivered with a hopeless longing for kindness—to affection she did not aspire.

At nine o'clock on a Monday morning in October the breeze waved Elfie's clothes on the line. She had a large washing for two persons. In a week her mother wore seven freshly ironed, elaborately trimmed white bib aprons, two caps, and seven pairs of white silk stockings, and in addition brought home the covers of fifty dressing tables. The ruffles were fluted, and fluting was almost a lost art, but Elfie went in despair to Mary Fidler, and Mary produced an intricate old iron and showed her how to use it.

Except that she was wholly and neatly clad, Elfie looked as though she might have come from the source of the Congo. Her skin was so black that even her black hair had by contrast a slightly grayish cast. Her spreading nostrils, her broad frame, her flat foot, all seemed to have been unmodified by the white strain in her blood. She had sometimes a chilling fear of her mother's white face, as though she were a ghost and not a creature of flesh and blood; then she went shivering to old Keturah. It was comfortable to be with Keturah, and from there she could watch the Lees, who, unashamed of their black skins, lived happily.



When she began "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," it seemed that a silence fell upon the world

PRESENTLY she took down the wash, gathering the sweet-smelling sheets to her breast as though they were children. She opened her lips to sing, but, remembering her mother's prohibition, closed them.

Placing her basket on the kitchen table, she put on her hat and coat and, locking the door behind her, went down Batter's Lane to the suburban trolley car. The ride to Philadelphia would take two hours, and at the curious hour of one she would have her music lesson. Doré laid all sorts of prohibitions upon her, and to her many of them had no point, except that she suspected in him what she had long discerned in her mother, a sharp embarrassment caused by her appearance. His aversion to Elfie was unfortunate, since he expected her to bring him riches and fame.

Aware that she created astonishment, and having learned to keep her eyes to herself, she walked directly to the front of the car. She smiled faintly; it was pleasant to be traveling along and to be going to sing for Mr. Doré. Sometimes he praised her and occasionally he sang with her. Once, joining in "Roll, Jordan, Roll," he forgot himself and sang ardently with full voice. But he stopped suddenly and spoke sharply, as though he were angry.

She found Doré waiting at the piano, and did not dream that he had been watching for her nervously. He turned his handsome head as though he forced his eyes to contemplate an unpleasant actuality. He had never looked at her directly since the morning when clever Ann brought her to him. He suspected that Ann was her mother, but he asked no questions; he wished to have no knowledge of and no connection with anything but her voice and the five-dollar bill which she laid on the piano. He had even taught her, without her knowing that she was being taught, that she must lay the money on the piano rather than give it to him. He was not merely handsome, he was distinguished-looking, and he kept his body in the pink of condition and dressed in excellent taste.

He struck a chord and Elfie sang a clear, full, round "Ah!" Her throat was a perfect instrument in perfect tune. He carried her voice up and down the scale, incredibly low in one or two experimental notes, then astonishingly high for so deep a contralto.

"I can sing lower," said Elfie.

"No," said Doré sharply. "And never for anyone but me. Remember you're not to open your lips for anyone else."

He had been teaching her alto arias, but this morning he had her sing only the songs with which she delighted Batter's Lane and which he had selected for her with unerring judgment. The color in his cheek brightened, and the blood raced in his veins, and he felt again the almost irresistible impulse to join with passion, wailing for deliverance, shouting hopes of heaven. But he kept himself firmly in hand; he hated all the black man's instincts.

When the lesson was over he walked to his table and took up a letter. He never addressed Elfie by name—"Miss Johnson" he would not call her, and "Elfie" he could not.

"This concerns you," he said. "Mrs. John Boyden, a very rich and important lady, passed through your neighborhood last spring and heard you singing. She has asked you to sing at her house next Sunday evening."

Elfie's cheeks quivered with terror.

"Alone?"

"I shall be there to accompany you. You're to sing at nine o'clock. The house faces on Callender Street, but there are side entrances on Second. Go to the first entrance on Second at least fifteen minutes before the time."

Elfie seemed to see her mother looking over Doré's shoulder and knew that she must obey.

"You'll surely be there?"

"Surely," said Doré impatiently. "You'll sing what you sang this morning."

"This coming Sunday?" faltered Elfie.

"I'll write it down for you." Doré tore the flap from Mrs. Boyden's envelope and wrote the hour and the address and even his own directions about the side door.

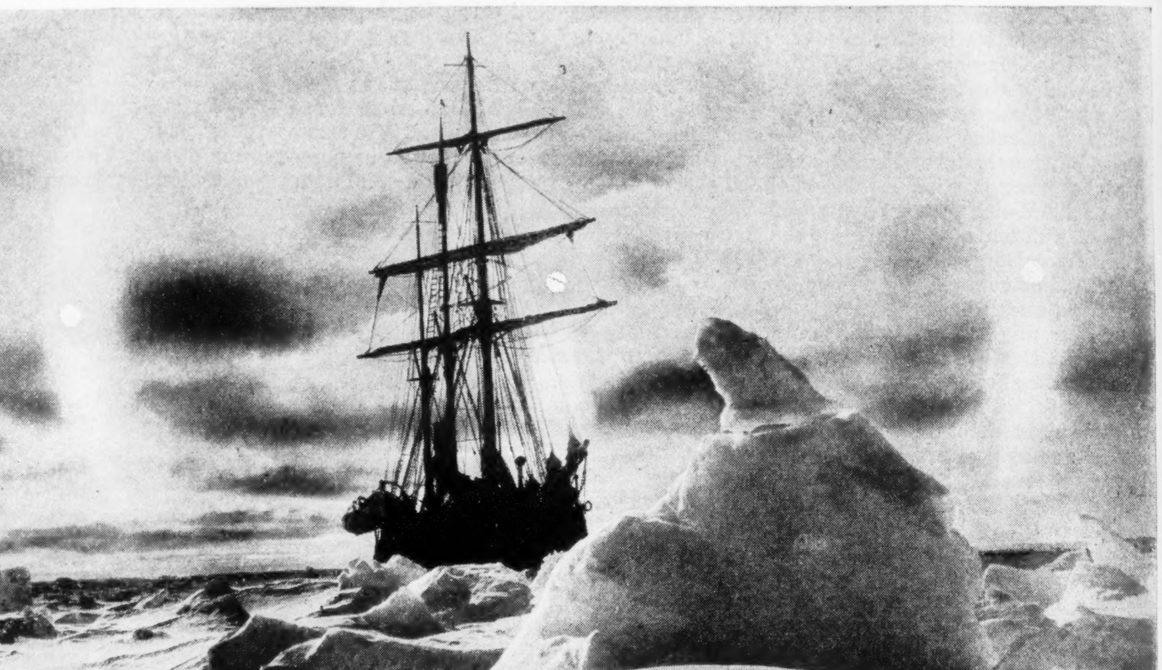
When the girl had gone he read the letter again. Mrs. Boyden asked him to telephone directions for the car, which they would send first for Elfie, then for him. Instead of telephoning, he took paper as handsome as Mrs. Boyden's and explained that the singer had other means of travel but that the car might come to his apartment at half past eight. The color flamed again in his smooth, delicately brown cheek. The reward for many sacrifices and inhibitions was, he believed, at hand—only *he* knew how large had been his patience. . . .

IN HER bare room Elfie dressed slowly, rubbing her nervous hands. It was Sunday afternoon at five o'clock; the sun had set and a cold northeast wind had begun to blow. Having fastened the last hook of her brown woolen dress, she descended to the kitchen. The dress was made of good material, but it fitted badly and there were no brown tones in her skin or eyes to make it becoming. It would have been difficult to find any color which did not make Elfie more homely and which Elfie did not spoil.

Pale with excitement, Ann sat at the kitchen table finishing her supper. She and Doré had (*Continued on page 40*)

Is it cold

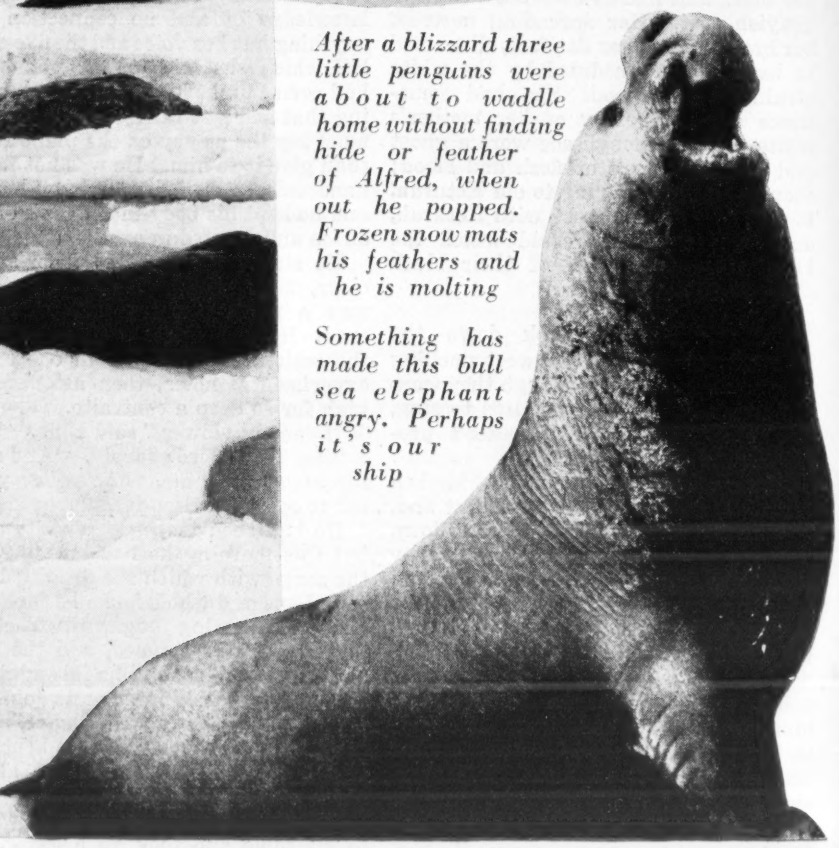
Saint, the best dog in the pack. The pictures on these two pages were taken by Captain Frank Hurley, photographer, explorer and author, on the Mawson and the Shackleton Antarctic expeditions



With three suns, you may suspect that it isn't so cold after all, but the only authentic sun is in the middle. This is an unusual photograph of a remarkable phenomenon called "parhelion." Falling crystals intensify the light and the brilliant halo flames with radiant "mock suns"

After a blizzard three little penguins were about to waddle home without finding hide or feather of Alfred, when out he popped. Frozen snow mats his feathers and he is molting

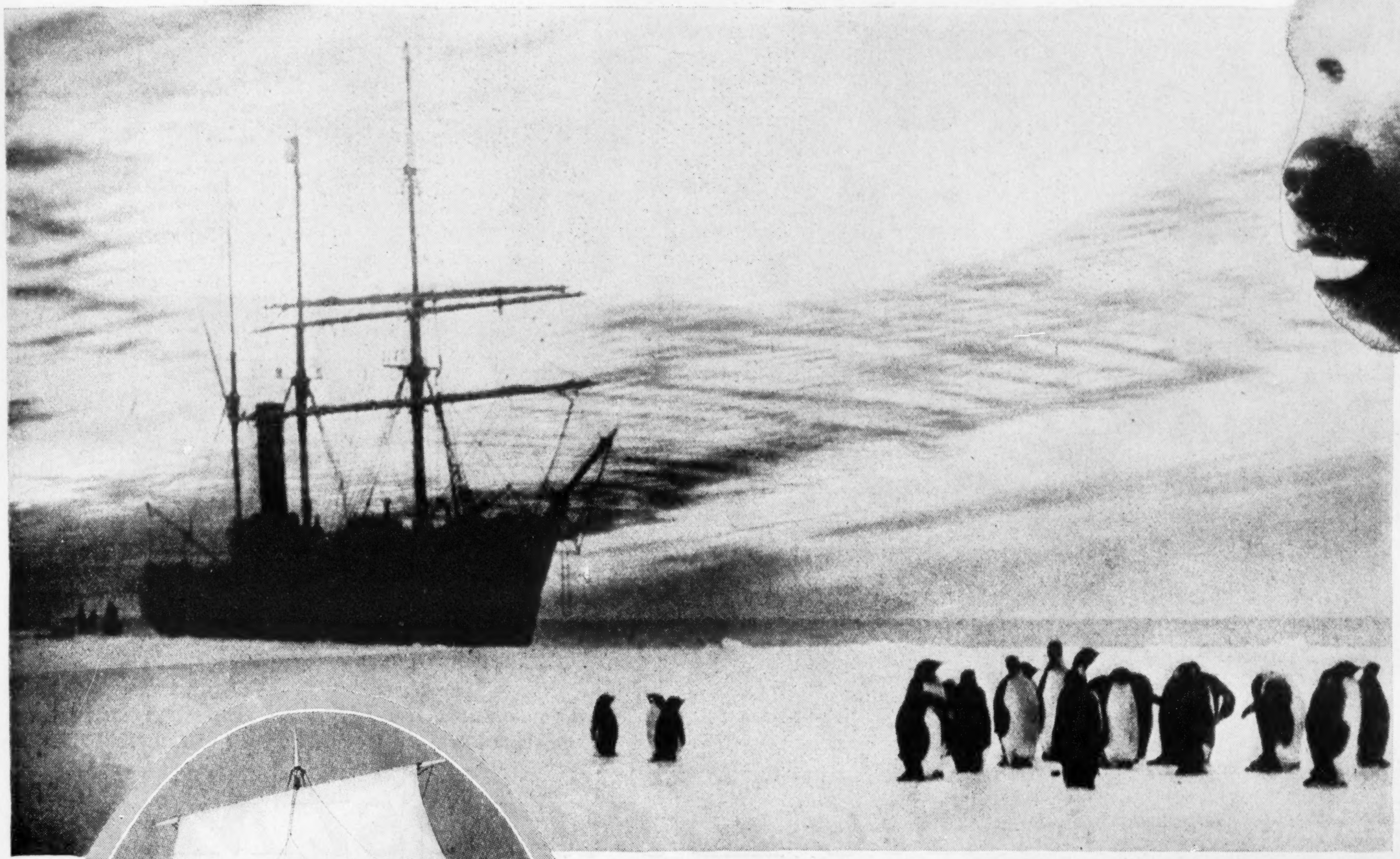
We were trying to determine whether these seals below are lying on eiderdown or mashed potatoes, when Explorer Flaherty came in. He says it is "pancake" ice, so gastronomy wins. This picture was taken in midsummer, and there are days in August when it does seem that Nature might distribute such favors more evenly



Something has made this bull sea elephant angry. Perhaps it's our ship

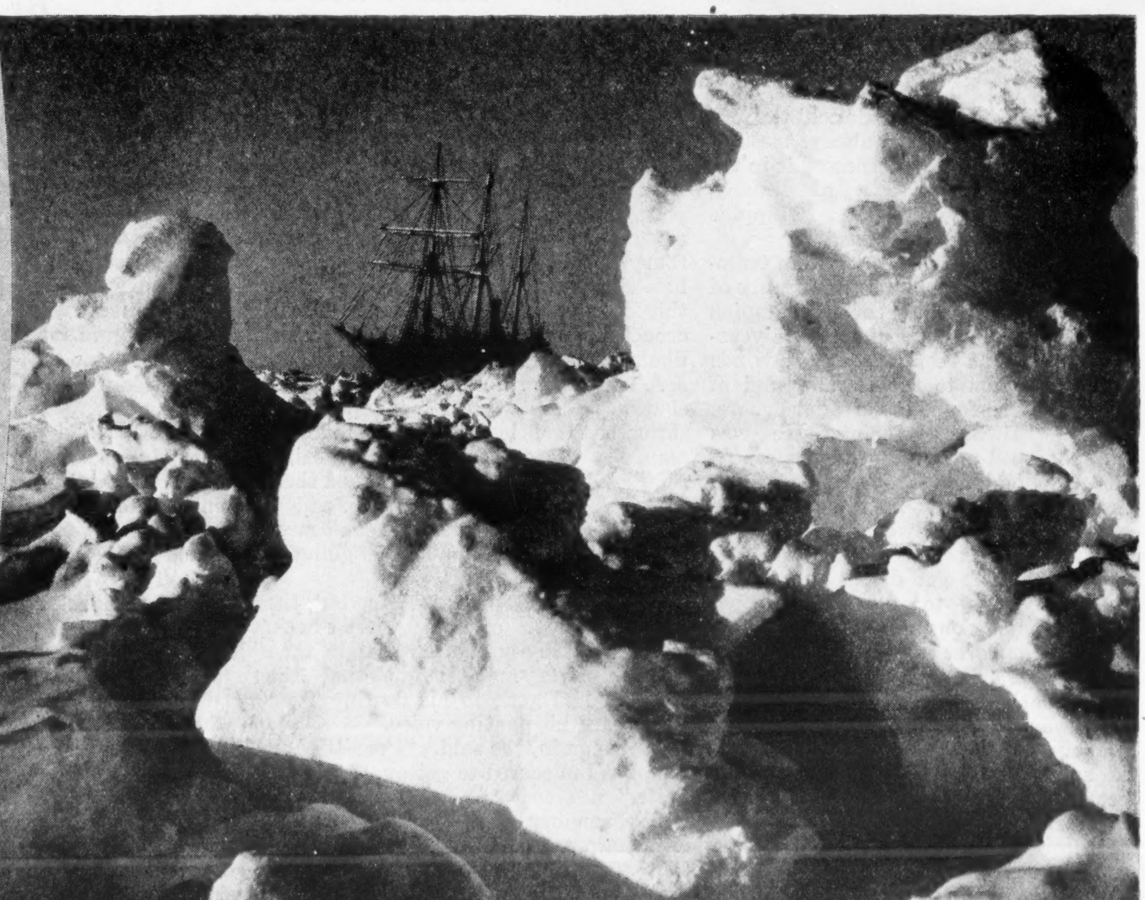
enough for you?

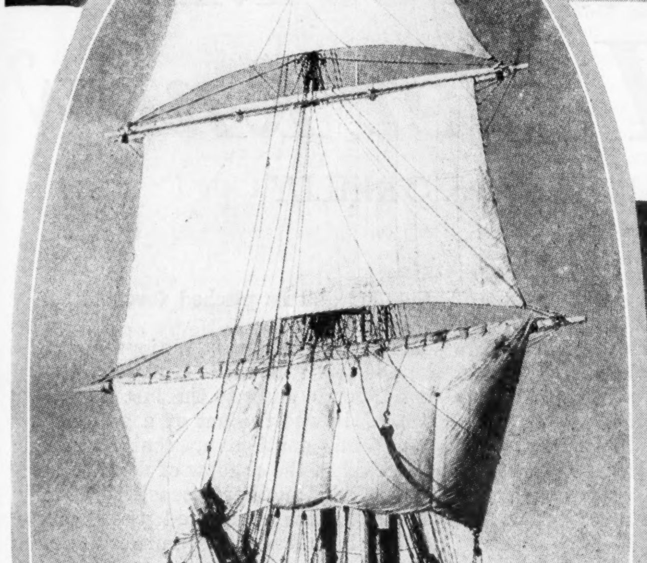
Colonel was given to Mawson by Roald Amundsen. He was one of the original pack of Huskies that sledged to the South Pole



Sir Douglas Mawson's Aurora (left) alongside an ice floe. The three young penguins edge closer, after the manner of youngsters the world over, but their elders talk things over in conference. Penguins are very curious birds and they have come down to see what is going on. They are not entirely unlike the folks who go down to the station every evening to see the flyer go through

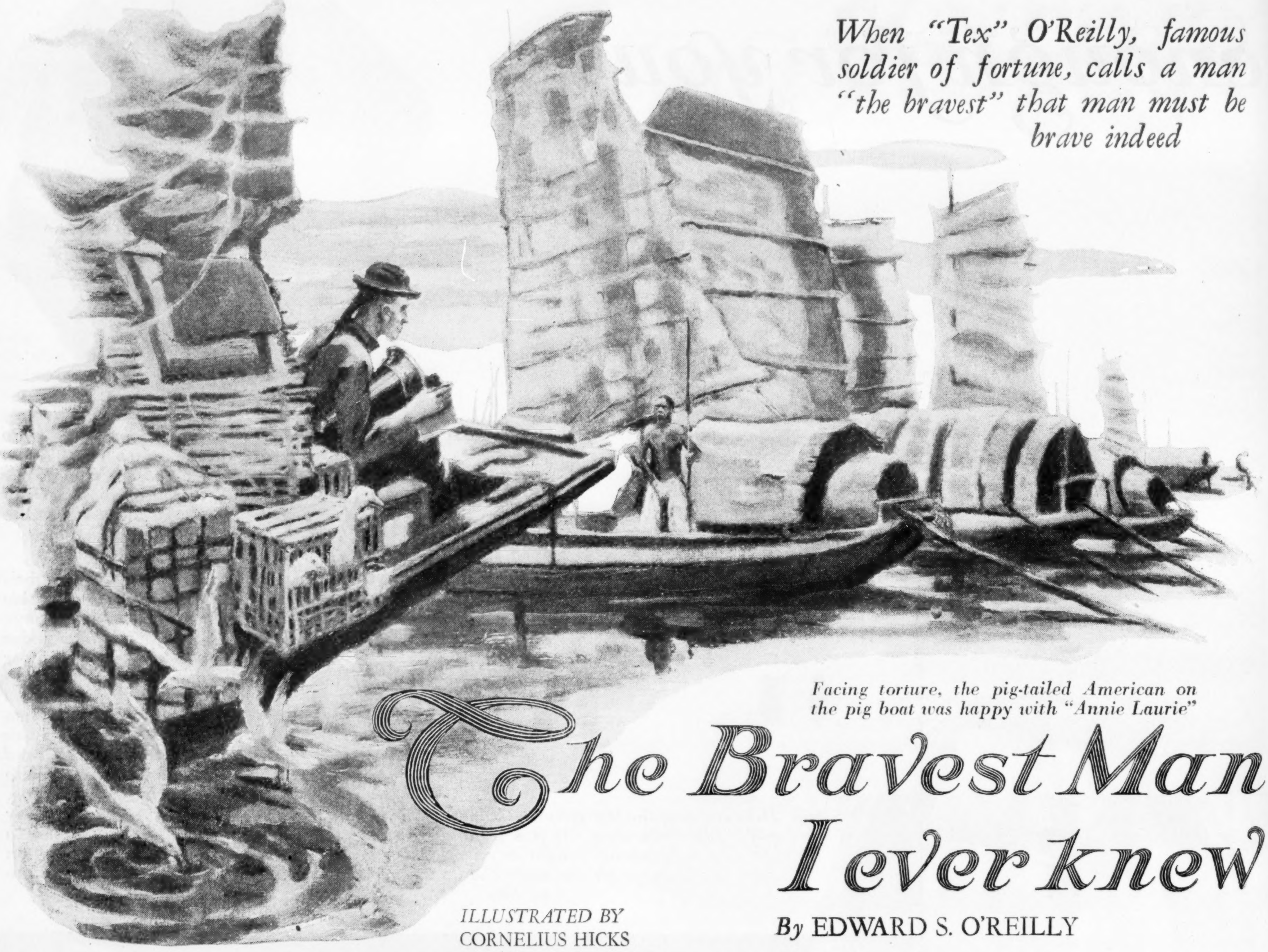
Here is one of the last pictures (below) of Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship Endurance. It is a scene of terrible grandeur—the ship is hopelessly caught in relentless icy jaws. Shortly after this photograph was made the Endurance was smashed to bits





The Endurance noses along through the heavily ice-laden waters. You who do your summer sailing in clear waters would never have patience for this. The ship rams her path yard by yard

When "Tex" O'Reilly, famous soldier of fortune, calls a man "the bravest" that man must be brave indeed



Facing torture, the pig-tailed American on the pig boat was happy with "Annie Laurie"

The Bravest Man I ever knew

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

ILLUSTRATED BY CORNELIUS HICKS

THERE is one act of "cold turkey" bravery that will always stick in my memory. I witnessed it in the little inland town of Indang, Cavite Province, in the Philippine Islands, during the insurrection.

Ole the Swede was the civilian teamster of the post. Ole was a big hulk of a man with the body of a champion wrestler and the mind of a twelve-year-old boy. He had been a sailor, the winds had blown him to the islands, and in Indang he had found his first job ashore. He was always grinning. He was stupidly good-natured. The boys said there was no harm in him. He had one passion—his team of horses.

One day the big Swede got drunk on rice whisky. It was not an ordinary jag. When Ole got drunk he did not leave anything to the imagination. Late in the day one of his friends lured him into the horse corral and persuaded him to pull off his clothes and take a shower bath.

He was standing under the shower, splashing the water and roaring some old sea song, when one of his horses escaped from the stable and started for the corral gate. At that moment a soldier, losing his temper at the perverse antics of the horse, seized a bamboo bar and struck the animal a cruel blow on the head.

In that instant the naked giant under the shower became a raving maniac. He rushed on the soldier, twisted the bar from his hands and crushed his skull. Hanging by the side of the stable was a long bolo. He pulled it from its leather scabbard and returned to chop at the body. Another soldier ran in and tried to disarm him. The madman killed him with one sweep of the weapon.

In the back yard of a near-by house stood a huge stone cistern. The masonry had fallen on one side, leaving a hole about three feet in diameter. Into this hole Ole finally crawled. There, crouched in the darkness, he screeched like a maddened beast.

A score of men came running to the cistern. Some wanted to fire a volley through the hole and kill the crazed man, but the corporal of the guard, a small soldier named Dillon, pushed them back.

"He's just gone crazy. We can't murder him," he said calmly. "I'm going in after him."

They tried to prevent him, but the little corporal ordered them back. There was the sound of a struggle, then silence. Everyone thought that the corporal had gone to his death. Then they heard his panting voice.

"Come on in," he said. "I'm sittin' on him, but I'm scared to get up. I got his knife."

The memory of that little corporal crawling unarmed into the dark to face that yelling madman with the knife always comes to me when people speak of brave men. That act required highly tempered nerve.

Years later I witnessed another gallant deed with a more tragic ending in Mexico. A group of twelve federal officers had been captured and sentenced to death. In the early stages of the Mexican rebellion it was the custom of both sides to kill the officers.

The condemned men were marched to an empty warehouse where some Yaqui Indian soldiers were waiting to act as executioners. The firing squad consisted of a sergeant and four men. One by one the sergeant selected his victims, stood them against a stone wall, and gave the signal for the fatal volley.

Contempt for Death

SOMEONE had produced a bottle of brandy, and the men who were about to die were toasting each other in a last drink. I noticed one lieutenant, a mere boy not over twenty, busily writing in a notebook. It came his turn to face the guns. The Indian sergeant touched his arm and motioned him to the wall.

"I am writing a note to my brother," he said. "May I finish it?"

Sullenly the Indian shook his head. A dapper little major with waxed mustache stepped forward, saluted and said:

"Pardon me, but may I take his place?"

The sergeant nodded, the major stepped briskly to the wall, waved farewell to his friends, clicked his heels together and faced the firing squad. A minute later the volley rang out and he fell forward, toppling over stiffly like a cardboard figure.

The boy finished his writing, handed the notebook to one of the insurgent officers, and asked him to mail it. The officer promised to do so. The lieutenant stepped into place, another volley sounded and he pitched forward beside the major.

It is true that that major knew that he had to die, but it is true, also, that it is human to cling to the last minute of life. His was the act of a gallant soldier and gentleman, contemptuously unafraid in the shadow of death.

I recall another occasion when a Texas ranger displayed the bravery which has made the rangers world-famous. A white woman had been assaulted by a Negro in a small town in west Texas. The Negro had been captured and locked in the county jail. A mob gathered, and the sheriff sent for a ranger to remove the prisoner to another county.

To deceive the mob, the sheriff dashed out from the jail in a closed automobile and raced out of town, while the ranger took the prisoner in another car.

The mob discovered the trick and blocked the street with a truck. The ranger saw that he was trapped. A garage door opened on the street and, without stopping, he swung the car through it. Then, with a sawed-off shotgun in his hands, he stepped out into the street and faced the mob. Throwing his gun up he shouted:

"Hold on, boys. Take it easy!"

The crowd pressed on to within a dozen feet of where he stood, halted and bunched up. A strange silence followed for a moment. Then a tall man stepped forward, a pistol in his hand. His face was deathly pale.

"Stand aside, stranger," he said huskily. "We don't

(Continued on page 39)

WHITE FIRE

By
LOUIS
JOSEPH
VANCE

The Story Thus Far

JUNE WYNNE, the lovely young wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks a quarrel with her husband over a string of black pearls which she claims are imitation. Next day Lance Fairless, a good-for-nothing young society man, asks Tabor to go to New York, as a lawyer and friend, to buy back Lance's love letters from Jennifer Challis, an actress. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying she has gone to New York with her sister. He follows but doesn't find her at her regular hotel.

Next day, after cashing a check large enough to buy real pearls which he has decided to give June, he calls on Jennifer, who proves to be unusual and attractive. She returns the letters but refuses the money. On leaving her room in her cheap little hotel, Tabor sees Lance Fairless and June entering the elevator with a bellboy carrying two bags.

Tabor asks another boy to return the letters to Jennifer. He walks for hours in a pouring rain and finally returns to the hotel to insist on Jennifer's taking the money. He is in time to see her leave with the packet of letters. He follows her almost to the river, loses sight of her and decides the thing to do is to drown himself. But someone pulls him back.

Ten days later he rouses to find himself in a theatrical boarding house being taken care of by Jennifer Challis. She also had been bent on self-destruction that night but on seeing Tabor had put aside her own trouble and saved him. The letters were destroyed. Finding Tabor ill, Jennifer had secured rooms at the boarding house, introducing him as her husband, Tabor Drew. She has nursed him back to health, learning all the story through his delirium.

The detective agency employed by June gives up hope of finding Tabor. Tabor suggests to Jennifer that he and she continue as Mr. and Mrs. Drew.

"We're not uncongenial," he says. "Is there any reason why we shouldn't go on?"

Jennifer soberly replies, "No; I suppose there isn't, really."

III

"I WISH," Tabor, after a wait, almost diffidently ventured—feeling himself forgotten, since the girl, that constructive consent once pronounced, had forthwith lapsed into what seemed to be a phase of moody divorcement from every immediate circumstance—"I wish you could say that more as if you meant it."

"Oh!" Jennifer Challis, sitting with head bowed over hands that slowly writhed in each other, gave an abrupt laugh. "I mean it, all right. What makes you think I don't? I don't just see what choice I've got."

"Please!" he remonstrated—"don't think of my suggestion in that light—"

"But what choice *have* I got?" the girl rose as if impatience started her out of the chair, but for the moment made no further move. "I've come to the end of my rope, and you know it. There isn't a job going in the show business anybody can see me for. Chances are I'll be painting my hair to hide the gray before I find anybody so perfectly green to the game he'll believe I'm as good as I've got to let on I am and trust me with as much as a two-side part. You see what I'm up against," she bitterly persisted, "don't you? It's what you propose or the streets for me—or the river again."

TO DIVERT her, Tabor drew a face of whimsical humility. "Then I may nurse a modest hope you will end by reckoning me the least of three evils?"

She responded with a broken smile, "Oh! I suppose you do think I don't realize how generous you're being—"

"But I am not," Tabor protested. "You will find me as selfish as the next man—or as you wish me to believe you are, Jenny."

"Oh, sure!" she mocked—"don't I know?"—but the next instant was grave again. "That brings us to the real question. It isn't whether I mean it, but whether you mean it, Tabor—and what you mean—whether you know what you're letting yourself in for, offering to go on living with a woman you hardly know as—as man and wife!"

"It hasn't worked so badly thus far, has it?" Still, in the perplexity excited by that constant and searching exploration of his countenance, Tabor inclined to flounder a bit. "I have thought it all out—I've had plenty of time for that—and quite know my mind. Unless it's liable to get you talked about. . . ."

"Don't let that worry you, Tabor—this is Longacre Square, not Rittenhouse. If people in the show business couldn't gossip, they'd suffocate. There's so much gossip going round all the time nobody takes any stock in it unless they're on the inside and know it's so. And nobody knows me well enough any more to know what's true about me and what isn't. I gave up having intimate friends for Lance's sake—because I didn't want to get him talked about."

SHE was able to-day to make without a tremor that direct reference to the man who had used her so shabbily!

"Then it seems to me it will do you less harm to continue living under the same roof with the 'husband' you produced with such suddenness, Jenny, than to separate from him. In a way, he'd be something of a protection for you."

"Yes, I know. . . . All the same . . ." The gray eyes darkened, the girl took a turn down the room, halting with the windows behind her. Blue dusk filled them; it was to Tabor's vision a silhouette without features that presently went on in a voice as dispassionate as distilled water. "But a one-sided bargain is no good, Tabor. We can't afford to start anything misunderstanding each other in the least. Suppose you tell me straight out what's in your mind."

"Simply a joint endeavor to work out a modus vivendi more tolerable than loneliness would be. Neither of us has anything to lose by giving friendship and sympathy, Jenny, but everything to gain. It isn't enough merely to live in this life; one must have something to live for. That's why this isn't a one-sided bargain I'm proposing. If we go on together, I shall have you to encourage me in my endeavors to make a new life, and—"

"But what will you do?"

"I haven't decided yet; I will find something to aim at—I must. But whatever life Tabor Drew is to live, this much is sure, it won't remind him of Tabor Wynne's."

"I suppose that's wise. But . . ."

"And it will help me to have your professional career to watch. So, you see, I too am thinking of myself."

"You don't want me to give up the stage?" the girl sharply cried. "You don't think I ought to?"

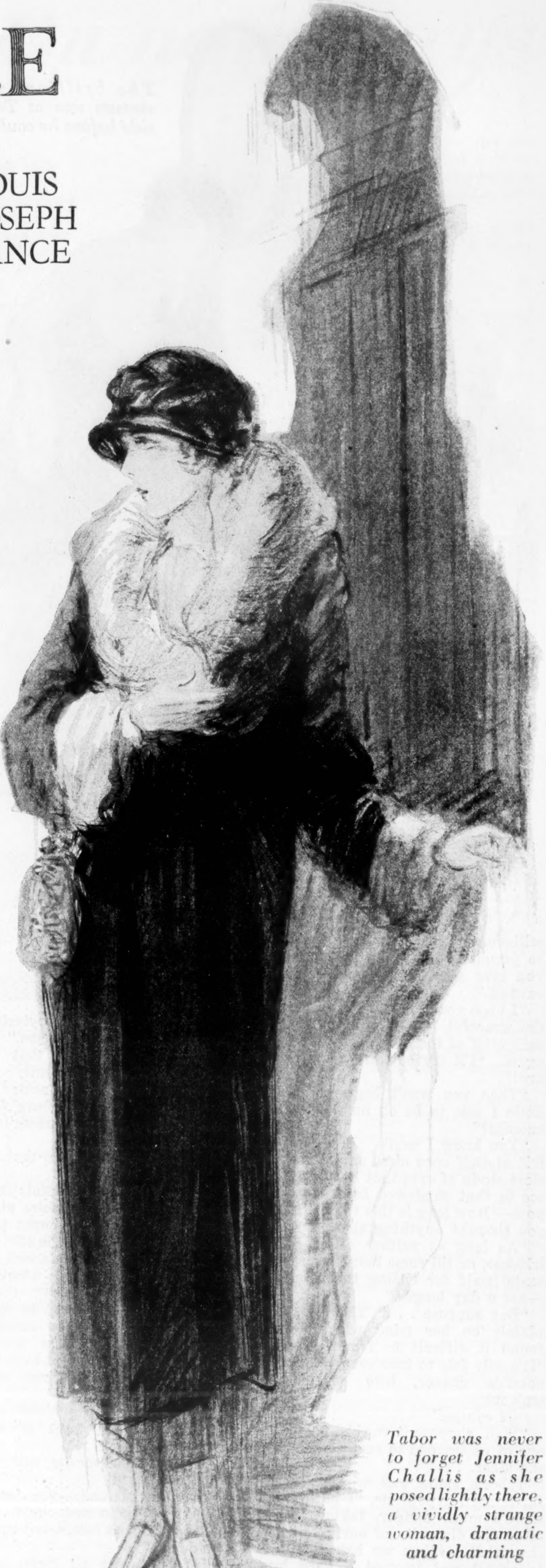
"To what possible end? It is your life. The truth is, Jenny, you haven't any idea of giving it up—"

"But, Tabor, I'm a failure!"

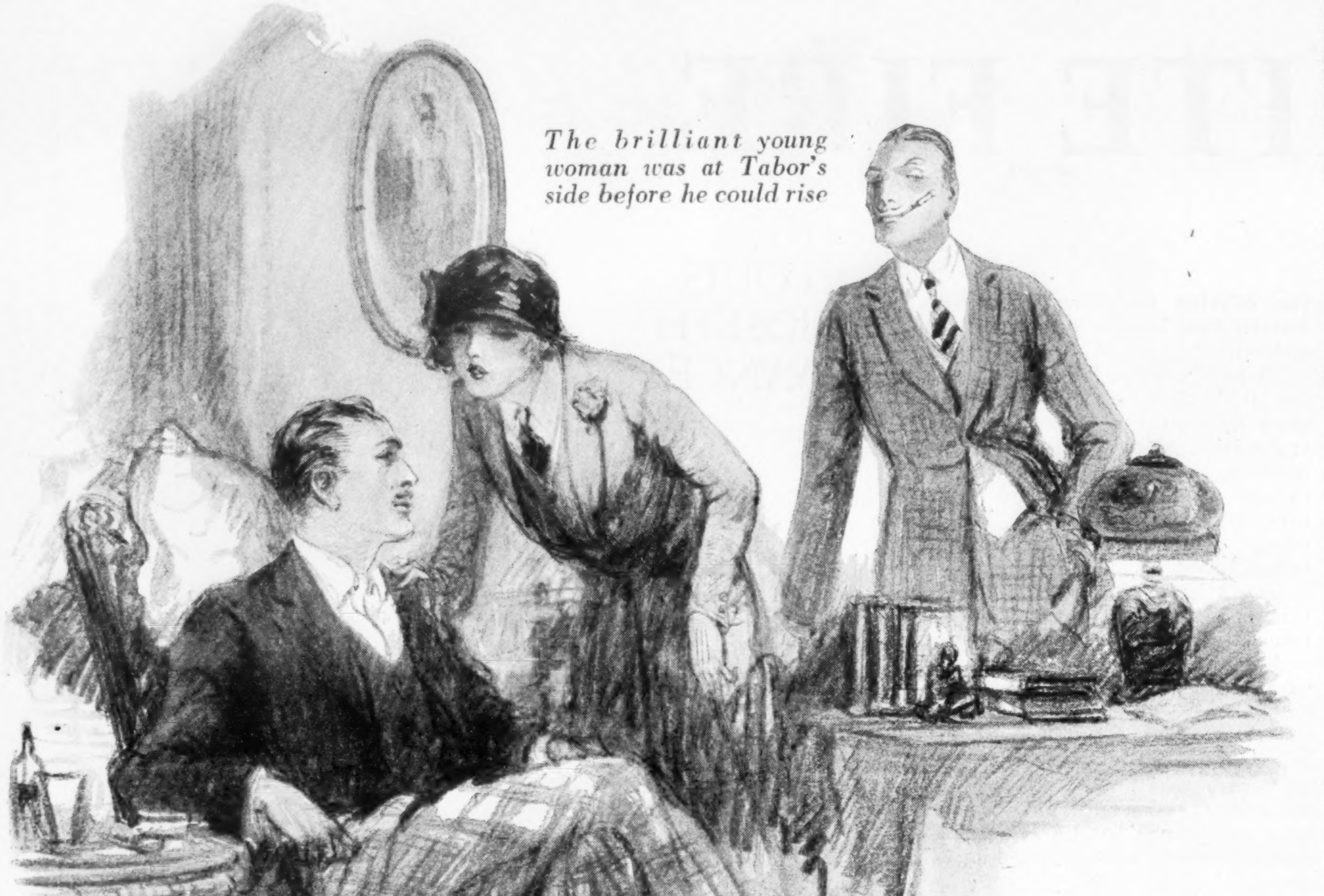
"You're nothing of the sort. You're being paid out with temporary reverses for neglecting your duty to yourself. In time that debt will have been canceled; things will take a turn; you'll begin to forge ahead once more."

"You honestly believe it isn't too late? I might succeed yet?"

"Why not? You've got a good in-



Tabor was never to forget Jennifer Challis as she posed lightly there, a vividly strange woman, dramatic and charming



The brilliant young woman was at Tabor's side before he could rise

telligence," Tabor affirmed—"too good to permit your failing at anything you ever give yourself to in good earnest."

"I hope you're right." Tabor saw the graceful hands, pale against the dark stuff of the dress, caught together again. "I'll try so hard to prove you are!"

"Then you won't begrudge me the little I ask, to be on hand to see you succeed?"

"You know I won't. But . . ." He felt himself once more subjected to the close study of eyes that he could barely see in that shadowed face. "But suppose— How long is this to go on? Have you thought anything about that?"

"As long as neither of us finds it irksome, or till some better reason presents itself for ending the association—not a day longer."

"But suppose . . ." There was that plainly on her mind which Jennifer found it difficult to frame in words. "It's only fair to take everything, every possible chance, into consideration, isn't it?"

"Of course."

"Well, suppose it worked out so that one of us learned to care too much for the other. . . ."

Tabor's smile was wintry for that far-fetched hypothesis. "I hardly think there's much danger, taking into account the disparity of our years. More than that, Jenny; we have both been to school and learned a hard lesson there. People who've been through the fire once and got themselves well scorched are not likely to invite a repetition of the ordeal."

"But love," the girl protested, "does not go by choosing, always."

"You will outgrow that romantic fancy," Tabor confidently asserted, "when more time has passed, wounds have healed, and you have found out that the only real happiness is in one's work."

"You truly do believe that, Tabor?"

"I am sure of it."

She ended a thoughtful pause with a shrug. "Perhaps you're right. . . . But that isn't all we ought to discuss before we settle down, is it?"

"I presume we may as well get down to practical questions; where to live, for example."

"You think we ought to move?"

"We would be more comfortable—don't you think?—less under each other's feet and less apt to get on each other's nerves, in a small apartment somewhere."

The voice was dubious that confessed, "I'm not much of a housekeeper."

"I think our means will run to a maid, at least."

"And my friends—you won't mind them running in and out?"

Tabor blinked astonished eyes. "Why should I?"

"Why—they're all right, of course, but—not just the sort you've been accustomed to train with."

"If you think they can put up with me," Tabor said with a wry smile. "I don't much doubt I'll enjoy the change. I only have to look back to find myself reconciled to the prospect of a social life unadorned by my friends of yesterday."

"Well, of course, you know best about that. . . . But when I'm not working—I mean, acting or rehearsing—will you expect me to be at home all the time?"

"The arrangement I contemplate can't last out a week unless each of us enjoys as much personal freedom as if we were actually what we must pretend to be, happily married."

Jennifer Challis moved slowly back to the side of Tabor's chair. One of her hands lightly fell upon his shoulder. "You're sure about this, Tabor? Sure it's wise and you want to give it a try?"

He smiled up to that unsmiling face, and took the hand that was idle.

"Quite sure, Jenny."

"And is that all? I mean, we've covered all the ground now, haven't we? There isn't perhaps something you've forgotten to mention?"

"Positively nothing. There will be adjustments to be made, naturally; things we can deal with as they come up, but I quite believe we shall be able to do so without friction."

"Then it's a go?"

"I will do all I can to make it one."

The girl's fingers tightened on Tabor's for an instant. "You're a strange man, Tabor."

"But aren't we all strange till you get to know us too well? And after that mere common clay?"

"I hope not." Jennifer disengaged her hand and dismissed the sealed covenant with a light "Then that's that!" adding as she moved off, "I'd better run down and tell them to send the Times in the mornings after this; it always has a lot of 'apartments to let' ads."

THE man she left to ponder the conversation which had resulted in their curious understanding, and puzzle over implications of things left unsaid in the girl's tones and falterings, was the strange man she had asserted him to be at least in this respect, that he was strangely simple-hearted for one so versed in the ways of the world. For he failed altogether to fathom the unspoken thought which had formed the girl's attitude throughout. And it was natural he should fail, since it was his nature to be incapable of surmising a question as to his good faith in another's mind.

He was, however, not given much leisure just then to waste in wondering either on the girl or at himself, for Jennifer had not been two minutes out of their rooms before a knock heralded an amiable caller, a spare young man turned out in the extreme conservatism of Sackville Street tailoring, with the tuned voice of the English and an extremely fit look to match. He responded to Tabor's "Come in" by opening the door wide enough first to show a keen but smiling profile round its edge, then to permit blue, good-humored eyes to survey the room.

"All alone, Mr. Drew? Splendid! I'll come in." He did so, and closed the door. "Hullo! what's the bright smile about?"

"Possibly I'm glad to see you, Tormay—perhaps I am thinking you would have come in even if you hadn't found me all alone."

"Expect I would, old boy." Mr. Nigel Tormay drew up a chair and produced a flat pocket case that had every appearance of being solid gold. "Smoke?"

"Your usual brand? Many thanks, but I can't smoke Virginia tobacco."

"I loathe it," Tormay confessed, putting a match to a cigarette and inhaling voluptuously notwithstanding.

"Why do you stick to it, then?"

"Goes with the make-up, sweetheart. It's the one thing I've got against the British—their hopeless infatuation with this Virginia muck."

"But you are English, surely!"

"I?" Tormay archly smiled. "No fear. Born in Tiffin, Ohio, graduated from Ann Arbor, Mich.—never saw England till I was twenty-five. Jolly glad I pulled your leg so famously, though."

"You do surprise me."

"IT'S part of the game," Tormay cheerfully expounded. "There's a wild-eyed superstition in the American theatre that only an English actor can wear evening clothes as if they fitted him or enter a drawing-room without looking all hands and feet. So when I made up my mind I was no good for anything but the stage, I saved up enough for my passage over, served my time in London and the provinces, and came back Nigel Tormay. My right name is William McKinley Tilford, but I stayed away long enough for Broadway to forget the extra man with that name who used to haunt the agencies. I don't suppose Jake Shubert will ever forgive me if he finds out how I've taken advantage of his trustfulness; but my conscience is clear—I give value for my wages, acting an English actor well enough to put it over on the managers as well as audiences. . . . Where's Jenny?"

"She went downstairs to speak to Madame Benelli, I believe; she will be back any minute."

"Will she, by Jove!" Tormay smartly sat up. "Then I'd better work fast. Because, you know, old soul, you owe the honor of this special visitation not so much to an unholy passion for your society as to the fact that I want to borrow fifty dollars till my new show opens and I get the first week's pay. Don't stop to think twice, I beg you; in cases like this second thoughts are almost always fatal to the applicant. Can you spare it?"

"First," said Tabor, smiling, "I want to know why you said you'd have to 'work fast.'"

"Because (*Continued on page 30*)

You can't pick them nowadays

Not so long ago a few big Eastern colleges took most of the glory in sports; let's see who's gathering the laurel leaves to-day

By GRANTLAND RICE

Clarence Houser of the University of Southern California is our greatest intercollegiate field star. He shone, also, in the last Olympic Games

Wide World

THERE was a general feeling not so long ago, through a good many thousands of square miles, that those living along the northern section of the Atlantic seaboard could never adjust their eyesight west of the Alleghenies.

This may have been true once, when the East considered Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Dartmouth and a few others the only athletic contenders that really mattered when it came to skill, speed, strength and wisdom.

But it isn't true to-day. They have all quit picking winners now with the athletic domain embracing some eight million square miles where the victor is likely to pop out at any unconsidered spot.

Earlier in the season the University of Southern California had traveled over 3,000 miles to Franklin Field to win the intercollegiate track and field championship from the pick of the East. This was no great shock since California and Stanford had done the same before. But this one state had won four of the last five championships, with entries from three universities, something no other state had done.

But the real object lesson came a short while later. There was a certain fortnight this summer which broke all past records for covering almost unlimited space in electing winners at various jousts and competitions.

On the first day there were three crews leading the merry whirl at Poughkeepsie's annual regatta. The two in front were Washington and the Navy. The crew in third place was Wisconsin. A great Navy crew won by nearly a length in a smashing finish, but two of the first three across the line were from the Far West and the Middle West. In the final summing up the Navy and Yale, both Eastern entries, both unbeaten, were awarded the highest ranking and the East had countercharged to offset University of Southern California's track and field triumph.

Just a few days later there came the finals of the intercollegiate golf championship and the intercollegiate tennis championship, both held on Eastern soil.

Here were two games that first received their impetus from the East. Who were the survivors? In golf they were G. F. Lamprecht of Tulane University, New Orleans, and A. J. Westland of Washington University, from the Pacific Northwest.

In tennis they were E. G. Chandler of California University, and Cranston Holman of Stanford. The final winners were Tulane and California, the Far South and the Far West.

Here was a new order in American college sport. Other sections, apart from the East, had done well enough before, but they had never come first in three out of four major competitions with a runner-up in the fourth. Only a fast and powerful Navy crew prevented the West and the South from ruling on both land and water in the spring and summer campaign, as far as intersectional contests go. The West and the South had taken over intercollegiate control of golf, tennis and the track, while a Washington crew had won two seasons out of three.

In the golf championship Upson of California stopped Cummings of Yale, twice intercollegiate golf king, in the first round. That was merely the tip-off as to what would follow shortly.

The East had its share of brilliant players, but it was the South and the West that led in the big event, and Lamprecht, the winner, proved there could be no fluke attached, by breaking the record of the Montclair course.

Some time ago I recorded the fact that Walter Camp, in his first few All-America football teams, named only those from Yale, Harvard or Princeton; and in the final selection before his death he had no nominations from these once all-predominant universities. Yale, Harvard and Princeton have not slipped back. But the other colleges have more athletic stars for all sports than they ever had before.

The big change is due to the fact that the tidal-wave sweep of sport has struck every high school and every other preparatory school in the United States, and these institutions in turn are sending their talent from one ocean to another.

Up and Coming Everywhere

IT WOULD never have occurred to the East a few years ago that the day was soon coming when Tulane, Washington, California, Stanford and the University of Southern California were coming to the Atlantic to take over various athletic crowns, win important competitions in golf, tennis, track and field, and make a bold bid for the rowing coronet the same season. Yet this is precisely what took place, and among the tennis semifinalists there was Louis Thalheimer of Texas University to extend the terrain still further.

Here we have an intercollegiate golf and tennis carnival on Eastern soil where five of the six survivors are from Texas, Louisiana, Washington and California.

What was the most talked-of football team through the East last fall? Notre Dame. Who was the most widely discussed football star? Red Grange of Illinois. And while the phenomenal half mile of Marsters of Georgetown was run there was the even more phenomenal performance of De Hart Hubbard of Michigan. This remarkable athlete in his final performance ran the 100 yards in 9⅘ seconds and a short while later that same afternoon jumped 25 feet 10¾ inches, smashing Le Gendre's old mark by about 4 inches.

Here is a brief summary which shows how widely collegiate athletic honors are scattered:

Greatest Track Star—Hubbard of Michigan.
Greatest Field Star—Houser of Southern California.
Greatest Football Star—Grange of Illinois.
College Golf Champion—Lamprecht of Tulane.
College Tennis Champion—Chandler of California.
Best College Pitcher—Carroll of Holy Cross.
Unbeaten Crews—Navy and Yale.
College Polo Champions—Harvard.

Here are nine different representatives in eight different types of sport, extending from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, from the Gulf on to the borderland of the Great Lakes.

The South, with smaller student bodies to pick from, will be the next section to take a prominent part. As it is, Lamprecht of Tulane and Thalheimer of Texas made impressive showings at golf and tennis; and it is quite doubtful if any section has stronger ball teams than Southern colleges. Alabama alone has sent Sewell, Stephenson and Boone to the big leagues, while Virginia, Georgia and others hold their own with the best. It is only a matter of time before track and field stars, golf and tennis stars, will be pouring out of the South to hold their own in intercollegiate tests. In many cases they have lacked the financial resources to meet competition in any sports but football and baseball. The South, in a football way, has been handicapped by climate and the lack of heavier, older material to select teams from. Yet last fall Yale only beat Georgia 7 to 6 and the strong Army team only conquered Florida 14 to 7. This is a big advance from the old days and, when the brilliant showing of Centre College is considered—and Vanderbilt's victory over Minnesota—there is no question as to the future possibilities of Southern teams.

The day of any single sectional advantage is now over. The spread of sport has been too vast. There is too much sound instruction over a wide area, and tradition has now come to the assistance of more than just a few. There is no longer any Eastern system or Western system or Southern system in anything. Ed Leader comes to Yale from Washington University; Pop Warner goes from Pittsburgh to Stanford; Andy Smith from Pennsylvania to California; Keene Fitzpatrick has been a great trainer at Yale, Michigan and Princeton. Training and coaching ideas are surging back and forth.

It has gotten down now largely to a matter of material; and the candidates from one section, on a general average, are about the same as candidates from another. There is no monopoly of speed, courage, stamina or strength in the raw. It has been a matter of interest and development, and since these two factors have become general the day of looking to just a few colleges for supremacy is over.

They all have their cycles now—up and down in turn. And with the great field now in action—and greater fields to come in every sport—the day of calling the turn well in advance may be considered closed for good and all.

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Making Fools of Us

WHATEVER else it has accomplished, the evolution trial has made Americans ridiculous in the eyes of civilized man.

We boast the highest standard of material living in the world and no other nation has shown such a passion for public education, and still we make a circus of the most serious affairs.

We live by science; religion makes human existence a tolerable and honorable adventure and, though liberty is intangible, men will always die for it. Yet we permit the debate over these fundamentals to degenerate to the level of burlesque.

The slovenly court procedure, the lawyers in negligee, the mad publicity, the extravagant exploitation of the hearing by sordid money grabbers, the incredible spectacle of an uninformed jury attempting in a court of law to reconcile problems of theology and science, composed a picture of buffoonery almost unparalleled in history.

Tennessee, like the rest of the country, has all kinds of people, the cultured as well as the ignorant. But this summer fanatics, misguided men who in the name of religion sought to overthrow the fundamental principles of the American republic, have spoken for the State while wiser men have been silenced.

These things are too typical of our way of life. We elect incompetents to office—and not only in Tennessee—because they mouth popular shibboleths; and we call it self-government. Democracy assuredly is not a method of excluding intelligence and dignity from the conduct of public affairs.

Strange Cargoes

FROM Java, according to a recent report of the Shipping Board, there came to Philadelphia a holdful of solidified molasses, packed in wicker baskets, for use in the making of—yes, of alcohol. China sent us a shipment of dried eggs—3,000 tons of 'em. We retaliated by sending to the Germans 3,450 tons of dried prunes.

Whaling is a lost art, they say, yet we have received this year some seven cargoes of whale oil. And so common an export as flour becomes extraordinary when, on a single order, we send to Russia 164,000 tons of it, in 34 different ships from four different ports.

The next time you are near a waterfront, stop for a bit and watch what the stevedores are rolling on and off the wharves. There is no better way to get a sense of the fullness of this world and the dependence of each segment of it upon all the others.

One Man's Achievement

BACK in President McKinley's time one W. H. Truesdale became president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, then known to jokers as the "delay, linger and wait." The whole concern was valued in the market at less than $50,000,000. And governmental regulation loomed up in the near future.

Before he stepped out recently this man Truesdale had led in practically remaking the layout—grade crossings eliminated, new stations and freight houses, bridges of steel or concrete.

Under regulated rates and accounts, the cash dividends paid in 26 years totaled $192,000,000 and surplus was built up to $123,000,000.

Who in 1899 would have had the optimism to predict that growth? Such is the difference that is usually made in the U. S. A., by the right man.

Thank the Hohenzollerns

A BALTIMORE doctor says the increase of insanity in his town is due to the World War. Other eminent thinkers have blamed the war for almost everything, from crime waves to the kind that go with bobbed hair. We can't help wondering what all these wise crackers would have found to talk about if there had never been a war. If they had a proper sense of gratitude they'd chip in and send the Hohenzollern family a vote of thanks.

How Character is Made

DEEP in the Michigan woods. Late at night, and a heavy, driving rain. There is a knock at a cottage door. Two boy scouts drenched to the skin, carrying heavy packs. They want to know how far it is to the camp. The cottager informs them it is eight miles, through the forest, and urges them to stay with him for the night.

"No, thanks," say the boys. "We'll not stop. We're *supposed* to be in tonight, and we'll make it all right."

Those boys, too, are a part of this much-discussed coming generation of ours. Nor are they exceptions. Boys and girls both do about what they are *supposed* to do. Perhaps most of the trouble has been with our *supposing* rather than with their *doing*.

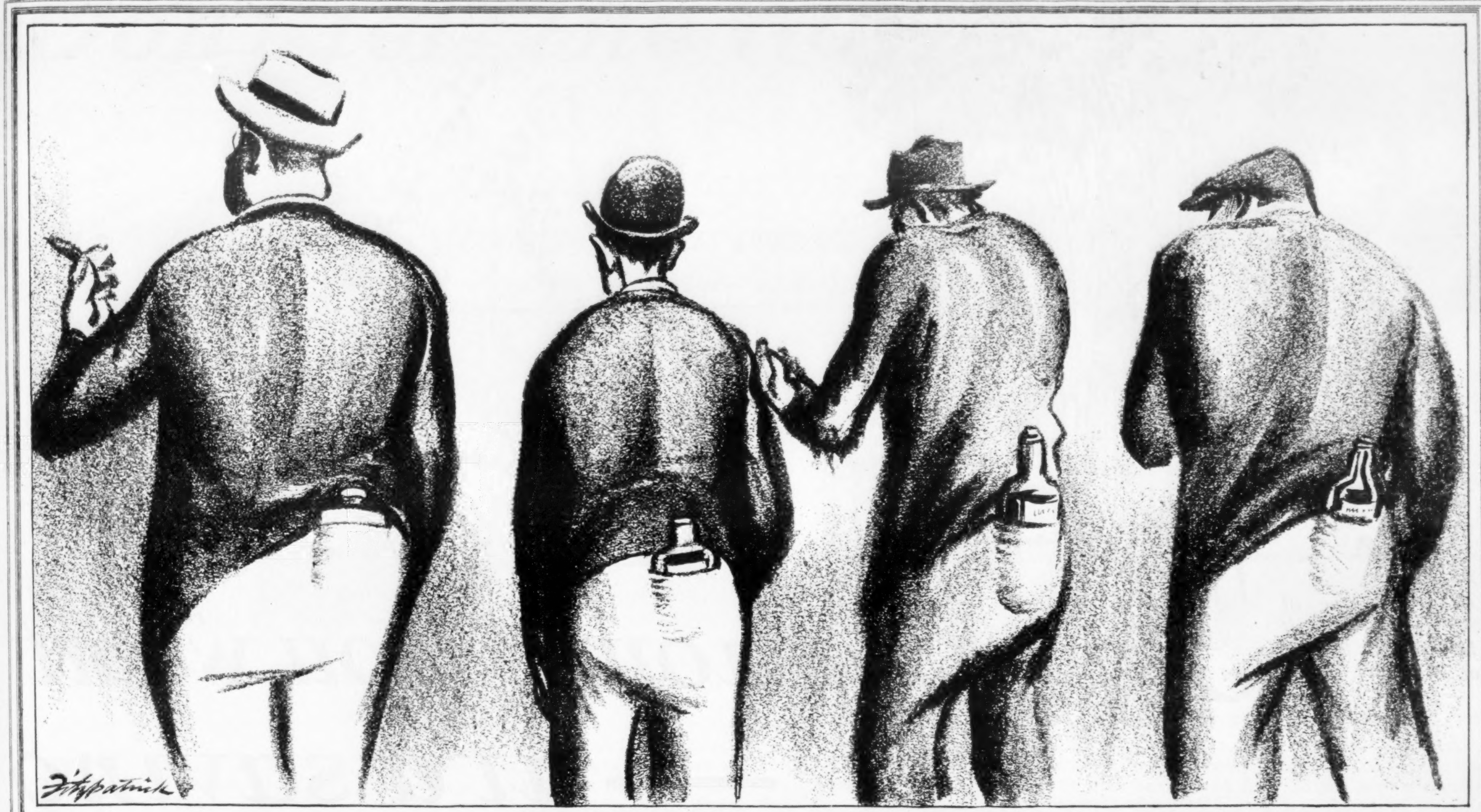
The Great Commoner

ALTHOUGH he was on the other side of the fence, Bryan occupied a place comparable to that of Henry Clay. After the great Whig orator he was the most famous unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency.

As a popular leader no American has been more richly endowed. His failure was due to his incapacity to think thoroughly. He gave eloquent expression to many of the opinions and emotions of millions of men but he was never able to apply the harsh test of studied thought to the principles he embraced.

Consequently his entire career was built upon lost causes. From his espousal of "Free Silver" to his final passionate attack upon biological science, Bryan was doomed to defeat because he refused to recognize facts. His service as Secretary of State ended ingloriously because he lacked the intellectual vigor to comprehend the inevitable consequences of an international policy of which he was the nominal spokesman.

Yet when all this is said, as it must in candor be said, it is still true that William Jennings Bryan occupied during thirty years a unique place in the affections of his fellow citizens. If he had only been sound in his judgments, his contributions to the nation would have been incalculably great.



Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief

Is Race Suicide Probable?

BY MARGARET SANGER

Mrs. Margaret Sanger here presents the positive argument on birth control. In the issue of April 25th Dr. Louis I. Dublin took the other side. —*Editor.*

THE people of the United States have been warned against the menace of birth control. If they exercise intelligent self-discipline, it is said, Americans may bring this country to destruction through depopulation. The fear that the present rate of increase in the population of the United States may be decreased and that our population may indeed be brought to a standstill through the practice of birth control is hardly substantiated by the last estimate of the Bureau of the Census. Within the last five years there has been an increase in our native population of approximately 6,000,000, or 1,200,000 a year.

We are a nation of business men and women. We believe in efficiency, accuracy, and sound economic policy. If this is so, it strikes me that it is high time that not only American science but American business as well should begin to analyze the cost to the community of the haphazard, traditional, happy-go-lucky methods in producing the Americans of to-morrow—the *laissez-faire* policy approved by those who forget that the Biblical injunction "be fruitful and multiply" was given to Noah immediately after the Flood, when, according to the Biblical narrative, the entire population of the globe was eight.

It has been conservatively estimated that no less than one quarter of the gross incomes of our states is expended upon the upkeep of asylums for the feeble-minded and insane, the mentally defective, the criminal, the congenitally defective, the delinquent and the dependent. We are spending billions, literally billions, keeping alive thousands who never, in all human compassion, should have been brought into this world. We are spending more in maintaining morons than in developing the inherent talents of gifted children. We are coddling the incurably defective and neglecting potential geniuses.

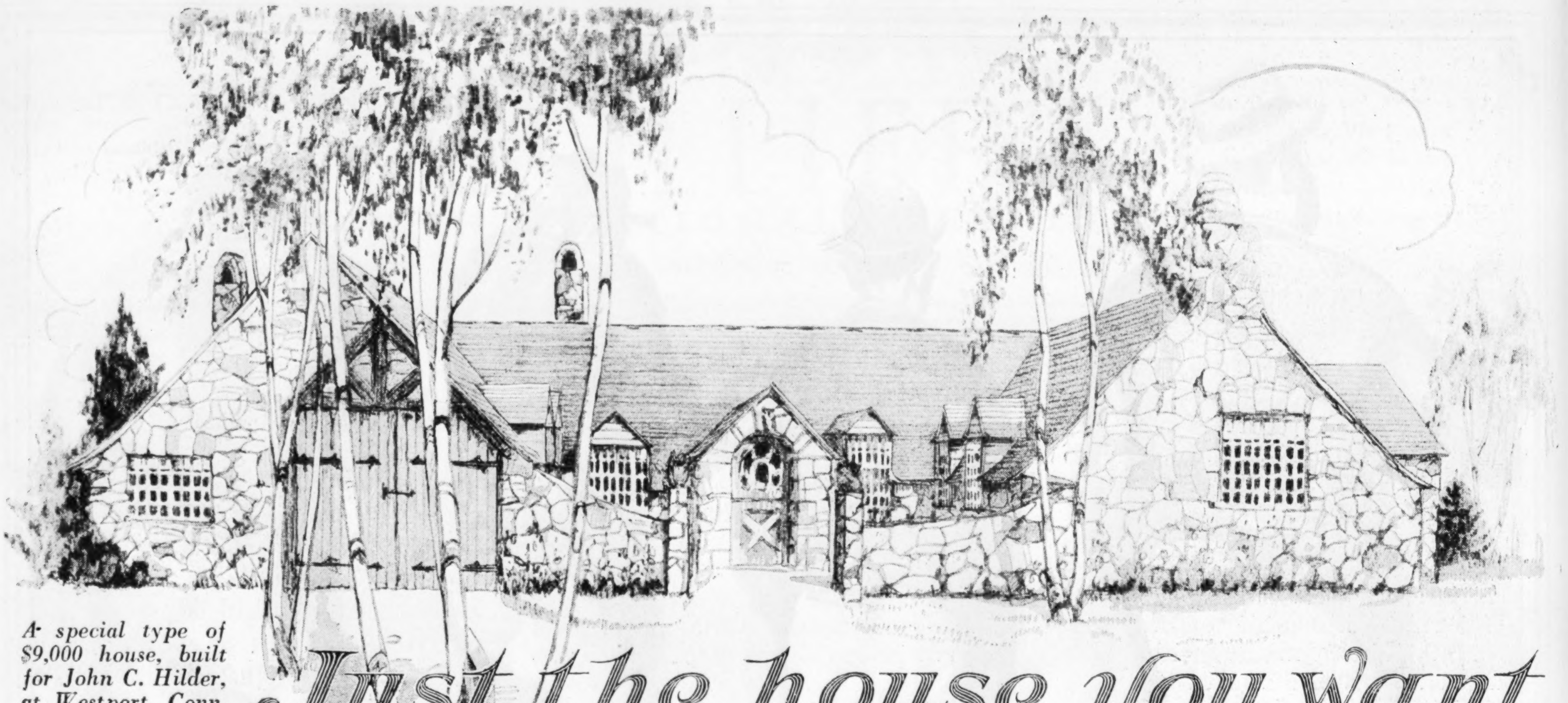
We have not chosen this Sisyphean task; it has been forced on us because we have left the production of American children to *chance*, instead of bringing this most important of all human functions within the sphere of *choice*.

Until the leaders of American business decide to coöperate in this analysis of our biological and racial problems we shall be at a loss to answer such critics as Luther Burbank, to whom American civilization is deeply indebted. In a recent interview he is quoted as asserting:

"America . . . is like a garden in which the gardener pays no attention to the weeds. Our criminals are our weeds, and weeds breed fast and are intensely hardy. They must be eliminated. Stop permitting criminals and weaklings to reproduce. All over the country to-day we have enormous insane asylums and similar institutions where we nourish the unfit and criminal instead of exterminating them. Nature eliminates the weeds, but we turn them into parasites and allow them to reproduce."

Could any business maintain itself with the burden of such an "overhead"? Could any breeder of live stock conduct his enterprise on such a basis? I do not think so.

It is one of the bad habits of us Americans to estimate everything by magnitude, in terms of millions and billions. But in the matter of increasing population we must hesitate before throwing bouquets at ourselves. I am not a calamity howler, and I think my vision of the future of America is as cheerful as anyone's. But let me conclude with the emphatic statement of my conviction that mere increase in population has nothing to do with progress, nor can a decreasing birth rate by any stretch of the imagination be interpreted as an omen of national calamity.



A special type of $9,000 house, built for John C. Hilder, at Westport, Conn.

Just the house you want —at a saving

By HAROLD CARY

"CAN the great savings which are promised by the fundamental methods used in Collier's-type houses be made so as to give us the house which fits our particular needs?"

"Experienced builders of houses in my locality tell me that many of the features which save money and make it possible to build for two thirds of ordinary costs are not really practicable. Is this true?"

The houses I am about to describe, one of which has been lived in through a winter season, go far toward answering the first question. And to answer the second I can give you a record of experience which is thoroughly convincing. I have lived in one of these houses for a year. Friends of mine have also lived for a year in one of them. I have interviewed several other people who have had experience. Together we can answer all questions which have been raised in letters of inquiry about this interesting departure in building methods.

Such houses are peculiarly fitted to solving the problem of adapting a building to a family. They were specially designed for people who demanded that their needs be fulfilled and that their houses be comfortable.

The Chase-Hatfield house at Croton-on-Hudson shows most vividly how people that build can have exactly what they want. It is a two-story house throughout; but, for appearance' sake, part of the living-room is permitted to extend up to the roof peak, giving a sense of height. It is really a ten-room house with three baths and three fireplaces, with a $400 oil burner for the hot-water heating system. Yet there is every indication that it will be completed for about $13,000.

Ordinarily, to build an unconventional house of this type—with stone masonry and a zinc roof—would cost at least $20,000 or $25,000. The plan is a square "C" laid out to give most of the rooms a view of the Hudson River. The living-dining room is 40 feet long, with two fireplaces. There is an opening between the kitchen and the dining-room end of the living-room through which a "dumdora" can be pushed. That means that a tea wagon loaded with dinner things can be pushed through the wall from the kitchen to the dining-room and returned in the same fashion.

The special points which the owners wished (and which are unusual in any house) are the play-room for the children, the sleeping porch with five beds, two separate bedrooms for children, a study for writing, and a dressing-room instead of a bedroom for the owners, who plan to use the sleeping porch the year round. This house is to be the location of a small nursery school for children of the neighborhood, who will come in during the day. They must all take naps in the afternoon, and the sleeping porch will be their resting place.

That makes another requirement—hall space, in order to gain privacy and to separate the adults who are living in the house from the school, which will be in session during the daytime. Ordinarily, architects attempt to cut out as much hall space as they can, regarding it as a waste, but in this case it was purposely used to separate the various functions of the house.

Your Questions Are Answered

JUST as special in its requirements is the house for John C. Hilder, which is smaller than the one that has just been described. It has a courtyard, or patio, which is to be a play space for a child and his friends. At one end is a very small writing-room for Mr. Hilder, completely separate from the rest of the house, difficult to get to and completely silent. As you look at the plan you will see that it is beside the garage, which is built into the house and is in the service wing of the building. This means that the living quarters are some distance away.

The house is all on one floor and consists of seven rooms besides a storeroom and a garage. It is now in process of construction and will cost about $9,000. The house itself is a quarter of a mile from the main road and connected to it with a lane. In the storeroom is a carpenter's bench with racks for tools and an oil-burning hot-water heating plant.

The roof of this house is to be rustic thatched slate. The fireplace is the beautiful and economical copper hood —economical to build, extremely economical from the heating point of view since it acts like a large radiator. The living-room is open to the roof with a ridge dormer—a ventilating window at the peak which lights the upper portion of the room and keeps the room cool in summer time.

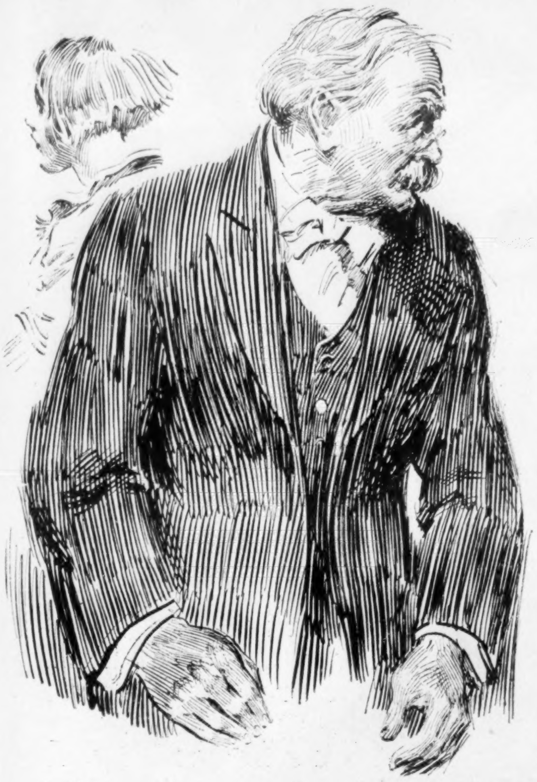
The specifications for both of these houses are similar to those mentioned in the last article—solid door frames, casement windows, hardwood floors, highest class plumbing fixtures, furred-out walls, chestnut doors, plastering throughout except in the peaked ceilings where the supporting roof timbers are spaced with pecky cypress.

The third of these houses is at Croton and is now nearly a year old. It was designed by Ernest Flagg. It is a two-story house equipped with a laboratory for the owner, Frank J. M. Miles. The living-room, however, is a one-story wing with its windows facing down the Hudson River and with its tall copper hood fireplace in the gable end with tiny windows on either side of it. There is a master's bedroom and bath on the lower floor, a very large kitchen, storeroom and furnace-room. Upstairs are two large bedrooms and bath. The house is beautifully decorated. Since it was built at a cost of about $14,000, a copper roof has been added. This house has the Flagg solid partitions built up of cloth. When I went through it the other day after its first year's service I found no crack in the plaster anywhere. The door frames are all anchored so that the direct slam is not taken by the partitions themselves. As far as anyone living in the house can tell, these partitions are absolutely successful. They were built by hanging a curtain of jute scrim—a coarse burlap—and then plastering both sides at once. There are no wooden supports in them at all. (*Continued on page 36*)

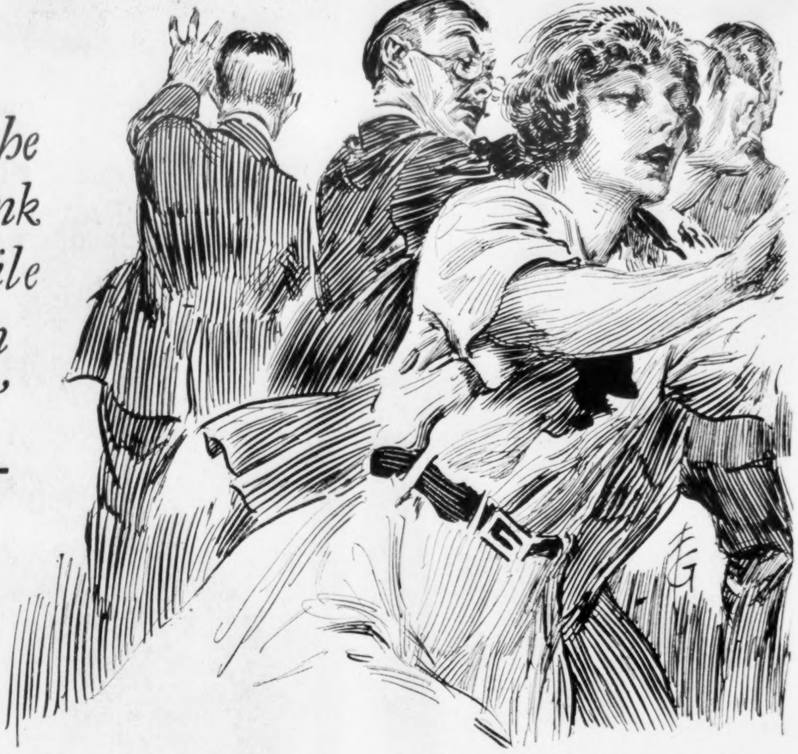
$25 FOR GOOD HOME-BUILDING LETTERS

Have you built a home? Did you try any unusually interesting cost-cutters? Did you make use of any of the ideas which were followed in putting up the first two houses about which Mr. Cary has told us? Did these ideas—or somewhat similar ideas—actually help you to save money? We'd like to hear your experiences—especially if they may prove of value to other home builders. Tell us about them—in 300 words, or less. We will publish the best letters received, and we will pay $25 for each of those used. They should be typed; and none of them will be returned. Be sure to get your contribution to us before September 19th, and address it to Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Don't tell the World!



Uncle Henry says "the human ear has shrunk 35% in 30 years, while the mouth has grown steadily, not countin' the wing spread. Listeners are scarce"



"People put spikes on their shoes to get a flyin' start"

"THIS is certainly a fine book," bubbled Mr. Stubbs, looking up from a copious volume entitled "The Compendium of Useful Knowledge." "Did you know that an egg can be used to illustrate three kinds of equilibrium? An' that the common house fly—"

"No," said Uncle Henry tranquilly, "an' what's more, I don't want to know. Nor does anybody else, for that matter. As a friend, 'Lonzo, let me advise you to bury that book some dark night, takin' care not to mark the spot, otherwise the day will surely come when you'll have about as much chance for human companionship as a man who likes to show snapshots or one who's jes' had an operation.

"Get it through your head that people aren't interested in knowledge. Watch a conversation that's goin' along full tilt, everybody talkin' at once, an' note what happens when some killjoy pipes up with a fund of exact information on the subject under discussion. For a minute or two there are scattered 'Well, wells,' then every hand in the room reaches for a watch, an' there's an instant chorus, 'Dear *me!* I had no *idea* it was so late.'

"Lookin' back over a long life, I can recall only one piece of knowledge that has any sort of social standin', one that can be freely mentioned in the drawin'-rooms of the rich an' the parlors of the poor without excitin' adverse comment. It's always *de rigueur* to remark that tomatoes used to be called love apples. Everybody's been brought up on it, American culture has been built around it, an' as a consequence no one is given a sense of inferiority.

"Of course I know what the advertisements tell you—how Harold Pillgarlic sat ill at ease because he couldn't take part in the talk on Aztec table manners, an' how Horace Titwillow became the most popular man in town after that wonderful evenin' at the country club when he entranced the crowd with his brilliant treatment of widely contrasted subjects like the love call of the caterpillar an' the way Pasteur discovered a cure for scarabs.

"I was like that myself before my soft spot hardened. I bought one of those compendiums, an' it wasn't any time at all before I knew the habits of everything from ocean currents to Australian aborigines; how the seed pod of the martynia attaches itself to passin' animals; why a needle does not gain weight when magnetized; the inventor of the caramel; the age at which a pollywog sheds its tail, an' the proper percentage of bitumen in mummy dressin'.

"The minute anybody started to tell a story about guinea pigs, I was ready with the explanation that they weren't pigs an' didn't come from Guinea, but were really a Brazilian rodent of the family Caviidæ. On the second that there was mention of Gothic architecture, I could spring forward with the information that the Goths never built anything larger or more permanent than a tent, an' that the term was originally applied in scorn by Italian Renaissance architects to the various or Pointed types, if you know what I mean.

A Feeling of Nudity

"AN' DID it make me popular? Honest, 'Lonzo, it got so that people put spikes on their shoes so as to get a flyin' start when they saw me comin'. The fire department began to use me to see how quick a hall could be emptied, an' things finally reached a point where the town council was about to pass an ordinance makin' me wear a bell so folks could have fair warnin' of my approach. All the larger houses had life nets so the inmates could jump from the third-story windows in case I started to come upstairs.

"Normal human bein's don't like to find themselves in the position of bein' instructed. That's why the Athenians got together an' agreed to give Aristides the air. He was one of those men who never left the house without takin' their facts with 'em. No matter what you were talkin' about, he could tell where the name came from, the cubic contents an' how far they would reach if put end to end. Culture clubs got tired of meetin' in back rooms an' cellars.

"Everybody wants to *tell*—nobody wants to be *told*. When one considers the immense amount of information that has been gathered up, some of it almost useful, there shouldn't be any shame attached to confessin' a lack of knowledge now an' then, but the very thought of such a thing seems to bring the average human bein' right up to the verge of hysteria.

"An admission of ignorance gives a feelin' of nakedness, not to say nudity. The blood rushes to the face, leavin' the feet blue an' lonesome; the gastric juices refuse to function; capillary attraction is lowered 50 per cent, an' through your mind flashes the humiliatin' thought that it will be all over town by mornin'.

"'Did you hear about Alonzo Stubbs? *He admitted ignorance!*' What can any self-respectin' person do but envelop himself in words?

"Why is it that Dr. Samuel Johnson ranks as one of the world's greatest men? Certainly not because of his literary achievements, because the last American that read 'Rasselas' was a man who bet on James G. Blaine. No, 'Lonzo, Doc Johnson lives in memory's shrine because he had the courage to confess that there was somethin' that he didn't know about. When asked why he had written a certain thing, he looked the lady square in the eye an' answered, 'Ignorance, madam. Plain ignorance.'

"There was bravery for you. Men have been given the V. C., the F. O. B. an' the R. S. V. P. for deeds not half so darin'. I'm frank to confess that I couldn't do it. Many a night, when I've staggered home all exhausted from talkin' passionately an' interminably on subjects about which I knew absolutely nothin', I've vowed to Heaven that it would never happen again if I had to have my face hermetically sealed. An' darned if I don't go to sleep with my mouth open so as to get a flyin' start the next mornin'.

The Useless Human Ear

"AFTER all, though, it's the things that people don't know that give color, passion an' excitement to life. If I asked you to tell me about prunes, salt, canned goods an' other symbols of the grocery business, I'd be lucky to get more than a few bored grunts, but let me mention Einstein's theory or the nebular hypothesis, an' you sweat words an' gestures at every pore. Men an' women are never so talkative as when there are ignorances to conceal. If you don't believe me, go to Washington any time the Senate's in session.

"As I see it, the trouble is that nobody wants to listen any more. Accordin' to some French scientist, the human ear has shrunk fully 35 per cent in the last thirty years, an' is in danger of becomin' a superfluity like the appendix an' the tonsil. On the other hand, the mouth has grown steadily, not countin' the wing spread, an' the average vocal cords have strengthened an' thickened until the normal throat wall is now pushed back until it can't be distinguished from the shoulder blade.

Have We Ascended?

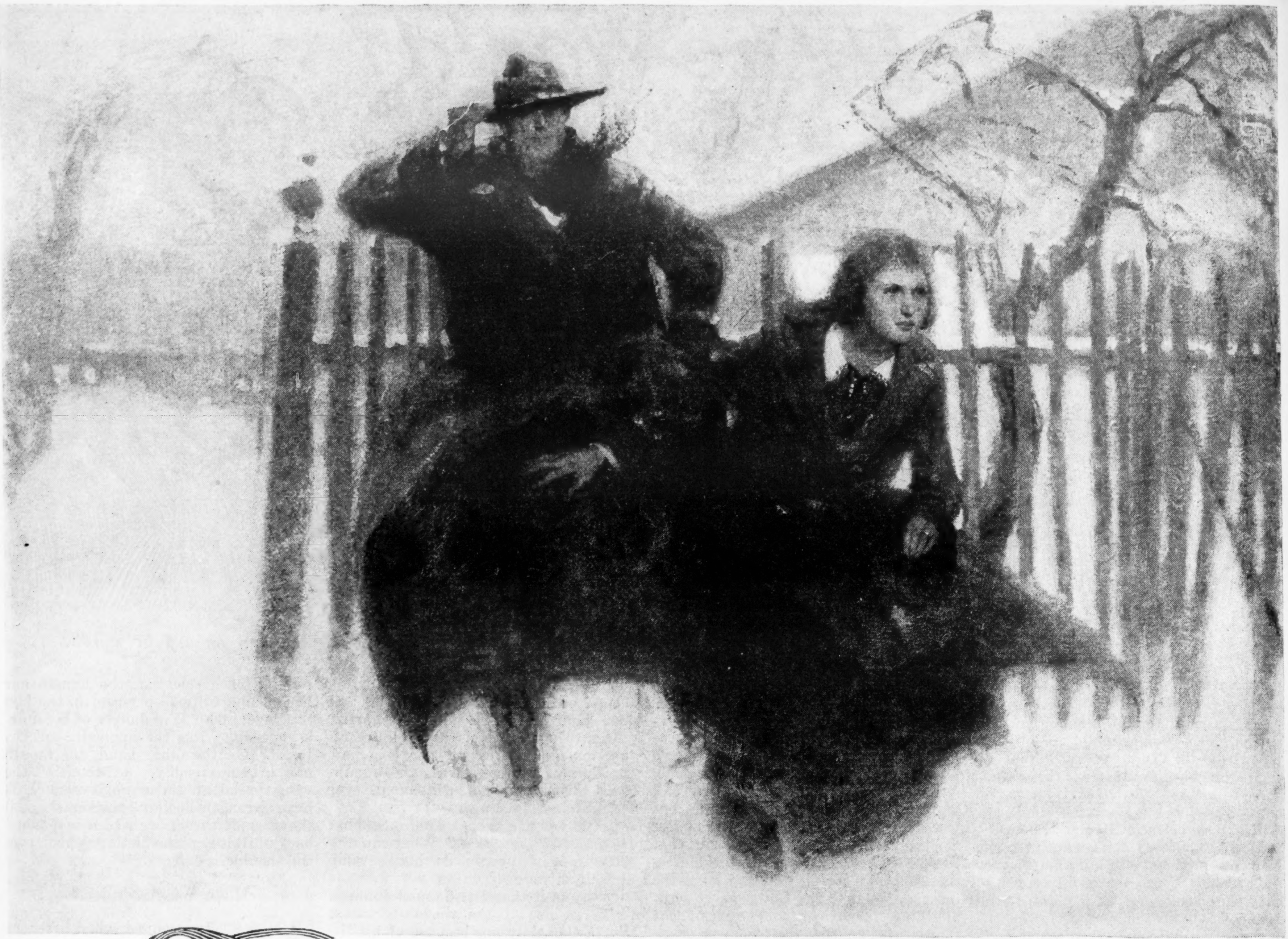
"AN' YET I remember when listeners were so plentiful that it was nothin' for a keen, willin' talker to flush fifteen or twenty in a block—queer-lookin' animals, furry about the face, with large Adam's apples that defied swallowin', an' utterin' low squeaks when tried beyond endurance; very few words, their conversation bein' confined to simple remarks such as 'That's so,' 'I never thought of that,' an' 'You're right there.'

"An' yet, instead of guardin' listeners carefully, with full appreciation of their value, we killed 'em off, wasted 'em, slaughtered 'em, until they've gone the way of the wild pigeon, the beaver, an' the buffalo. Only Heaven knows how many the Four Minute Men accounted for durin' the late war, an' Congress has continued the reign of terror. The only hope lies in the great conservation movement that has been started by various high-minded men.

"After scourin' the country for years, Judge Gary has succeeded in gatherin' together a fairly good-sized herd, an' is sparin' neither time nor money tryin' to get 'em to increase. Otto Kahn's another who's workin' hard, although he's not havin' much luck findin' any, an' Nicholas Murray Butler reports that he's picked up quite a few around luncheon clubs, although the specimens are not as fine as he would like to have 'em."

"Here's a bully piece on evolution," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs, who had continued his reading without a pause. "Say, do you really think we're descended from monkeys?"

"Well, that's puttin' it rather strong," said Uncle Henry. "Still, I wouldn't go so far as to say that we've ascended."



The gale struck them full and square. They leaned against it and did not try to speak

The LANDMAN

By KARL W. DETZER

ILLUSTRATED BY JES WILLIAM SCHLAIKJER

JIM TRAVIS married Martha Hartung less than a year after her father's death. And she, the daughter of the most gallant fisherman in the fleet, followed him to a parcel of stony acres, to sit calmly in the parlor while her husband worked the tranquil earth, to know no more sleepless, screeching nights when the boats had not come home, to give up her heritage of joyous, grim uncertainty for the sake of a thin-legged landman, a plowman, a milker of cows! Martha, the last of the Hartungs, the red Hartungs!

She had known little of Jim Travis, no more than her townsmen. But she liked him—loved him, she thought. His speech was an easy drawl, different from the sibilant north-country tongue of the upper lakes. Two or three times he wrote letters to a fellow named Alf in New York City, and received long typewritten pages in return, ridiculous screeds, with Silly French sentences that meant nothing when translated, but which made Jim smile a little ruefully. He had been a mechanic—no need to tell Martha that! His tool house and work bench were proof enough. And, besides, she never had thought to ask many questions before she married him. A headstrong red Hartung trusts God and impetuous fancy, lets lesser folk deal with fact.

THE storm that had been making at dusk puffed vigorously all the evening. At midnight there fell a startling, precarious calm, broken only by the wash of the distraught lake and gasps of wind in the eaves. Fishermen awoke in the twenty houses of Cathead Village and stirred on their beds. Lights kindled in three or four windows. If the wind shifted north—

They heard the ominous chant of the bell buoy on Seagull Reef, a mile off the coast. Hemlocks and white pines were singing all together up the Pyramid road. The new gale, dead from the north, whooped down on Cathead with its teeth full of fury.

Martha Travis moved restlessly about her bedroom. Jim sat up sleepily. He yawned and looked at his watch.

"Two o'clock," he remarked.

"It's here, all right!" Martha answered.

"What?" asked Jim Travis.

"What?" His wife turned irritably on him. "You ask what? Winter, the first winter blow!"

"Glad I put that new door on the potato cellar," Jim commented.

The blanket dropped from Martha's shoulders.

"There's boats and ore carriers out there on the lake this minute, Jim Travis," she cried furiously, "with good men aboard, and women cooks—good women! And there's tugs and whalebacks and lumber barges making for port. Listen! Hear it on the roof? Well, some of those men won't get ashore. There's widows in that wind, Jim Travis, and you talk about potato houses!"

Travis slid wearily into his slippers and wrapped a faded bathrobe about his shoulders. He walked to the window a bit unsteadily. The panes rattled, as if warning him not to come too close.

"I'm sorry, Mart!" he confessed shortly. "It was the devil of a thing to say. I forgot—"

HE WAVED his hand generally in the direction of the lake, as she so often waved hers toward the land. Snow clung more tenaciously to the glass. Stray drafts jerked at the curtain. The house shook its four sides and floor beams creaked.

"Better put something else on," he suggested, "if you're going to stay up."

His wife heard the words indignantly.

"Stay up?" she repeated. "Of course I'm going to stay up. The whole town's up. Men will be getting down to the harbor, like as not. Need to keep an eye on their boats."

Jim Travis shrugged his shoulders and started to dress. His wife went to the kitchen while he laced his boots, and kindled a fire. The house had turned cold. Martha came back, dressed nervously, watching her husband.

"The coffee pot's over there," she said. "We'll need a cup before we start out."

"Out?" he asked in surprise. "Where?"

"You don't need to go. But I can't stand it. I've got to see the harbor, Jim. Can't tell what's like to happen the first blow of winter."

It was just three o'clock when they stepped out to the drafty porch. Jim Travis twisted his collar up about his chin, and gripped his wife's elbow. The gale struck them full and square at the corner of the house, clawing at their faces, jerking frantically at their wraps. They leaned against it, heads bent forward, and did not try to speak.

A lantern was jiggling down the narrow wharf before the Rice fish shanty. The two Travises stumbled toward it. Martha tripped once on a tangle of dead sand-binding grass. Jim reached his hand out toward her; she gripped it rebelliously and went on.

Fishermen in slickers and worn sou'westers clumped their rubber boots along the wharf. They had rigged up a line, to which they clung desperately.

"Johnson's skiff got away—ice bustin' it up on the shoal," a breathless lad from the fleet shouted into Martha's ear. He scuttled away, busy in the darkness. A man bellowed orders down where ice crunched among squealing piers. A lantern swung high and suddenly went out.

Jim Travis stood by uselessly in the shelter of a net house. The dozen blunt, cabined boats of the fleet lay close together like scared children under the lee of the harbor crib. Martha, walking back and forth, stared at her husband time after time. How helpless he was! Every man and every hand was needed down by the water, and there he stood like a farmer. He was a farmer! Tears melted the snow on her cheeks. If she only were a man! Why should any Hartung be cursed into being a woman? Or marry a man who would not fish, who thought of potatoes. . . .

HE AWAKENED early the third morning. It was still snowing. He could see nothing through the window. Martha slept as he slid out of bed, tiptoed downstairs and looked out of the door. He hurried back and roused her.

"Something's happened!" he said, and began dressing fast.

He had made out the heavy figure of Ben Rice, running up from the shore, his slicker unbuttoned. Rice was not a running man. He had lived too long afloat to trust to mere, uncertain feet. Jim wrapped a muffler about his chin and without waiting for Martha hurried out into the storm.

All the town stamped the beach ahead of him. A dozen fishermen with axes and pike poles were beating the ice in their effort to break a way out for a stubby gas boat. The women were staring toward Seagull Island and Seagull Reef when the curtain of snow blew apart for a moment. Jim Travis halted, profoundly disturbed, up to his knees in a drift. The breath was shocked out of him. His eyes screwed small in the face of the gale. Right enough—a wreck!

A long, low, black lumber carrier had piled up on the reef. She rolled halfway over and back, bow pointed high.

Ben Rice plunged past him, kicking up snow with his boots.

"Wire's down," he shouted to the townsfolk, "no chance to get a call through—"

The wind swallowed the rest of his message. Jim Travis loosened the muffler around his throat. The cold air seemed to choke him suddenly. He saw Martha run down breathlessly to the shore. She had pulled a pair of his own khaki trousers over her legs, and took the drifts as they came, regardless of height. She did not approach the other women. They stood huddled close together, shawls over their heads, their woolen skirts flapping in the wind. Simon Buckster's wife carried her youngest baby in her arms, bundled in a blanket. The baby's first storm! Some other morning years from now other women would come down to the beach and watch faintheartedly for his boat. . . .

The fishermen, heaving with their axes, moved half a dozen chunks of ice. The fish boat, the Why Not, with the stanchest engines of the fleet, slid forward a scant two yards. Its iron-shod bow grated rebelliously against the hard, icy edge.

"No chance!" a voice gusty as the storm was shouting. "We've got to get help, coast guard or something—"

Martha Travis came closer to her husband. Jim saw contempt that was almost hate in her eyes when she looked at him. The revelation shocked him. He felt his blood stir to an unaccustomed rage.

"Don't need a farmer to help 'em," he shouted. "They know what they're doing, better than I could tell 'em. In the way!"

"Be sure they don't want you," Martha answered.

THIRTY minutes they watched the fishermen labor; an hour. Jim thought nervously of his unfed stock. He should go home and look after them, now that it was broad day. No use freezing or starving them. He started once; then came back, unable to leave the beach or Martha. She clutched his sleeve the second time he tried, pulled him over a heap of frozen sand grass, pointed skyward, and shouted. "Look!"

Across the cathedral tips of slim, black balsams a small spot was beating through the air. A crow, it looked like. Head on, wings bent, it flew into the unstable currents of the upper sky, where the storm was longer in blowing itself out. Jim Travis left Martha and ran toward the ice.

"A plane," he shouted, "George Harker's plane!"

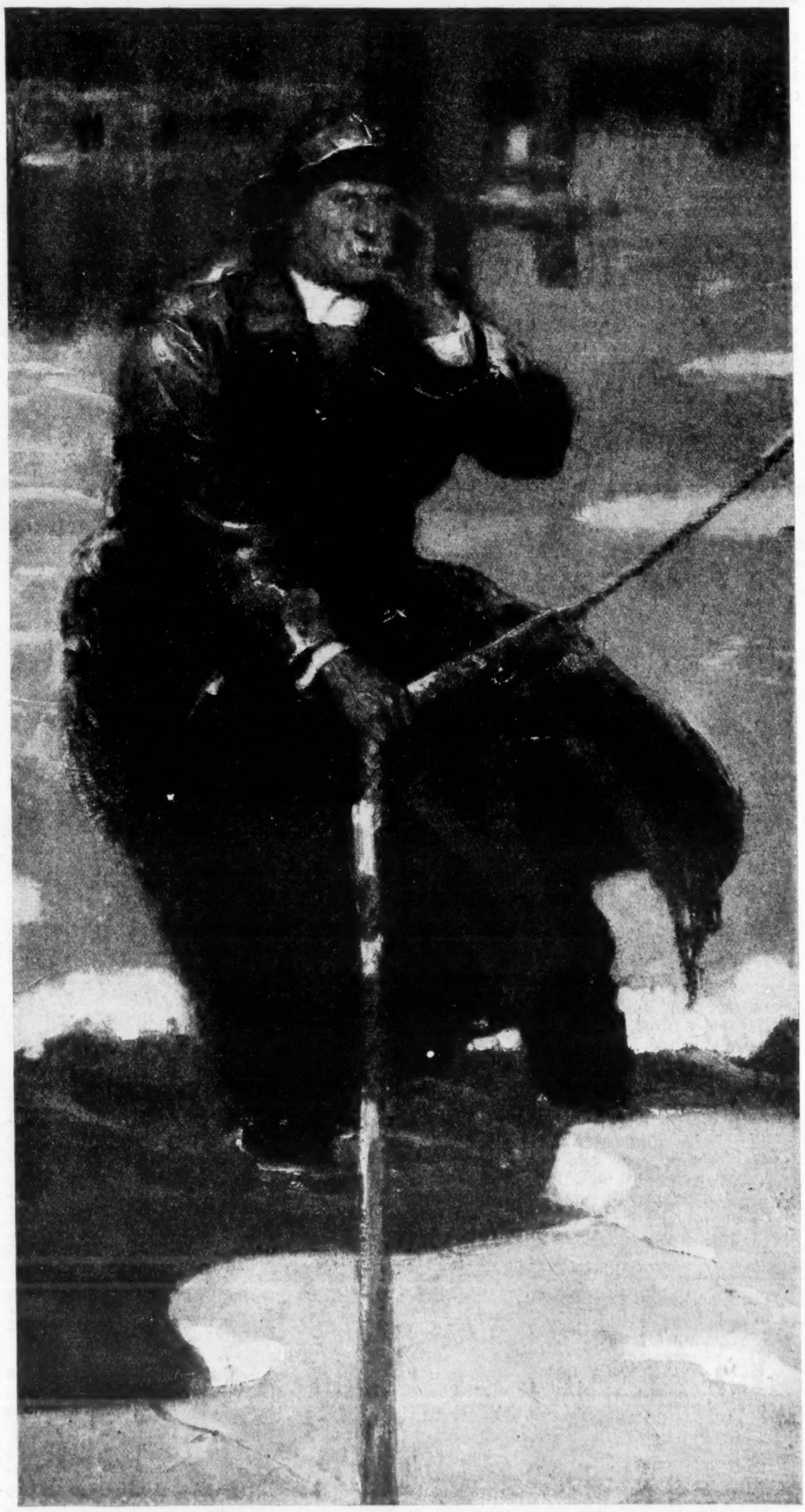
The men paused in their chopping. Martha, wading after her husband, saw his head fling back, watched the wind blow his muffler. He was careless as she where he ran. Close by the Why Not he stopped. The wings of the plane swam unsteadily just above the boat. The nose was tipping down.

"Steady!" she heard Jim Travis screaming. "Can't you see? God, men, he's falling! Righted himself—"

The fishermen gasped at the airy antics of the flyer. Jim Travis left them where they were and rushed, with a new spring in his legs, toward the treacherous shore ice. The plane spiraled, slid over to one side with a skidding motion, lifted its nose gingerly and dived. It made uncertainly for the calmer water inside the protecting ice barrier. There was a feather of spray, then a plop as it met the surface. Martha Travis halted, fascinated, her throat swollen. She saw her husband race across frozen sand, leap on a chunk of ice, slide, get his balance, climb on again. The plane rolled in. Jim's voice came back, pitched high.

"You're a fool doing that—smash your ship!"

He fell into an air hole and climbed out, water whitening into ice on his sleeves and trouser legs. The cakes were mushy at the edge, dangerous underfoot. A fathom of frigid water heaved below the surface. Ben Rice, with the trust of a seaman for stout manila, popped into his fish shanty and hurried out with a coil of line. Simon Buckster followed him across the ice, winding the line about his wrist.



With the trust of a seaman for stout manila, Ben Rice heaved the line. Jim missed it

MARTHA ran down the wash ahead of the other women. She knocked Effie Wilson down in her hurry, stopped, helped her up, and dragged the old woman along beside her. It was Harker all right, Harker of Cedar Bridge, where her husband sold potatoes, a stunt aviator who attended county fairs. . . . It all was clear. Murger, the grocer, had got through with his team. Harker had volunteered. He had reached Cathead fast.

The plane shuffled restlessly just off the ice, its pontoons dancing. Martha shivered and clutched Effie Wilson's arm as she saw her husband crawl on his stomach to the edge of the ice. He stood up carefully, leaped into the air, and came down, sprawling, upon one wing. Like a monkey he clambered to the cockpit. On the shore they saw him slap the aviator's face, shake him, shout words they could not hear. Jim missed the first line Ben Rice heaved. The next time he caught it, made it fast to a strut, and cried an order to the fishermen. They hauled away at his word. The nose of the plane swung near the mushy edge of the ice. Before the eyes of Cathead Village, Jim Travis lifted Harker out of the cockpit.

"Blind with cold!" Effie Wilson ventured.

Martha Hartung did not answer. Jim Travis had put up his hand and was bellowing.

"There's coffee," he cried, motioning toward the pit, "and blankets and soup."

Harker's breath was frozen on his nose when Ben Rice bundled him back to the fish shanty. Out in the ice, Jim Travis was giving his orders. The fishermen obeyed, gripped here, held there, pushed. Jim fell, turning the propeller. He braced himself against a chunk of ice, swung his arms, set the engine roaring and climbed into the seat.

Martha Travis screamed as the plane lurched out of the cove, dodging floating ice. In a slow half circle it headed into the wind. Then, gaining speed, it rose sharply, dipped a trifle and bore away to the northwest. The bell on Seagull Reef sounded shrill above the engine. Martha Travis felt the tears frozen on her cheeks. Her flaming hair had slipped down uncaught from under the old sou'wester. She faced about on the women of the town, who stood blue-lipped, silent. She was holding Effie Wilson's arm, she discovered. She dropped it angrily, just as the plane stopped its humming. It splashed recklessly into the water off Seagull Island.

"No ice over there," Simon Buckster volunteered. "Wind's brung it all this way!"

Five minutes, ten. . . . No one spoke on the shore. They watched Jim Travis climb out. He made three trips from the plane to the shore, each time carrying a bundle over his head. A fire kindled on Seagull Island. It blazed up brightly in a heap of driftwood.

Effie Wilson took her muffler from her face and spoke.

"Some man you got, Martha!"

Martha turned upon her.

"Yes, he knows a thing or two," she answered.

IT WAS mid-afternoon when the coast-guard boat from North Manitou put-putted into the shallow water of Seagull Island, and carried off the crew of the barge. The plane had not been damaged making Seagull Island, and Jim Travis flew back to Cathead Harbor, landing easily. The fishermen offered him hot liquor, but he shook his head, and demanded to see George Harker. He found him propped before a stove.

"Plane's O. K.," he reported.

Back at home, warming, getting dry clothes, he answered questions halfheartedly.

"Why should I have mentioned it? Lots of men fly. Landing there was no trick."

"But you know how!" exclaimed Martha.

Jim Travis looked into his coffee cup.

"Nothing strange about that! You're funny, Martha. There was a war once, you know. I've had enough adventure; that's why I'm here. I want to be quiet. Want to stay on land the rest of my life!"

Moodily he stirred his coffee. There were tears on Martha Travis' frostbitten cheeks. She dropped her napkin, ran around to Jim's chair, and flung herself on him. He responded to her embrace. She held him tight, weeping, intensely thrilled by the knowledge that here, in her arms, was a man who had mastered desperate perils, greater than Cathead fishermen ever had dreamed of.

"I love you, Jim Travis," she murmured. "I'm glad you're not a fisherman. I'd much rather raise potatoes, Jim—potatoes are all right."

Meet the Wife

By CAROLINE E. VOSE

SHE plumped down in the train seat beside me, decidedly middle-aged, six feet tall, without any special looks and—as she told me later—weighing 190 pounds. She wore an immense girlish sailor hat whose bright rose satin top we both anxiously examined to see if it had been irreparably damaged by the sudden shower earlier in the day.

"My name's Coombs, Mrs. Coombs."

I introduced myself and she went on:

"My husband's gone into one of them sanitariums where soldiers that got sick from the war goes. He's got consumption, you know, but the doctor thinks he's goin' to get well all right."

"Oh, I hope so!"

"I s'pose I'll miss him something fierce. We was married 'bout three years ago. But I guess I can stand it if he gets better."

From seeing that I must make replies, I began to be interested. So—

"Do you live alone?" I asked.

"Land, no. I take roomers. Got twelve now. I've got a telephone too. That's something I missed to my husband's folks, where I been for a week."

"You must have a big house to keep clean."

"My, yes! But my roomers are tidy, even the men. Two of 'em are night lunch-cart people. They got a fine business. Then I got two sewin'-machine men. A married couple live in my best room. They pay $4 a week. Miss Connor is in one of my rooms."

"What does she do?"

"Oh, she just pays her board, that's all."

A legitimate occupation, surely.

"My husband's goin' to be in a place in New Hampshire, but I don't exactly know where it is. He had to give up a good job too; was gettin' real good pay. He ain't been well for a long, long time. Seems kind o' hard on him, don't it?" Mrs. Coombs sighed and brushed an eye with the back of a large, calloused hand.

"Yes, and also hard on you."

"I wash floors, office floors. I used to take in washing, but I didn't get much for it. I'd rather do the floors; there's more money in 'em. Sometimes I get an extra pound of flour for washin' the floor in a bakery." She changed the subject abruptly: "What do you s'pose was the price of this suit I'm wearin'?"

Of course I didn't guess and said something about it being pretty. Her face brightened.

"My husband likes it. I paid thirteen seventy-five. 'Twas marked down from twenty-nine eighty-eight. I been paying in installments. Just feel of the cloth, will you?"

I did, and praised it.

"My man's a lot younger than I am. He ain't thirty yet," was Mrs. Coombs' next observation.

"That doesn't matter," I said hastily.

"There now, that's what I tell him. He could 'a' married plenty girls younger than me, but I bet he couldn't 'a' found anyone that would be better to him. We did have a good visit this week—kind of a final spree before he set out for that place. Don't you think the air's awful down Boston way? Old Maine is good enough for me."

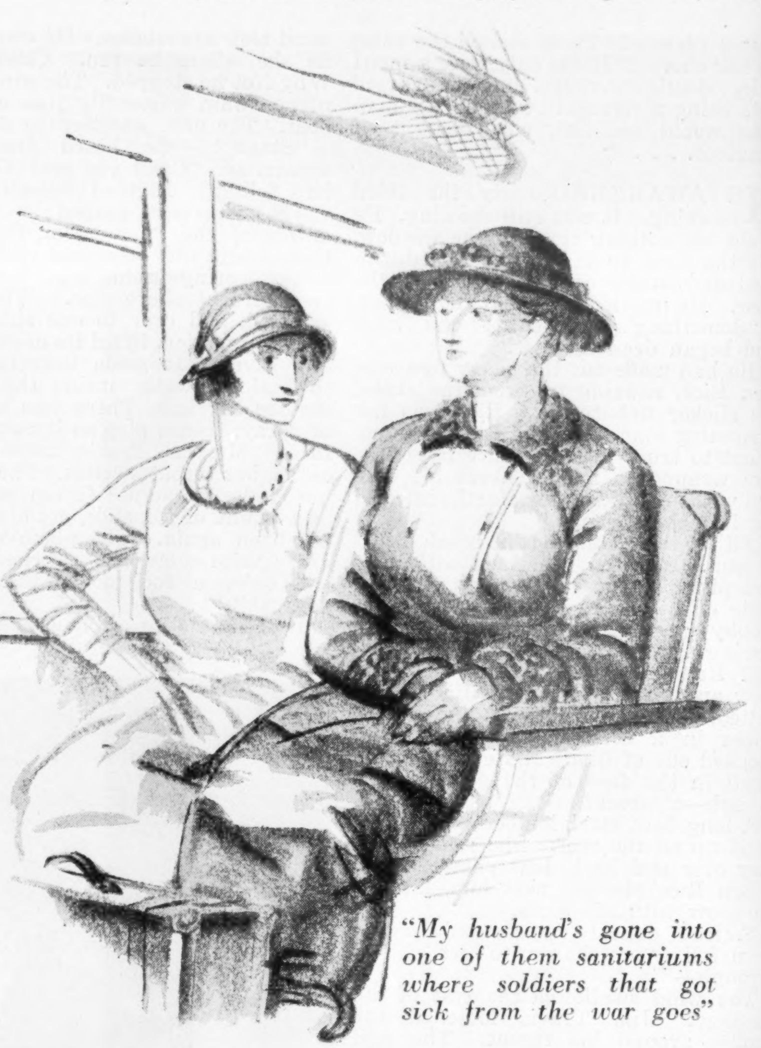
She opened a large, shiny watch. "When do we get to Portland?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"It's most that now. I have to set up all night. I'll be home by five in the mornin'."

I began to collect my belongings.

With a strong clasp she bade me good-by. "Pleased to have made your acquaintance," she said. " 'F course I'm lots luckier than women whose men folks was killed in the war."



"My husband's gone into one of them sanitariums where soldiers that got sick from the war goes"

White Fire

Continued from page 22

you're a precious innocent in the theatrical world, dear sir; whereas your wife is a wise young woman. You've only got to ask her; she'll tell you like a shot the surest way to bid good money good-by forever is to lend it to an actor. Do I get the fifty?"

"I presume I shall have to risk it," Tabor consented, and counted out the notes into a ready palm.

"Frightfully good of you," Tormay vowed in a tone whose thoughtfulness suited the look that observed how swollen Tabor's note case was. "I only hope I don't forget to pay you back."

"I don't believe you're likely to."

"That only goes to show what a lot you've got to learn about life," the younger man commented. "I mean, as we live it who are your wife's own people. We're apt to be light-hearted about financial favors. You'll be asking me for this before you see it again, I shouldn't wonder."

"I will never do that," Tabor confidently asserted.

"If one could only count on that, it would be a great load off one's mind." Tormay cocked an ear to the lilt of a clear soprano that filtered through the door to the hall. "Noises off: Mona warbling for her supper. I promised she shouldn't go to bed without it tonight if I could raise the wind." He flicked his cigarette into the grate, lazily lifted himself out of his chair, and shook hands. "So I'll buzz along, Mr. Drew. And many thanks."

THE door knob halted him with its warning rattle, and he described a dramatic recoil and gave a groan—"Trapped!"—between set teeth. "That's what one gets for letting social life interfere with business," he said in rueful aside. "I might have stolen away and Jenny never the wiser if I hadn't stopped to be chatty."

A brilliant young person, coming in with Jennifer, marked him first. "There you are, Nigel!" she cried in exaggerated reproach—"hiding from me."

"Fat chance," a hollow voice returned; and Tormay hung the head of a naughty child.

The brilliant young woman ignored him for the time being. "Good evening, Mr. Drew," she cried with animation, and was at Tabor's side with gloved fingers lightly pressing on his shoulder before he could rise. "No; convalescents don't get up when ladies come into the room. Do sit still and tell me all."

" 'All'?"

"If not more. I mean, whatever the bunk was that Nigel's been filling your poor ears with all this while—and me waiting to be taken out to dinner!"

"It's a sad story," Tormay shamelessly told her. "But it worked: we eat."

"And they call you a bad actor!" Mona Desmond, née Delaney, perched a slender young body on the arm of Tabor's chair and stroked his sleeve. "Nice Tabby," she cooed—"nice!"

Unaware that she had given him a nickname that was to stick for all his days, Tabor had a quiet chuckle. He liked her impudence. It was native, spontaneous, unfailing, and she carried it off with an air to him novel and entertaining. To this good looks contributed heavily. The girl was fair and, whether by art or act of God, colored to admiration. Her eyes were uncommonly large and lively, but never bold—thoroughly trained for the work they had to do for Mona. In private life, at least, or in what passed for that in the Maison Benelli, she had every trick of the theatre at her prodigal finger tips.

Jennifer was fixing Tormay with a helpless frown. "Nigel!" she said as one who despaired of him.

"It can't be helped, Jenny," he argued. "One can't live without eating; and an actor must live."

"Somebody's been flattering you," she darkly inferred.

Tormay's cheeks reddened, but he couldn't refuse to laugh; and Mona Desmond crowed and hopped down to catch his arm. "Come along, Nigel. The only answer is a three-letter word meaning a female that travels in her own fur; and you mustn't forget you're a gentleman every week-day night and matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays. What's more, I need food and you need the air."

The young man suffered himself to be led to the door, but there hung back. "Don't be cross, Jenny," he pleaded. "I only nicked him for fifty, and I'll pay it back the first week after we open."

"And when will that be?"

"I don't know to a day. If I get the part I'm hoping for, we'll probably start rehearsing week after next."

"Oh!" the girl cried, half in anger, half in laughter—"get along with you!"

MONA dragged Tormay, still protesting, out through the door, and Jenny made a light to contemplate Tabor by. He returned a sheepish smile for hers that dragged a little and was further tempered by crinkling eyebrows.

"Those two young people," he desperately ventured—"are they, do you suppose, épris?"

"I suppose so," Jennifer replied in impatience—"for the time being. They pretty generally are, with somebody or other. Tabor—"

"You mean, you don't think that it's serious with them?"

"Neither of them is apt to take it that way. They can't afford to marry till they make good; and when that happens, they won't have to. Oh, Tabor!" the girl cried—"daren't I leave you alone for two minutes?"

"But if they were hungry—how could I refuse?"

"If Madame Benelli trusts them for their rooms, she'll trust them for their meals. Besides, leading men oughtn't to be fed regularly; it spoils their figures and makes them think too much about themselves. It's a good thing we're going to move; an actors' hotel is no place for a man with a bank roll and a soft heart. And that's another thing, Tabor: What are you going to do about taking care of all that money? You can't go on carrying it around in your pocket; it's dangerous."

Tabor meekly alleged that he had been thinking about that. "I expect you've got an account with some bank, Jenny. . . ."

"If you want to call it that. I think my balance is about five dollars."

"Then you can take me there to-morrow and introduce me."

Distrust deepened the shadow in the girl's eyes. "What for?"

"So that I may open an account and have my money in safe-keeping."

"As Tabor Wynne or—?"

"There is no more a Tabor Wynne in this world, Jenny. But your identification of your husband ought to be enough for the bank."

Jenny turned to the table with the marble top and began to clear it for the trays on which their evening meal would presently be served. Her frown lingered. "Look here, Tabor," she said of a sudden; "there isn't going to be any trouble between you and me about that money, is there?"

He arched his brows over the echo, " 'Trouble'?"

"I mean the money Lance gave you. . . . I won't have you depositing that to my credit. I won't under any circumstances ever touch one penny of it. That's understood, I hope."

"Quite."

"Then that's all right." The girl went on with her task. "By the way," she volunteered, "Madame Benelli knows about an apartment we maybe could get. It's Helen Munds'. She's going on the road next week, booked to the Coast and back, the Orpheum Circuit. It's in Forty-eighth Street near

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Sherlock Holmes Splits Hairs—

With apologies to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for having borrowed the services of two famous gentlemen

By
GEORGE C. HENDERSON

"OH, WATSON," cried my friend Sherlock Holmes as I entered the laboratory in Berkeley, Cal. "Come here a moment, will you?"

My friend's manner showed more excitement than I had observed since our arrival in America.

"This is Captain C. D. Lee. You remember, Watson, how I used to deduce a man's residence and tastes from the ash of his Trichinopoly cigar? That was nothing, I assure you, Watson, to what Captain Lee has just done."

Holmes has amused himself by studying American slang. Turning to the pleasant-faced, middle-aged man he said:

"Show him your stuff, Captain."

"It is a science of hair identification," Lee told me. "Mr. Holmes has been good enough to express his interest. I told him to bring me a hair—a single hair—of any sort he chose. He has brought me a hair from the head of a boy eight to fifteen years old of Scandinavian or German descent."

"Absolutely right," said Holmes crisply. "The son of that couple who came on from Denver on the train with us, Watson, and are now stopping at our hotel across the bay. What was their name—Larssen? Exactly."

At Holmes' suggestion I made a few notes from which I transcribe this account of Captain Lee's methods—one of the most important of our contacts on this American tour.

Lee washes the hair with chemicals, removing all grease and dirt, and places it under a microscope that magnifies 750 diameters. He turns on a powerful light underneath the hair.

The hair is transparent, but there can be distinguished a saw-tooth edge marking the outer cuticle, then a mass of cells colored slightly with the granules of pigmentation, and finally, in the center, a pith.

No other animal has hair like man except the monkey. Even the monkey hair can be distinguished by its smaller diameter. Lee's collection of scores of magnified photographs of various kinds of hair shows the marked differences. The hair of a deer has no well-defined pith. The hair of a sheep, a cat, a squirrel or a mouse appears like a strip of backbone or line of vertebræ. A rabbit's hair resembles an ear of corn. The hair of a dog has an effect of large dark splotches on a gray background.

The next step is to photograph the hair, much magnified.

Comparative size indicates the sex. The hair Holmes had brought for testing was larger than the hair of a girl of eight to fifteen years. The photograph showed that the pith had only begun to develop, indicating either youth or senile old age. The color and size together showed that it must be the hair of a boy, not a graybeard. By the size of the pith the age could be checked as between eight and fifteen.

Captain C. D. Lee

Determination of nationality is less sure. Lee is now working to reduce this to exactness. He was only able to tell us that slight variations in the cross sections of hairs are now being charted. These variations are marked between the races. A cross section of the hair of a North American Indian is round; of a Negro, elliptical.

Captain Lee told Holmes of three instances in which hair identification had been useful. I remember that it saved a man wrongly suspected of robbery of a street car and, in another instance, verified a taxicab driver's story that he had struck a man a fatal blow only in self-defense.

"Make a note, Watson," said Holmes, as we took our departure, "that only the bald man is safe. And not he, if he uses hair tonic."

White Fire

Continued from page 30

Eighth Avenue; not what you might call a swell address, but three rooms and a kitchenette, furnished, for a hundred and fifty a month. . . . At least, that's what Helen's asking, but Madame Benelli thinks maybe we can get it for less. If you don't think that's too much—"

"It doesn't sound too extravagant for people of our condition."

"All right, then; if you say so, I'll have a look at it to-morrow." Tabor said so, but the girl seemed to remain disturbed in mind. "It's a lot of money," she worried aloud; "and even if you have got a roll that would stage a musical comedy it's all you've got and it isn't going to last forever."

"But we've got to live in decent comfort," Tabor objected.

"Yes—but what are you going to do when it's gone?"

"It is no part of my plans to be idle—"

"I know, but suppose you don't find anything to do that will bring in more money. . . . I don't say you won't, but suppose you don't. . . ."

"I am not altogether without—resources. . . ."

THAT assertion, which so bravely started out to be a gently dignified reminder that the Wynnes were traditionally folk of warm fortunes, and it were unthinkable that the last of that line should ever know the want of money, ended on a lame note. And the best face Tabor could muster in answer to Jennifer's demanding regard was rather a blank one.

"Have you? Where? In Philadelphia?" Tabor was silent. "And how are you going to get at them without going back? Tabor Drew won't be able to sign Tabor Wynne's name to checks, no matter how good the signature may be, without leading the detectives straight to Tabor Drew's address. And you wouldn't like Tabor Wynne to be found living with a woman, would you? You hadn't thought of that, had you? Maybe now you'd like to change your mind." The girl refused to accept a mulish shake of the head as final. "Hadn't you better think it over? I'm going to my room now; it will be some time before dinner comes up. . . . And don't worry, Tabor; I won't feel hurt if you decide you've acted too hastily—I'll understand. . . ."

She finished at pause in the communicating doorway, looking back; and saw him wag his head again in token of fixed determination. "I shall not change my mind," he said. "Whatever happens, I can never go back."

"Never is a long word, Tabor. But we're not going to argue about that any more to-night—"

"Or any time," Tabor amended.

"That's for you to say. I only want you to know you needn't hesitate on my account; I mean for fear of hurting my feelings—I'll understand. And please don't be angry with me for interfering in what's none of my business."

"But it seems to me, Jenny, I have made it your business. I can't ask you to—how can I put it?—join your ways to mine for a while without giving you the right to call in question the wisdom of my plans, so far as they affect our common welfare."

"Oh!" the girl cried to him, and he heard her voice shake—"you are such a—a perfect brick, Tabor, I don't know what to say to you. . . . It's only I don't want you to let yourself in for worries and disappointments and . . . I'm so afraid . . . regrets. . . ."

"But all that, I suppose," Tabor admitted, "rests with God."

"I wonder," Jennifer said. "Oh, I do wonder!"

And Tabor saw her no more, only a shut door where she had been.

BUT as if he still saw her standing there, his puzzling eyes were for many more minutes constant to that barrier. And Jennifer was in fact still present to the vision of his mind. One of those moments had just passed whose occurrence in our days seems to be eccentric altogether and is always unforeseen, when some unknown reaction in the chemistry of the spirit causes figures in our environment, which use and wont have blurred to our perceptions, to take on of a sudden aspects peculiarly graphic and arresting, unforgettable. Tabor was never to forget the Jennifer Challis who had just then been newly discovered to him, the girl who had posed lightly there in the doorway, a shape of vital womanhood singularly dramatic and charming, a vividly strange woman, initiate of a world outside the world he knew, who had notwithstanding promised to live with him and let herself be known as his wife . . . a living mystery to whom all the loyalty he had left to give was pledged. . . .

Tabor saw but one way in which he could serve Jennifer now, by attaching her life to his till in her turn she should be healed whole of her illness, that terribly real malady of the soul for which mankind knows no name more adequate than heartbreak, and once more fit to fend for herself in that field where the struggle is unending and the cry never otherwise than "No quarter!" Though the innocent that Tormay had termed him in the ways they must go whom the stage enchants, Tabor had already learned enough through listening to know this much, that perhaps more savagely there than in any other walk of this world the law rules of the survival of the fittest. To suffer this wounded and weary woman to fight on for a life unaided would be but to resign her to final destruction.

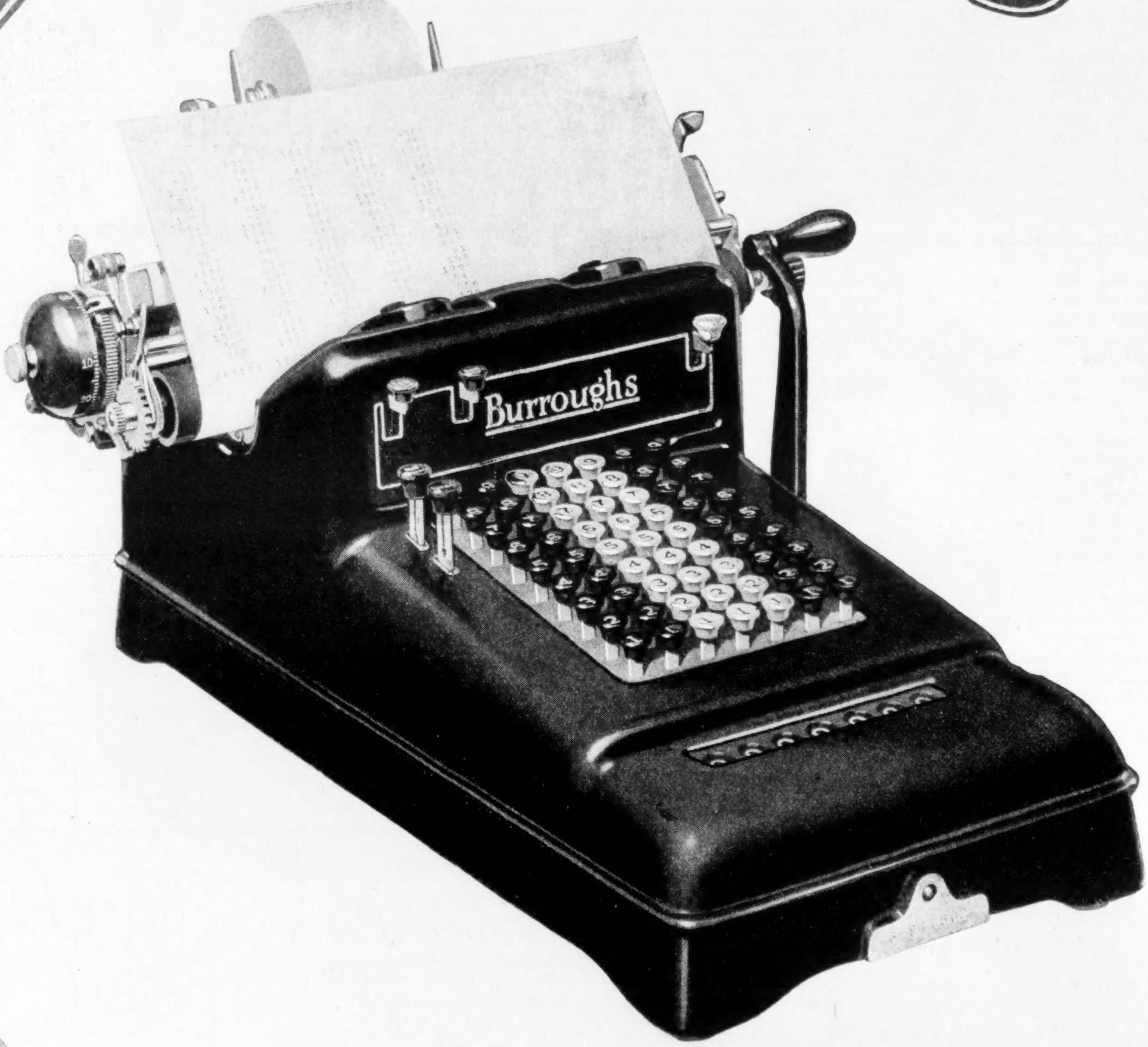
What else could he do, then, but his best to keep her with him? An offer of a loan to tide her over to better times would accomplish nothing; money called by whatever name from Tabor's hands to-day would never be in her sight anything but money from the disguised hands of Fairless.

Tabor was, for all that, definitely resolved that the ten thousand dollars should never be returned to Fairless or used in any other wise than in Jennifer's service. Now that he had learned to know her, he knew what Fairless must have known, that money could never purchase anything of hers; she was a woman who could only give or withhold. . . . The ten thousand, he clearly saw in the light of this understanding, had been given him not to buy those letters with—that long since had melted to pulp in the waters of the Hudson River—but so to affront the girl that she would disown forthwith and for all time every shadow of claim on their writer.

Very well, then: having served his purpose, having bought all that Fairless had ostensibly and in fact designated it to buy, the money was no more his and, so long as Tabor held it as trustee self-appointed, could never be employed but in some way to Jennifer's advantage. How to make it so useful was a problem only to be solved when association had acquainted Tabor more intimately with the conditions

(*Continued on page 34*)

Burroughs



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White Fire

Continued from page 32

with which the girl had to contend; but however it might in the upshot be put to work in her interest, it must be secretly. . . .

Viewing the situation from every angle that Tabor's eyes commanded, a separation with Jennifer, unless it were by herself decreed, was a suggestion that called for no debating. If he would feel lost without her, she, pending that day when she found herself on her feet again, would be lost indeed without Tabor.

Nevertheless, her persistence in refusing to let him enter into the anomalous relationship proposed before he had grasped the fullness of its threat to the name of Wynne had pounded home what she had not been thinking of, or else had over-humbly held immaterial—the injustice to her, the menace to her own peace of mind if not to all her future happiness, intrinsic to it.

Jennifer had, so he conceived, been cured of a disastrous passion at dear cost; but the cure was one that carried no guaranty of immunity from another love to come. For all she had suffered and paid, she remained a young and in her own way most fascinating creature, fated by the very charm of her individuality to meet few men who would not want and, given opportunity or encouragement, woo her. Worthier men they might be or worse than Fairless—one of them, it was sure, would some day seem worthy to her, would win from her a love so tempered by this late ordeal that it would be wiser, kinder, more cunning, so more tenacious. And when that happened, if Jennifer were still living with a reputed husband, the sequel was certain to be unhappy for the three most concerned if not fatal to the girl's hopes entirely.

DURING dinner he noticed that Jennifer's hands to-night were as they had been when he first had been struck by their beauty, on that remote, sad morning in the bed-sitting-room at the Hotel Winston.

"Hello!" he said—"what's become of your ring?"

Jennifer looked up from her plate with a deprecating smile in the eyes where pain was so much at home. "I needed some money the other day," she steadily told Tabor, "so I pawned it."

"You needed money, and wouldn't ask me—!"

"I hadn't the right to, then," she said, deeper humor suffusing her face. "I mean, I suppose it's different; I'll have to try to feel it's different, now we—we've come to an understanding. But I don't regret the ring. I had meant never to wear it again—I only put it on the day I brought you here for appearance' sake."

"But you haven't parted with it forever if you've only pawned it—"

"Oh, yes, I have. You see, I sent the ticket to—the person who gave it to me."

Tabor's nod was understanding. "You must have another. It's the first thing we'll attend to to-morrow."

"Oh, please!" the girl protested—"I'd rather not—"

For appearance' sake," Tabor reminded her; "you'll need it now more than ever."

But he had to be satisfied with the consent her silence gave.

He lay awake late into the night, with the cold mind of a lawyer that was his to command revolving many plans to preserve the integrity of his assumed identity, to circumvent June if she should ever succeed in tracking him down and prove bent on divorcing him, and to give Jennifer her chance. . . .

But even the lawyer in him confessed wonder for the dispassionate view he was able to take of his relations with June, even of June herself, whose image imagination conjured up before the curtains of closed eyes so definitely but still in diminished stature, like a figure on a distant stage, a doll that posed and described to perfection the gestures of a human thing yet failed ever to touch his emotions . . . the woman who had been one time all. . . .

IT WAS a crisp and golden morning of mid-December that he adventured out with Jennifer to meet, exulting in the sweetness of its chilled air but glad he had permitted his companion to find for him in advance a warm overcoat, the first ready-made garment his shoulders had ever known. They knew more of its ilk, however, without much delay, for his wardrobe was limited to the clothes in which he had been introduced to the Maison Benelli; and, though the stuff in them had responded nobly to cleaning and pressing, he needed a change and had no time to wait on tailors. He needed, in fact, everything, down to collar buttons, and more than once chuckled to think what the tailors and shirt makers in their "exclusive" shops a few streets away to the east would think if they could see the man whom they had kept presentable for years shopping from the shelves of Broadway.

Only for the ring to replace the one that Jennifer had put from her with all its poignant associations Tabor insisted on braving the perils of Fifth Avenue. True, he would be recognized there if anywhere. But he was disposed to risk it. The mirror at which he shaved showed him each morning a mask so worn and wasted that he doubted if any but his closest friends would know a twinge of recognition to see him. And there were a number of dependable jewelers on the avenue in whose aisles he was no more known than any other hap-chance client.

It resulted from this that Jennifer knew a certain respect for the ring that she wore home, though it was imperceptibly to the casual glance to be discriminated from the simple circlet of platinum set with small diamonds that had been its predecessor; though respect was apparently not the only emotion it stirred in the girl. Perhaps the "feel" of it on her finger was somehow different. . . . She seemed, at all events, to be unable to forget it. Tabor more than once before they parted for the night covertly observed Jennifer fidgeting with it, as if she could not be unconscious of the singular bond between them of which it was to her the symbol—more than once the gray eyes, dark with thoughtfulness, questioned his face when the girl thought he wasn't looking. With this she was manifesting an animation, a lightness of spirit, that was novel in his knowledge of her moods.

For the first time he heard her laugh aloud. Something young Tormay found to say, obscure to Tabor because couched in the cant of Broadway, won a rich, clear peal of laughter in striking contrast with that dimly husky voice. Tabor was curiously disturbed by it, as a weathered man might be who heard for the first time in many years the laughter of a happy child. He found himself both hoping and fearing to hear it again.

THE professional Briton had dropped in with Mona Desmond to hear the news at first hand. For by this time no soul that housed in the Maison Benelli was ignorant of the exciting fact that Jennifer Challis and that queer bird of a husband she had picked up with were planning to move into a furnished flat. The Maison Benelli was like that, its guests, to all purposes one large family, having few secrets from one another. If the personnel of the family was in a state of pretty constant change, its character was not. Madame Benelli was known from coast to coast for the indulgence she extended to people of the theatre when they were out of a job and unable to pay their bills promptly; in natural consequence few of her rooms ever lacked a lodger for one night; and, Tormay's reflections on the financial responsibility of his kind to the contrary notwithstanding, the Benelli had managed to save up a quite respectable fortune out of her profits. Despite the costly upkeep of a highly scented husband who, though otherwise indifferently decorative, was never known to turn his hand over in the house unless it held tableware or a deck of cards, and for all of the pilferings of the horde of relatives who staffed the establishment, Madame Benelli when she died was found to have been the sole owner of rather more "high grade" apartment houses in New York than many a cloakroom boy in a Fifth Avenue hotel could boast.

To do them justice, the callers were honest enough about their prying interest and ready to repay its satisfaction in kind. Having learned that the Munds flat had duly been inspected, judged adequate, and taken under lease, for the several months' duration of Miss Munds' absence on tour, they disbursed their personal news freely. Tormay, it transpired, was still preserving a receptive attitude toward the advances of an exceptionally coquettish contract, but confidently expected to succumb to its attractions not later than the day after to-morrow; Miss Desmond had decided to leave the American stage flat on its back for a while, to teach it a lesson, while she took a flyer in pictures—had what she called an honest-to-God contract to exhibit, calling for her services for four weeks at a fair salary in the Long Island City studios of the Eminent Artists. She was appropriately exhilarated and disposed to believe that the lean years of her apprenticeship were ended. Belasco, she alleged and indeed seemed to believe, wanted her for a part in the new piece he would be putting on about the first of February with Fanny Etoile as the star; from which stepping-stone of achievement, a very real one in the reckoning of Broadway, it would be, Mona was solidly persuaded, only one more step to a place in stellar ranks for herself. She was so supremely confident that she even went so far as to promise Jennifer to make early opportunity to put in a good word for her with Belasco himself—everybody said he was going to do another piece as soon as he had launched the Etoile show.

ONE other bit of news she forgot till the moment of her leaving, when she turned back to the threshold, after Tormay had followed her out into the hall, and called over Tabor's shoulder to Jennifer.

"Oh, Jenny! I 'most forgot to tell you. . . . Who do you think I saw today? An old friend of yours. I was waiting for Nigel in the lobby of the Biltmore when he walked past, and I hooted and waved my wooden leg and he stopped and spoke to me. It's yahs and yahs since I saw him last, and I'd either forgotten how good-looking he was or else he's grown so much handsomer that a person would hardly know him. Don't you think so? Or maybe you haven't seen much of him lately either."

Tabor marveled at the cool, inconsequential voice that sounded behind him, at whose owner he for his part dared not look.

"Who?"

"Lance Fairless, of course. Don't you remember? . . . But of course you do! You used to run around with him a terrible lot."

"I haven't," the pleasant, noncommittal voice responded, "seen anything of Lance for some time now."

"That's what he said—"

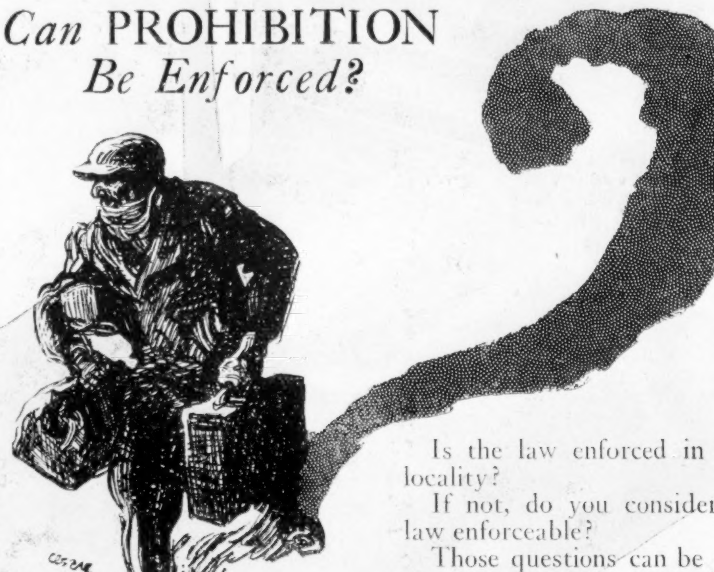
"Oh? Did he ask about me?"

"I didn't give him a chance," Mona gurgled. "I was simply bursting to tell him about your being married. You ought to've seen his face, Jenny—I could've knocked him over with a feather. Tabby ought to feel awf'ly flattered, to think you'd give a looker like Lance the chuck to marry him. Now don't you go getting jealous, Tabby. I'm only teasing. Good night, all."

She pulled the door to behind her and left those two staring,

(To be continued next week)

Can PROHIBITION *Be Enforced?*



REPRESENTATIVES of Collier's—more than 1,000 of them—are now busily engaged in finding out just what Collier's readers are thinking about prohibition enforcement. These men are regularly bonded employees of Collier's and represent no other publisher. They present to our subscribers a printed card which bears these questions:

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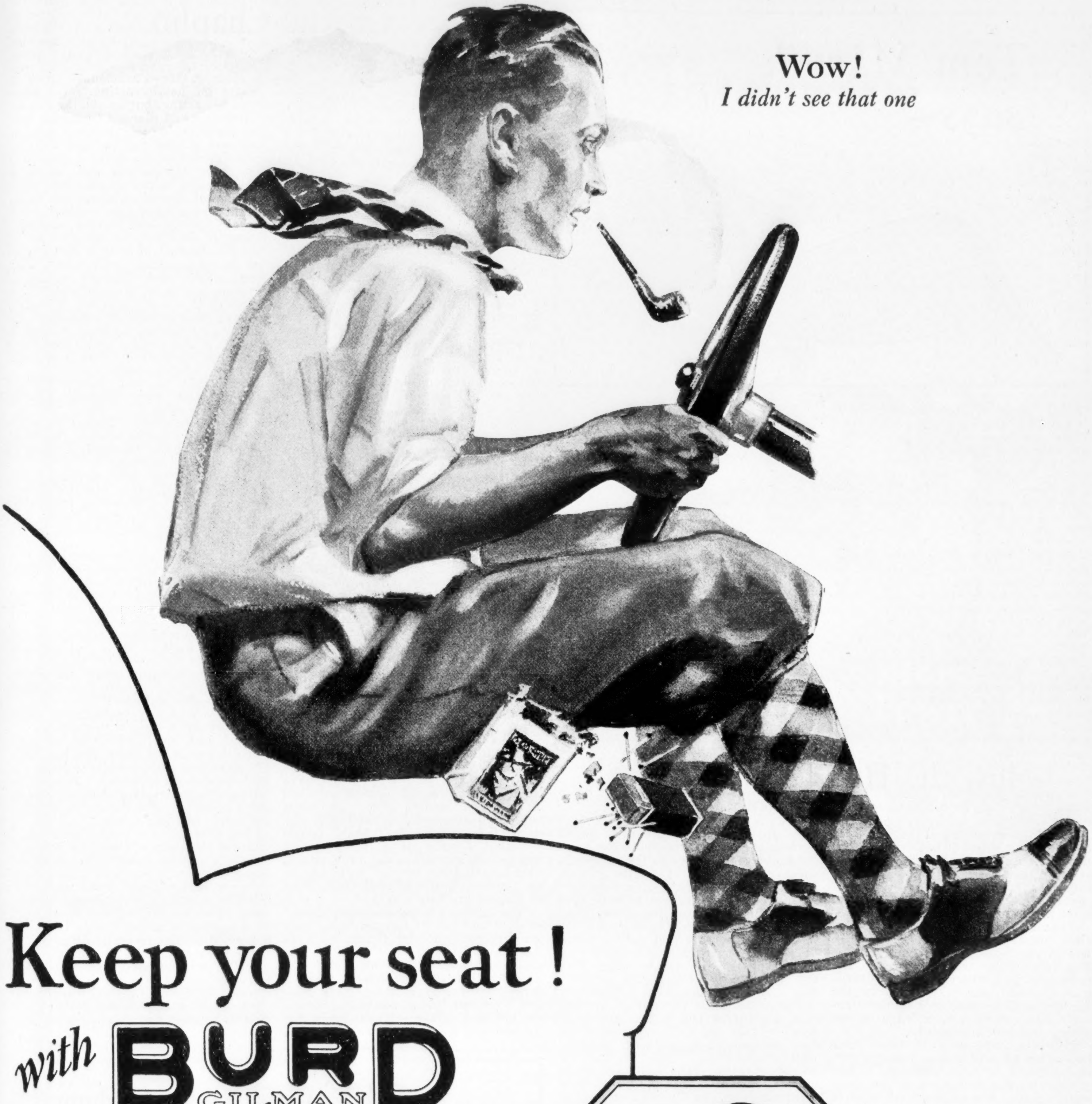
This poll, the results of which will be published beginning in a September issue, will be the most interesting attempt to sound the national mind since prohibition became a part of our law.

Wow!
I didn't see that one



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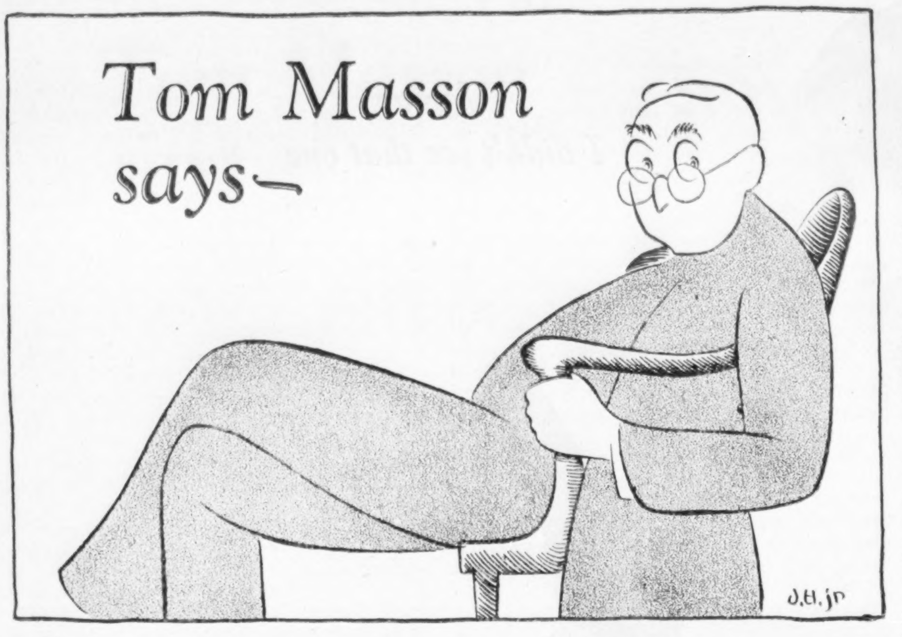

THEY have recently organized two baseball teams in Buenos Aires. Bulls are becoming so valuable they are now using umpires.

* * *

In certain parts of New Jersey the mosquitoes have been eliminated. Even the real estate agents admit it.

* * *

Besides the regular departments, there are twenty-three government bureaus and commissions in Washington. Should you desire a check cashed while on your honeymoon, you call on all of them—before walking home.

* * *

FIRST GUNMAN: Is Mike a good mechanic?

SECOND GUNMAN: You should see him remove all the carbon from a safe deposit company.

The Southern States imported in 1924 only thirteen pounds of butter. They know on which side of the ocean their bread is buttered.

* * *

The oldest singing association in America is the Normanna Sangerkor, founded in 1869 at LaCrosse. The neighbors all passed out in 1870.

* * *

Bee stings are now declared to be an absolute test to determine actual death. If you don't feel it, you will know that you are no longer alive.

* * *

Forty per cent of all the food consumed in the United States comes from animals. This includes the cold veal left in the refrigerator when your wife fails to show up at dusk in the flivver from a shopping expedition to the nearest town.

Just the House You Want

Continued from page 26

It must be remembered that the walls of this house where it is only one story are but 3 feet 9 inches high on the outside. That makes them about 5 feet high on the inside, due to the slant of the roof. This, oddly enough, makes a charming room.

That other question about the possible impracticability of living in these houses can be answered quite briefly. The objections which builders and architects unfamiliar with the details have raised concern heating in the winter time, keeping cool in the summer time, dampness, storage space, piping and floor treatment.

My own experience is that these houses are easy to heat and take a normal amount of coal, although it has proved always necessary to use hot-water heat. We know of no way of utilizing any other system.

The ridge dormers actually work. The second floors of these houses are usually cooler in the summer time than the first floors of houses built of wood or stucco. The first floors are warm in winter and cool in summer when compared to houses built of other materials.

Any amount of storage space which you wish can be included in the original plans of the house. The tendency of most people is to want more storage space than they actually need because they are used to having large cellars beneath them and large attics above them, in both of which the accumulations of years collect.

Anyone who is familiar with the fundamental laws of physics and knows how these houses are dampproofed knows that they will be drier than a house over a cellar. That has been my own experience and the experience of half a dozen other people with whom I have discussed it—people who live in these houses. You must remember that they are built *above* the ground. A horizontal layer of waterproofing above the ground level prevents the wall from sucking in moisture out of the ground. The floor is built first of a four-inch slab of concrete which is waterproofed and which is above the grade level. No dampness can come up through. On top of this floor are laid nailing strips or sleepers to which the finished floor is attached. That means there is a dry air space between the concrete floor and the wooden floor.

The stone walls themselves in each case are furred out, lathed and plastered so that the air inside the house does not come in contact with the stone walls themselves. Therefore there is no condensation. The walls are warm and dry inside the house. I have just returned from the Connecticut district where many houses designed by Mr. Matthews have either been erected or are in process of erection. A whole colony of literary and artistic people who live there seemed to me to be interested chiefly in discussing and planning these houses. And their chief interest—of course they are as eager to build economically as anyone else—is in the intrinsic beauty of the architecture. And not long ago I went out on Long Island to see a house which a contractor had designed and built for sale, utilizing these principles. He had never tried it before and his experiment is completely successful.

That house on Long Island is to me almost a final answer—this type of house is practicable and in the hands of an intelligent person will always prove tremendously economical to build. I think any intelligent person with a reasonable amount of experience can build one.

And remember that without any experience at all I built two, one of them the house which has just been described.

Charlie Chaplin

Continued from page 6

new toy until he breaks it, Charlie is constantly exhibiting his literary taste. Suddenly I tripped him up in the midst of a harangue on one of our writers:

"But, Charlie, you were reported in the papers as having told, about that writer, the very opposite of what you are saying now."

"Did he put that in the papers?" Charlie asked, wondering. And then suddenly leaving off the philosophical mood in which he had been, he brought his little hands forward, extending them toward me, and said in a most naïve tone, "Well, I lied to him."

"You little liar," I told him. "Perhaps you are lying to me now!"

Instantly Charlie grew very serious. "I don't lie to you. Not to *you*. But why should I spill the beans before everybody? I never show all my feelings to anybody who comes along." And musing again he said, "And maybe I did not lie! Maybe in his presence I just felt like telling things differently."

Knowing the chameleon-like nature of Charlie, I am never surprised when I see him being a hundred different persons in the presence of a hundred different people. I have seen him Charles Spencer Chaplain, Esq., when I wished he would put a monocle in his eye to complete the picture; so grave and so English. I have seen him Charles Chaplin, the European *bon vivant*—the kind of Charles you might meet on Piccadilly or the Parisian boulevards. I have seen him, with his shell-rimmed glasses on his eyes, a pessimistic philosopher out of one of the books of Dostoevski. I have seen him as miserable a creature as ever slunk along the Thames River on a clammy night, afraid of the policeman, and wishing for one dry place in which to lay himself down for the night. And I have seen him play with my baby, rolling on the floor for her, and acting in the silliest way to amuse her; as if he had been engaged for that special purpose.

And then one must never forget that besides all these things, besides being an artist, Charlie is also a clever business man. He has learned business in this country. He did not fall on a bed of roses on landing here. He came here with an act on a vaudeville circuit. I have frequently heard people say that Charlie is a great mimic because he learned to act in England, where pantomime was at its height in his youth. Charlie himself denies that he learned much in England.

"Everything I know and don't know," he once told me, "I learned here. Not from people who did things as I do them, but from people who did not do what they should have done. And as I watched them do the wrong thing I thought of the right thing. Sir Herbert Tree has taught me many things, but not in England. It was when Sir Herbert and his daughter came here on a contract for Paramount. And he taught me not by acting, for I never liked his acting, but by talking to me."

Once we had planned to pass a Sunday together, to lunch in haste and loaf the rest of the day, as we had frequently done in the past. I wanted to look over his garden and his home which I had helped to plan two years ago. That house has turned out so different from what the original plans were! Charlie had merely wanted a house to live in—"to die in," as he put it. Instead of that it had turned out to be a rather gaudy and pretentious affair. But Charlie's section of it remains as it was planned. His bedroom is severely simple. It is just a large room containing a simple wooden bed, a bookcase, a cheap mahogany dresser, a chair and a table. But from the large windows one has a magnificent view of the country.

As I said, we had planned to loaf that Sunday, when suddenly Charlie changed his mind.

"I want to work. I want to work. Let's go down to the studio. We must go to the studio. Konrad, I want to work. I have an idea. . . ."

He called up his manager, Alf Reeves, and talked to him for a few moments. Then, still talking feverishly, he dressed himself in great haste.

"Ah, we'll get them all down to the studio."

"You are like all the other lazy people, idling the whole week and working on Sundays," I reproached.

"Sunday. Sunday," Charlie repeated several times. "I want to work. It's always Sunday when I work.

"Please do come down with me to the studio. I want to show you my new picture."

And then pointing to his dresser, to several paintings of still life, he said, "How do you like them?"

They were lovely little things, done in a very naïve decorative fashion.

"Not bad, not bad," Charlie said. "Lita, my wife, did them. She has loads of talent, the little rascal. I hope she will develop her talents. I keep on telling her to develop whatever ability there is in her. She'll come to it. Not bad, eh! She has talent. . . ."

And then in the projection-room I watched the reels of Charlie's new picture—"The Gold Rush"—on which he had been working for more than a year.

Never before had I been moved as much by anything on the screen. There were many questions that I intended to ask Charlie about things that had happened to him recently. But in the darkened room, while the picture was being shown, my hand reached for his. I had no words with which to express myself. And when the light was thrown on we looked at one another, holding one another's hands, and there were tears in our eyes.

Albert Payson Terhune

is the author of "Parsifal Unlimited," the story of a canine inheritance and its effect on young Horatio Maskell's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. Make your reservations now, for you won't have any after you start it

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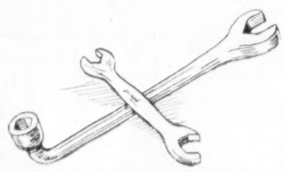

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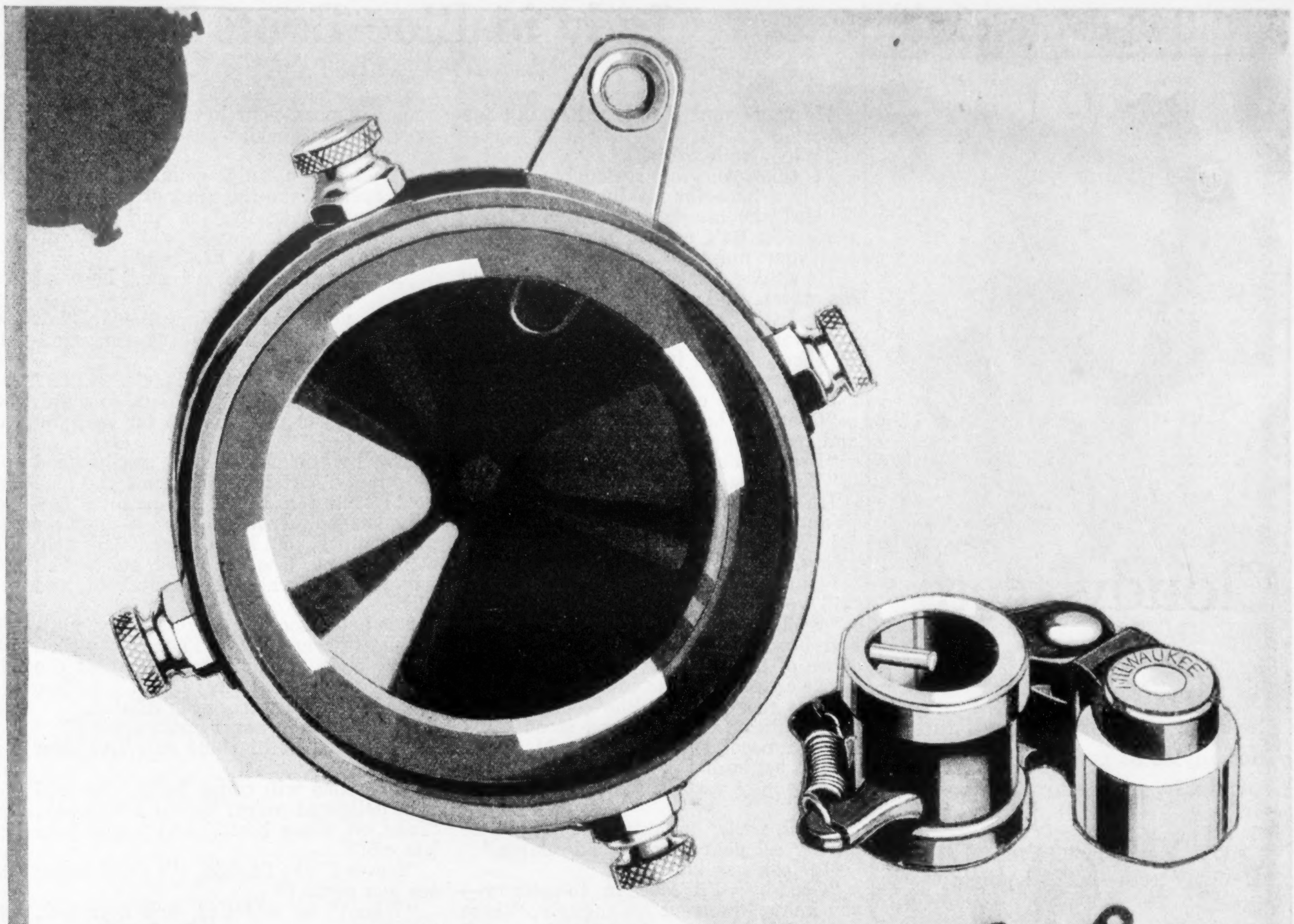

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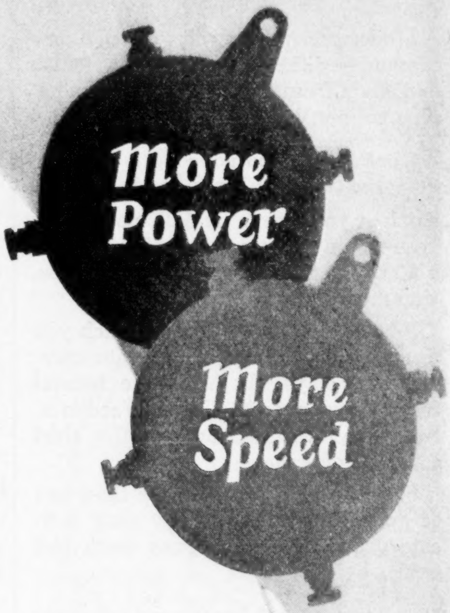

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Lady in Blue Boots

Continued from page 13

He was tempted to kiss her, but forbore.

"Why the laughter?"

"I take you too seriously. You're simply a bachelor talking."

"Ha!" he laughed abruptly. "That's true. So let's call it all off, and I'll feel your pulse."

He pulled his chair closer, took out his watch, and counted the beats.

"A little fast," he said. "Stick out your tongue."

"*Please!*" she interjected.

"Please," he smiled.

She darted out the slender tongue.

"Coated," he muttered. He leaned and put a hand on her forehead.

"Feel a bit grippy?"

"Yes," she admitted.

He drew out a prescription pad. "You want to watch this, and be careful. Want to keep quiet, and no quarreling."

"I have kept quiet," she flashed back, "till you came."

"Well, I"—he laughed—"I'm fuddled and bewitched. But since you're the cause of it—" he waved his hand.

She chose this time to laugh with him and he rose to go. She set the little blue boots on the floor and stood up.

"You needn't have," he said.

"I'm beginning to think," she smiled, "that you're nicer as a doctor than a man."

"Well, well," he muttered. "You'll be having all your ideas upside down."

He took her hand.

"Good-by; I'll look in to-morrow—you know," he went on vaguely, "these feverish colds. . . . And by the way," he changed the subject quickly, "was that your boy called me?"

"Yes, it was Lawrence."

"Nice voice he has."

"I'll call him." She raised her voice, "Lawrence!"

An answer came from somewhere down the hall. "Yes, Mummy."

"Come here a minute."

A stout little fellow of about six, with broad face, large blue eyes, and curly yellow hair, appeared and gazed fixedly at the doctor.

"It's Dr. Sandival," said Sally.

"Glad to meet you," said the doctor. "Now be careful of your mummy, and don't let her wear blue shoes when she has a cold."

"Why?" asked Lawrence.

"Blue shoes dance, and Mummy must be quiet! Good-by!"

Sally laughed with a touch of hauteur. "Lawrence likes Mummy in blue boots, don't you? So we won't mind any doctor."

"That's right!" said Lawrence.

"I'm licked," said the doctor, and left them. . . .

But he whistled gayly on his way home. "Lady in Blue Boots," he thought. "I'll see her to-morrow."

HE DID; and for several days thereafter, while the cold ran its course. It was on the fourth day that their steady fight mounted to a kind of climax. Each time that he came he began by saying:

"So you wore the blue boots again!"

"Yes," she would flash, "and I shall wear them every time you come."

It became the issue between them. To wear the blue boots meant that she flaunted him, she dared him; they were the chip on her shoulder, the last insulting challenge. Which would win? Who was the stronger? If, now, she did not wear them, she was humiliated, cowed, beaten.

On this fourth day she sat sideways on the couch, her feet tucked half under her, the blue boots, one against the other, showing their audacious profiles, the long heels, the soft perfection of the fit. Her hair was pertly up on top of her head. . . .

He was smoking in the armchair. It could hardly be called a professional visit. She felt very well.

He kept gazing at the boots.

"Why do you stare at them?" she demanded.

"Because of their insolence," he said. "They are your mocking laugh, your impertinences, your hauteur. They are Sally the untamed, waiting for her conqueror."

"Well," she said defiantly, "there they are. Make the most of it!"

"I love you, Sally," he said softly.

She looked far away and very intensely, her chin in her hand.

"I want you to marry me," he went on.

"Yes, yes," she said impatiently, "but you're a bit raw. I should prefer a gentleman."

Was she deliberately insulting him? He breathed softly and sat forward. "Perhaps you were meant for me, you know."

She threw back her head, and laughed mockingly. At the same time the blue boots kicked a little. Something tremendous happened in him: a madness and a glory, and he rose and took hold of her arms. She struggled, but he had her up, and turned her face about, and kissed her.

She broke loose in a white fury, muttering, "Scoundrel!" Then she picked up an open ink bottle and poured the black contents down his front. . . . She stood, breathing fire, eyes dilated.

"Now go, and never come again!"

He looked at his blue suit and then at her.

"The time will come, Sally," he said in a delighted voice, "when I will say, 'Take off those boots,' and you'll take 'em off!"

"Never!" she flashed. "I shall never see you again!"

"Whoo!" he whistled, and departed.

IT HAD become a serious matter, so serious, in fact, that Dr. Sandival went about looking pale and his patients found him absent-minded. His brother Charles, who was a cautious and contented bachelor, took him to task.

"Twice," he said, "to-night you've let your cigar go out. Is it money?"

The doctor had it on the tip of his tongue to say, "No—it's blue boots—puss-in-boots—bootleg—leggo—go-and-get 'er—Sally in our Alley."

He looked from under the shadows where he sat in the library, and muttered, "Money? No. I'm nervous, I guess."

"Oh," said his brother, "not some female business?"

"Hardly," said the doctor. "I'm simply off my feed. Tired, I guess. Well," he yawned, "I'm going to the office to read the damned old Medical Journal."

He went into his office, and before pulling down the shade looked out on Seventh Avenue. The air was misty, and the arc lamps glowed with a diffused softness. People passed up and down in the warm night.

Then, reflected by the window, he saw his own image looking back at him, earnest and pale. He shuddered.

"She's got me, most magnificently," he thought. "If her laugh went up and down this house, I'd never be lonely again. But as it is, I tremble to be by myself. And suppose," he went on musing, "she came tripping into this office in her blue boots and her soft clothes, 'Mrs. Sandival to see you!'"

He enchanted and tormented himself so with this vision that he had half a mind to write her a submissive letter, to implore forgiveness for kissing her against her will—anything, in fact, to see her again. She had set him out to cool now for a good fortnight, and the few notes he had written her, addressed "Lady in Blue Boots," remained unanswered. Yet he felt no remorse, no twinge of misgiving, for his bold recklessness. "She needed it, if she loves me," he thought. "She needs to know that she is a woman and I am a man."

THE doctor believed this last. His women patients uniformly adored him. He commanded; they obeyed. His air of sureness and authority gave them courage and strength. And the men too liked him. "He's a real man," they said. "No silly business about him—but homely, straight, sure, and bold."

But now he had met the woman who resisted, whose whole creed in life was to subjugate men, ensnaring them with her glamour, beating them down with her lofty ideals and her quick wit, and holding them in the sure mesh of her charms.

"Well," he thought, "I can't live without her, and I can't even get to her. How can I conquer her?"

He looked again into the misty street, where a car bowled by. Should he submit? Should he write:

"Sally, I give in. I was all wrong. I love you so I'll do anything."

He pulled down the shade and moved uneasily to his desk. He sat down and drew up his note paper.

Something in him said, "No," so he lit another cigar. Then the phone rang and he picked up the receiver.

"Dr. Sandival?"

"Yes; Dr. Sandival speaking."

"This is Mrs. Dwight's maid."

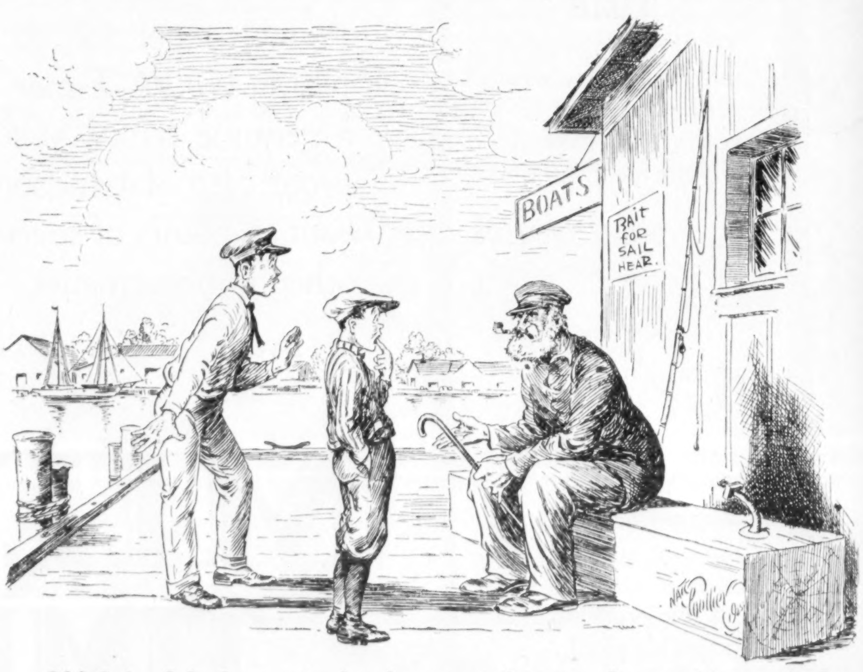
A white splotch of ice seemed to be in the place where his heart was supposed to be.

"Yes," he managed.

"Mrs. Dwight wants fo' you to come right over."

"What has happened?"

"Her little boy's done took sick with the chills."



Old Salt: I had a purty hard voyage the time I was shipwrecked in the Indian Ocean an' floated twenty days on a raft without food, but that wa'n't nothin' to the time I was cooked and et by cannibals in the Solomon Isles

Written by JOHN J. McGRAW

With **Allene Ray** *and* **Walter Miller**

THE onslaught was so sudden, that outcry was impossible. Hundreds were near her — yet none but she knew that these masked desperadoes were not merely carnival revellers . . . Like a tiger, a fourth figure flung himself upon her assailants. It was a battle between love and crime — with the odds 2 to 1 against love . . . See the astonishing result in "Play Ball!"

She had discovered the count in the very act of rifling the safe! With an oath he leaped at her throat. But their brief furious struggle had been overheard. Suddenly comes a loud knock at the door. Shouts ring out . . . Be sure to see this astounding episode at the nearest theatre that shows "Play Ball!"

! ! ! ! !

He dove; cut the rope that held her under water. They struggled to the surface and struck out for the yacht . . . There was a vicious swirl in the water, and the fin of a huge shark cut toward them with deathly swiftness . . . Let "Play Ball!" finish the story for you!

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Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show the first chapter of "Play Ball!"

Directed by Spencer Bennet
Scenario by Frank Leon Smith

Pathéserial

In Ten Weekly TRADE MARK *Chapters,*

"I'll be there—*at once!*"

He almost ran through the streets. But he was thinking little of poor Lawrence. His thought was: "Has she given in? Or is this fate? If she called me just because she needed a doctor and it was an emergency and she knew no other, that's one thing. But if Lawrence was a pretext, an excuse for seeing me, that's another. If she wears the blue boots, then she wanted to see me, no matter how sick the boy is. Or does she always wear them?"

He dashed up the two flights of stairs and rang the bell. The maid opened the door.

"She's in there with Lawry."

He flung hat and coat to the maid and entered the little bedroom. In a corner stood a large crib, and by its side knelt Sally. From under the skirt her feet projected, and on them, the heels upturned, were the blue boots. At sight of that the doctor's heart leaped and laughed in his bosom.

"It's a signal," he said to himself.

A moment later she lifted a face of death to him, an inscrutable pallor, her eyes large, her lips drawn tight, and traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Oh, Doctor," she breathed, "save him! Save him!"

For a moment he forgot himself and leaned over the boy. Lawrence was muttering incoherently in a feverish sleep. His broad face was flushed, his little hands tossing.

"Well," said the doctor, after feeling his forehead and pulse, "it's high fever: might be anything. I'll give him something and we'll watch. If it comes right in a half hour, it'll be over. . . ."

In a moment he had her fetching water; and in a few minutes Lawrence had taken his medicine and lay with dying sobs as he dozed again and talked to himself. . .

Sally and the doctor stood side by side at the crib.

"Get a cold compress," he said.

"Yes," she murmured.

A fierce thought came to him. He glanced at her. Yes, anything was fair in love, any weapon was right. Fate had put her in his hands. Surely now she could not disobey him.

"And," he added softly, "your shoes squeak when you walk. You don't want to wake him. Take them off."

To his amazement, she sat down very simply, pulled them off, and walked out in her stocking feet.

WHEN she returned, she smiled softly at him and handed him the compress. He felt strong. He felt that life was a high enterprise.

"Don't worry," he said, "I think he'll be all right. Just sit by."

They took chairs close together and he watched the child.

"Oh," said Sally, "Lawrence is all I have. When he's in danger, I'm alone in the whole world."

"I know that feeling," he said. "I've had it for ten days."

The change came in twenty minutes. The fever was broken, the child slept quietly. . . .

Then Sally sank down in her chair and wept.

When he looked down upon her, he knew then. He knelt before her. "I kneel," he said softly, and added, "I adore and look up to you. I kiss your foot."

He kissed the stockinged foot. Then he looked up: "You are mine?"

"Yes," she wept. "I can't hold out any longer. I give up. I'll do anything."

"Ah, Sally," he said, "that's the miracle, for now I am yours. I give up. I'll do anything."

And he put his arms about her, and they kissed.

The Bravest Man I Ever Knew

Continued from page 20

want to hurt you, but we're going to kill that beast."

"Well, that's just too bad," drawled the ranger. "The state of Texas pays me for gettin' killed, but you're just volunteerin'. You fellows may kill that prisoner; but, big fellow, you and me die first. Pop your whip."

For long minutes they stood, their eyes locked. Both were armed, they had the drop on each other. The mob waited, looking to the tall man for leadership. The slightest move of either man would have started the shooting. Gunmen will tell you that a man cannot hold the drop on another more than a few seconds. The tall man weakened first. He lowered his eyes and started to argue.

"Back up and shut up," snapped the ranger. Instinctively the others in the mob stepped back, leaving the tall man standing alone. Slowly the ranger walked up to him and took his gun.

A few minutes later the ranger drove out of town with his prisoner.

This brings me to the story of the bravest man I ever knew.

I met him in Shanghai, China, a few months after the Boxer War. At the time I was a policeman in the international concession. One morning at daybreak I was walking my post on the bund, or water front, when I saw a man dressed in the native blue gown seated on one of the benches. It was against the white man's law for a native to sit on those seats, so I ordered him to move on.

"I'm sorry. I did not know it was forbidden," he answered in English, starting to walk away. I called him back and apologized. He was a white man, an American; what we called a "pig-tailed missionary."

"I am out early this morning hoping to hear the phonograph," he explained, pointing to a P. & O. passenger boat which was anchored in the stream. "I heard it last night. It is the first one I ever heard. They played 'Annie Laurie,' and it has been many years since I listened to that song."

He was a new type to me, and interesting. I sat down beside him and asked many questions.

For twenty years he had been a missionary in the wildest part of Szechuan Province in the far frontier of China. Three times his little school and church had been burned by the Chinese, and in one of the anti-foreign riots his wife had been killed.

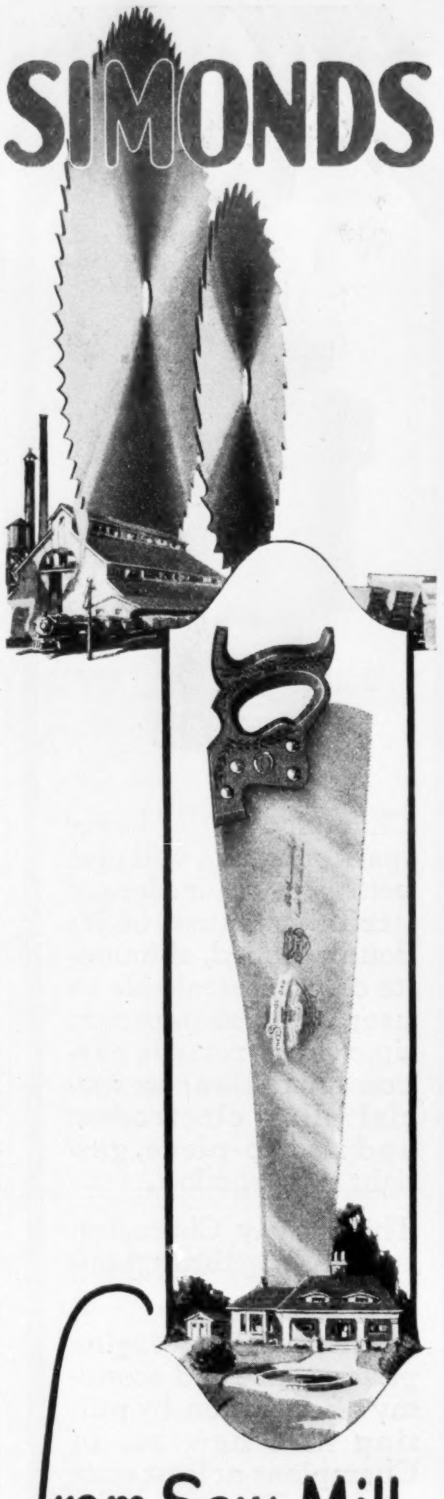
Szechuan Province had been the hotbed of the Boxer revolt. For the third time the little missionary had seen his work destroyed. He had been tortured, his hands pounded into a pulp with a wooden mallet, his body seared with hot irons. Somehow he had escaped and come to Shanghai, and he was as delighted as a child at the strange things he had seen in the seaport.

"Just think," he said in an awed manner. "I have seen a horseless carriage and a moving picture. It was like magic!"

A few days later he came to tell me that he was leaving. Although warned that he was going into great danger, he was returning to the ruins of his school—to start his work anew among the savages who had tortured him. I went up to the water front of the native walled city to bid him farewell. As a present I brought a small phonograph and six records. One of them was "Annie Laurie." He broke down and laughed and cried when I gave him the package.

He was going up the river on a Chinese pig boat because he could not afford a ticket on the passenger boats. He was a pathetic figure as he sat in the bow of the boat, cross-legged among his bundles, the phonograph clutched in his arms. I have never seen a man who seemed so alone in the world.

To my mind that little pig-tailed joss man was the bravest soul I have ever known. He did not have the urge of excitement, the exaltation of combat or the encouragement of applause. He knew what he was going back to. Forgotten by the world, he would face danger in the most terrible forms, the agony of torture, a lonely death. The only thing to sustain him was faith in an ideal and the high heart of courage.



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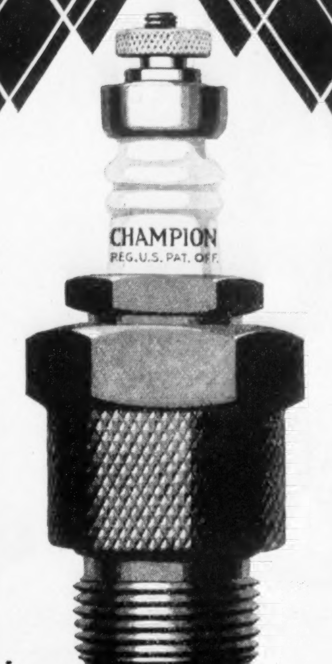

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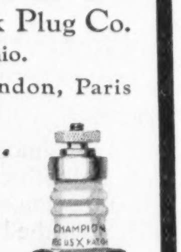

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CHAMPION

Elfie

Continued from page 17

looked at each other straightforwardly and had spoken with bitter frankness about their anomalous position in the world. Doré believed that Mrs. Boyden would meet the expenses of Elfie's education and début, however costly; she would understand, he said, that there was no voice like Elfie's.

In the doorway, Elfie said "Mother!" Hers were the intonations of a child in an extremity of terror. "Couldn't you go with me?"

The answer was sharpened by Ann's consciousness that she was lying; a daughter should be chaperoned—how proudly, how haughtily, she would have chaperoned a different Elfie!

"You know I can't get off!"

"But, Mother"—Elfie wanted to scream out—"I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" It never entered her mind to say, "I will not go."

"Eat your supper," commanded Ann. She went into her own room, which opened from the kitchen, and reappeared prepared for rain in a handsome leather coat and hat.

Side by side, Ann in her leather coat and Doré in his brown suit and brown tie, with its tiny flecks of bright orange, would have made a beautiful pair.

"You couldn't wait for me?" said Elfie.

"No," said Ann. "You know I have to be on time. I won't be back till the middle of the morning."

The closing door had the ominous finality of the hangman's hammer, and Elfie sat down at the table and laid her head on her arms. Several persons came and looked in the window; Ann had been unable to keep her prospect a secret, and Batter's Lane and Elm Street knew where she was going.

After a while she poured a cup of coffee and drank it slowly. The bitter, lukewarm brew gave her courage to encounter the white faces, and she put on her coat and hat and went out. Most of the leaves had fallen, but to Keturah's white oak they still clung, whispering together. The sky was dark, and the wind blew in her face. She had forgotten her umbrella, and she went back, remembering superstitiously that thus she invited bad luck.

At Callender Street she was still trembling. It was half past eight, and at quarter to nine she must ring Mrs. Boyden's bell. Her mother had countermanded Doré's direction—she was not under any circumstances to go to the side door.

"He won't go to the side door."

ELFIE had no pride; she would have been willing to enter by the cellar. She found the house easily, standing on a corner opposite a park, and she walked along the front and then down the side. Set in a wide landscape, it would still have seemed large. Here and there the light shone out through rich curtains and out from under lowered blinds. There were four entrances, and she was about to approach the one nearest Callender Street when a large car rolled up and a man crossed the pavement and was admitted; this door seemed thereby forbidden. She saw an old colored woman with a basket and spoke to her. The time was passing; she might yet be late.

"What door should I go to?"

The old woman looked at her kindly. "The furtherest back door for you and me, honey."

Elfie explained her presence to an astonished servant, who admitted her and escorted her through long passages. In one room women in black dresses and white aprons were sitting—these must be maids like her mother; in another, men in livery waited; but most of the doors were closed and terrifying. She came at last into a small, beautifully furnished parlor in which a maid bade her take off her hat and coat. There was a table with two covers—here, Elfie supposed, the master and mistress of the palace would have a late meal. Opening a door, the woman stepped back for Elfie to enter. Elfie glanced at her helplessly, but the astonished eyes were blind to all but Elfie's homeliness.

Believing herself alone and charmed out of her terror, she stood still. The room was paneled in white and at least forty feet long and twenty-five wide. At the far end rose the golden pipes of an organ and on the longer sides hung tapestries, each with a red sofa beneath it. The illumination was partly from clusters of candles on tall, slender stands, partly a mysterious reflected light. Turning to find the source of a flickering gleam, Elsie saw a deep fireplace with a blazing fire, and standing before it two persons: one Doré, resplendent in evening clothes—it was he, she realized, who had crossed the pavement from the car—the other was a tall young woman in a short white satin dress. Elfie saw her twinkling slippers, her bare and slender arms, her short thick black hair.

"You're on time," she said pleasantly. "I'm Miss Trask." Elfie heard, but did not comprehend her next sentence. "Sorry you didn't let us send for you."

DORÉ, his right hand in his pocket, nodded his greeting. He, too, was enchanted; he had dreamed of houses like this. He did not guess that this young woman was an employee; he believed that she was a relative who had been appointed to receive him. He was pleased to see that Elfie wore a dark, simple dress; the comforts of the luxurious car had been spoiled by alarm lest she come elaborately clad, her black arms and shoulders bare.

"Perhaps you'd like to sit here and look about," said Miss Trask. Glancing again at her watch, she turned to Doré.

"You spoke of Paris," she said, smiling.

"I was born there," explained Doré.

"You speak French?"

"More easily than English." This too Doré was glad to tell.

Elfie looked slowly round the room. She saw near by a concert grand piano and a golden harp and far away a dozen armchairs in a half circle. She would stand here, close to the piano and Mr. Doré—it might not be so hard after all. Feeling suddenly the freedom of the room's wide space, she passed her black hand up under her chin as though she could feel her voice swelling there.

"You may begin," said Miss Trask, to Doré's surprise.

"Where is the audience?"

"They will come."

Annoyed, Doré seated himself at the piano and bade Elfie take her place in the curve. Perhaps it would be just as well if she could sing first to empty chairs. Miss Trask moved to a red sofa, glancing again at her wrist.

While Doré tried the beautiful instrument with a sort of ferocity of delight, sending rolling arpeggios from one end of the keyboard to the other, Elfie stood in her place. Suddenly panic seized her, and her eyeballs rolled in the great white seas which surrounded them.

"What will you sing?"

Doré spoke with contemptuous kindness, as one might speak to a child or to a very intelligent animal; then, seeing Elfie's terror, he recalled himself sharply to common sense. His being here had one object, the making of his fortune, and if his pupil could not sing Mrs. Boyden could not be expected to take an interest in her or him. He smiled at Elfie and began to weave a soft medley, slipping from one song to another in skillful modulations. Elfie's face brightened as he settled upon "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

"Sing!" he commanded, teacherwise.

Against the firm and deep foundation Elfie lifted her great voice, and at the first word Miss Trask grew pale and leaned forward. Her flesh tingled and a lump gathered in her throat—such sounds as these she had never heard. Before the song was ended Mrs. Boyden and her guests swept in in glittering procession. There was a soft tapping of heels, the rustle of one delicate fold of silk against another. Miss Trask went swiftly and gracefully to meet the pro-

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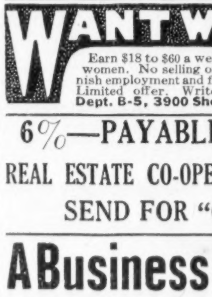

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cession and saw all seated; then she returned to the sofa. It was their lordly privilege to enter in the midst of an entertainment, but it was their noble obligation to come quietly.

Doré saw them faintly, and to his eyes they glittered. Elfie was nearing the end of her first song, and, remembering suddenly that she had had no instruction in stage deportment, he modulated into the next without pause. Seeing that she moistened her dry lips, he turned her emotion to good account. When she began "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," it seemed to Miss Trask that a silence fell upon the world.

The audience breathed heavily, as though they were frightened, now that Elfie was at ease. She sang four songs; then Miss Trask, rising, gave Doré a sign to play no more and the company clapped middle-aged or older hands together and made ready to depart. Exclamations rose like an exhalation. "Extraordinary!" "Quite wonderful!" "But a little—a little terrifying, don't you think?" Mrs. Boyden came forward and spoke to Doré and Elfie. She gave her hand to neither, but she said that she believed that Elfie might have a distinctly successful career.

"Have her do only this sort of thing," she commanded, and her command was unmistakably a promise. "Miss Trask will set a time for you to come to see me."

Elfie stood trembling. It was over and she had not failed, but she was very tired and she wanted to start at once on her long ride home. The house was a labyrinth from which she must escape quickly. She found herself moving toward the door through which she had entered, behind Miss Trask and before Doré.

"You will have supper?" said Miss Trask.

ELFIE saw the table set for two; she saw also her mother's face in moments of terrible anger—that was the way Doré would look if it were even suggested that he eat with her. Not only her alarm but a quick sympathy made her answer, "Oh, no, I'm not hungry!" Doré had not heard; his gaze traveled from the little table to Miss Trask.

"You'll let me send you home?"

"Oh, no!" said Elfie. "I have a way to get home."

Miss Trask turned to Doré.

"You'll have some supper?"

Doré answered that he would be happy to have supper. He looked quickly away from Miss Trask—it would not do to let her see that he was for the first time in his life perfectly content. Miss Trask's eyes left a vanishing Elfie and came back to him, her gaze narrowing.

"How will she get home?"

Doré shrugged his shoulders.

"A sweetheart and a flivver, perhaps," he said lightly, knowing that he mocked Elfie. Miss Trask's gaze seemed to clear and also to sharpen.

Following a servant who appeared magically to escort her to a less humble door than that by which she had entered, Elfie passed a man in livery carrying a tray laden with covered silver dishes. She had not told the truth; she was almost fainting with hunger, and she smelled the viands which the beautiful lady would share with Doré. But there was something she wanted more than food and that was to breathe a friendlier air. She thought of old Keturah; she thought of another, younger, still kinder face, the remembrance of which made her poor heart throb.

Answering the maid's good night, she stumbled unaware into the curious crowd which gathered each Sunday evening to watch Mrs. Boyden's guests and those who provided entertainment for them, and her alarm multiplied their scores into hundreds. The falling rain reminded her that she had left her umbrella in the palace behind her. A long car stood purring at the curb and, believing that it had been ordered for her, she weighed her terror of the white faces on the driver's seat against her exhaustion and the length of her journey. Her terror was the heavier and she stepped down to the pavement and started on her dreary way.

SHE had taken only a step when she felt a hand on her shoulder, and she lifted her arm as if to defend herself. A face looked into hers, the kindest face she knew, kinder than Keturah's, nearly as young as her own, a dark face, though not as dark as hers. As though by a miracle, Philip Lee stood beside her.

"It's getting late." He went this far bravely; then he began to stammer, knowing of Elfie's unbelievable honor. "May I take you home?"

Elfie stood paralyzed; chauffeur and footman sat motionless and curious in their places; the strangers lingered, gaping.

"I've been waiting a long time," explained Philip.

"I was in there a long time," said Elfie with effort. She seemed to be formulating some declaration. "I will never come here again," she declared slowly. "Never! Never!"

Philip made no answer.

"But I'm afraid of my mother," said Elfie, the very core and essence of terror in her voice. This unexampled kindness broke down the wall which dammed all feeling within her breast. A wild hope quickened her heart so that death seemed possible, here at this moment on the street in the eyes of men. When the boy laid his hand on her arm, the hope flashed like lightning in a midnight sky.

"You don't need to be afraid of anybody," he stammered. "I'll take you away from her. And from him," he added savagely. "I'll speak to the preacher to-night, and I'll come in the morning early." His hand moved down to her wrist and caught her hand. "Come away, Elfie! Oh, come away!"

Elfie looked up, taking the rain in her face. A little uneasy, the footman came toward them. "Mrs. Boyden said we were to take you home."

Elfie shrank from him. The long car purred, not like a cat, but like a far larger and more dangerous beast.

"But you don't want me!" she said to Philip. "Nobody wants me!"

The boy laughed and drew her away toward his little car, hidden in the shadow. He helped her in and ran to the other side and stepped in beside her. He closed the curtains and drew them tight, and they shot away on the gleaming asphalt. The heavy purring ceased; chauffeur and footman folded their arms, smiling, to wait for whatever happened next.

Within the house Doré satisfied his hunger, eating rapidly and swallowing with difficulty. He ate alone—Miss Trask had said good night—and though the dishes were silver and the viands delicate and rare, his mouth was filled with bitterness.

Next Week
BRUCE BARTON

"Let Us Talk About Women" is the title of an article in which Bruce Barton turns the searchlight of common sense on the things that are being said about women.

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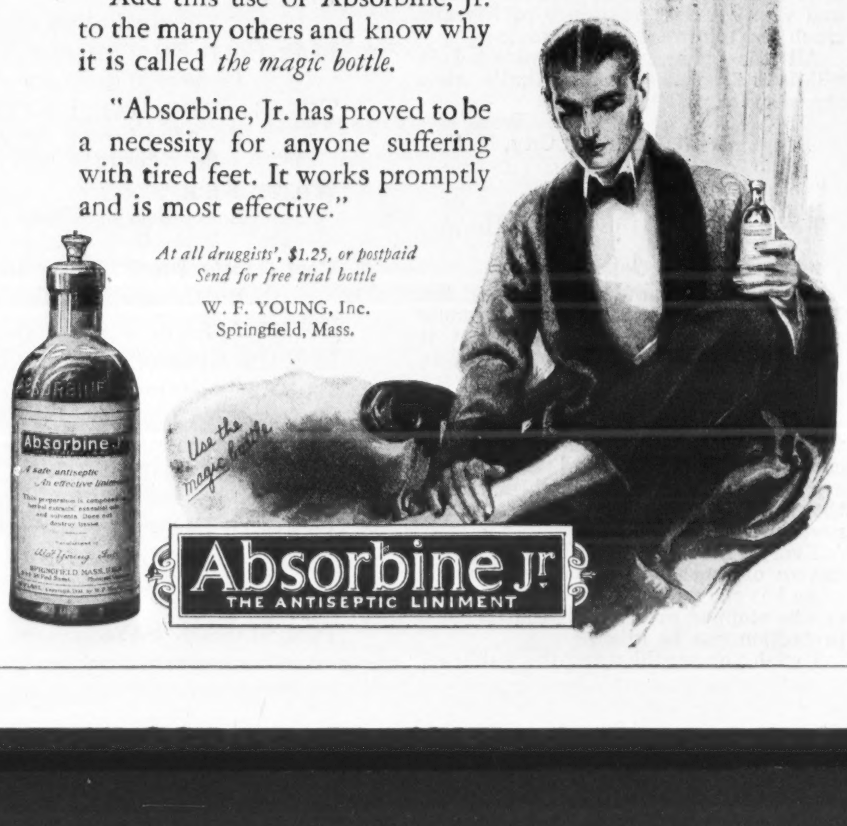

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

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He Revives a Rooseveltian Phrase

To the Editor of Collier's:

I WISH to take issue with the article by Mr. Kent Cooper, entitled "What Do You Want in the News?"

There is no doubt that there has been the improvement along certain lines that Mr. Cooper claims, but it seems to me that the bias both in the treatment of news, in editorials and special articles is greater than ever though perhaps more subtle.

One of our newspaper syndicates recently ran a series of articles on the war by an American general. The articles themselves were evidently written from the best of standpoints, and were designed to teach us the things we really should know. The newspaper, however, by the judicious use of headlines which were faithful enough to some one sentence in the day's article, succeeded in causing ninety per cent of its readers to believe that the articles were in accord with the foreign policy of the paper publishing, when as a matter of fact the articles in question took the exact opposite side.

Our Secretary of the Navy, in a recent article, defended the 5-5-3 agreement and our naval policy in a very long article; that certainly covered the ground and made out a very good case except for one thing.

In the center of the article were the words "except for the Philippine Islands." I will venture to say this exception escaped, in its true significance, ninety-nine per cent of the readers. At any rate it rendered the whole article valueless. Roosevelt would have picked it out instantly for his "weasel words" collection.

H. L. RANDOLPH,
Seattle, Wash.

Qualifying Our Desiderata

To the Editor of Collier's:

The editor of Collier's says that what America needs is more tolerance. He's all wrong; the curse of America to-day is too much tolerance—tolerance of reckless automobile drivers; tolerance of shameless men and vulgar women; tolerance of violations of constitutional law; tolerance of damphool lawmakers and venal juries; tolerance of literary trash and tolerance of bad movies.

All the tolerance that we need is religious tolerance; maybe that's what the editor was talking about.

L. L. BELL,
Elizabeth City, N. C.

Dirty Work at the Court House

To the Editor of Collier's:

The prosperity of criminals and the financial prosperity of corrupt public officials is growing so rapidly that it is a danger not only to this city but to the nation which I believe will be very serious.

Wealthy bootleggers and other wealthy criminals of the worst type can hardly be convicted and minor criminals are able to defeat justice if they have the proper underworld connection.

Every investigation I have ever known of in the past twenty years or more has shown that crimes of any kind can be stopped promptly if that crime's protection can be killed.

I wish you would warn the public of its danger from the prosperity of criminals in and out of office.

WIRT W. HALLAM, *Pres.*,
Illinois Vigilance Assn., Inc.,
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am a lawbreaker; to be specific, I am a burglar, and I travel quite extensively in the pursuit of my profession. I find that wherever I go there are houses that can be robbed and infrequently I find officers of the law, sworn to its enforcement, willing and anxious to direct me to places where I can ply my trade. Several times I have been arrested for "pullin' off a job" but I have never been convicted because, if I do not find the state's attorney or judge is a burglar, there is always one or more members of the jury who are and I am sure of a mistrial, if not acquittal.

As long as the enforcement of the law rests largely in the hands of my fellow burglars I am safe to continue the game, but if the people ever wake up and put honest men in office I will be compelled to go to work for a living. If magazines like Collier's would attend to their own business and not keep stirring this thing up I, and my fellow burglars, would be in no danger. Lay off this law enforcement business and give your readers the facts about Russia, the oil scandal and other important matters and let us alone.

GEORGE FRANKLIN,
Martinsburg, W. Va.

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He Champions Pure Air

To the Editor of Collier's:

Last week I "listened in" on a program put on by a leading Chicago orchestra, from a prominent Chicago hotel, over the signature, you might say, of a leading Chicago paper. But if that paper had had part of the program to publish in its columns the editor would not have allowed a certain portion to appear in print. And yet that song, for such it was, got into thousands of homes that night, and into the hearts and minds of many more young people.

The government keeps such things out of the mails and it must keep them out of the air with equal vigor.

Indianapolis, Ind.

A Polite Rebuke for Tiger Rose

To the Editor of Collier's:

"Anna Laura" has apparently the idea that there is one, and only one, unpardonable sin. She doesn't say what it is, but reiterates that she has not committed it.

A smart "girl" of 27 is Anna Laura. But she all too evidently has the sort of mind that justifies keeping only the letter of a contract. If it's handy, she takes a little drink, and somehow the manner of her saying that she does leaves us to the conclusion that if it were a little more handy she would take just a little more than a little.

"Anna Laura," you're riding to a fall. I'll grant that your foolishness may never apparently injure you, but it is you and millions like you, all self-centered and complacent, that would destroy this unspeakably wonderful liberty and enlightenment of ours. You, as a woman, owe it to your descendants—for you of course mean to marry if you can do yourself proud enough—to keep yourself physically perfect. Booze is booze, or maybe wood alcohol, and calling it a snifter won't make it water. And why, when you are so proud of the fact that corsets are unknown to you, do you have to go and see what a difference just a few puffs make?

AN ADMIRER,
Terre Haute, Ind.

Putting Memphis On the Map

To the Editor of Collier's:

(A writer in a recent issue of Collier's said that Indianapolis and San Antonio were the only cities he knew of having beautiful business sections. The list was amended on request of S. G. K. to include Detroit.)

I wonder if C. P. C. and S. G. K. have been as far south as the downtown district of the city of Memphis, Tenn.? No sights so beautiful, and no scenes so majestic as those that meet the traveler's eye in this, "the American city of the Nile."

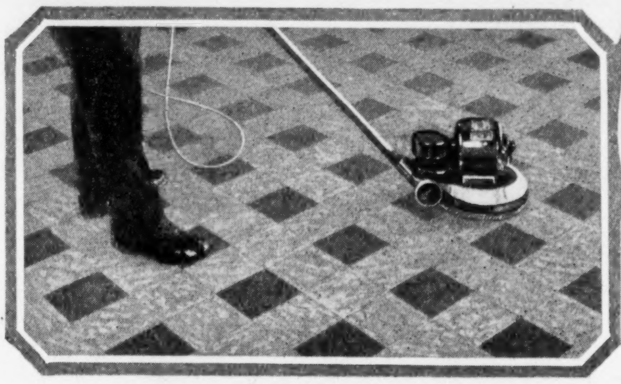
One of the best moving picture photographers of to-day says that Memphis is ahead of any city he has ever visited in his extensive travels in point of beauty.

I agree with S. G. K. that Detroit's "curves of beauty" are worthy of any city's pride and with C. P. C. that Indianapolis furnishes scenes that are indeed rare, but I think Memphis is unrivaled for views that are panoramic. Let's have another champion city!

JOE GUTHRIES, Detroit, Mich.

What story do *your* floors tell at the end of a busy day?

*Two adjoining offices—two **different** floors*

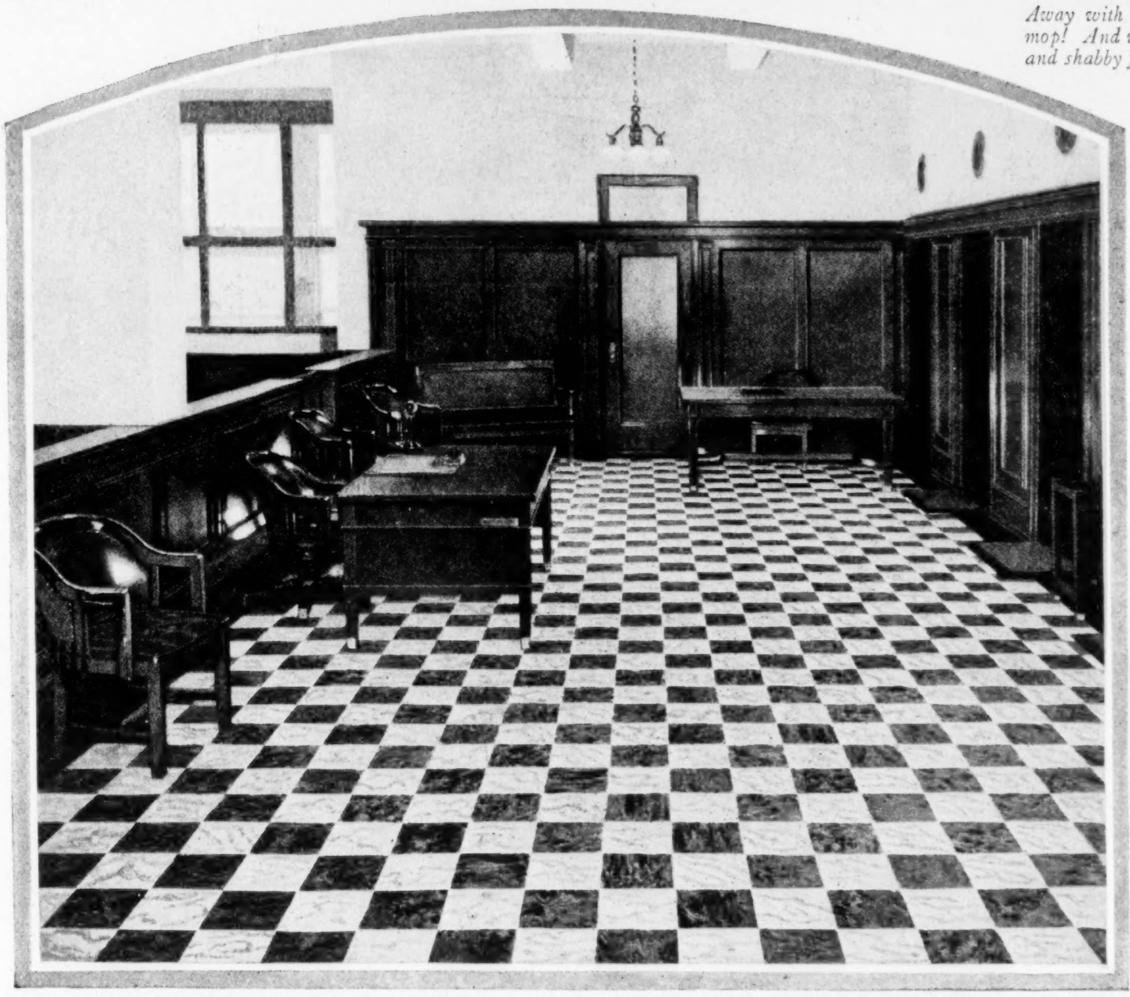


Away with the scrubbing brush, pail, and mop! And with them go high cleaning costs and shabby floors. Right over your old floor, install a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. Such a floor never needs scrubbing. An occasional waxing and a daily dusting keep it bright, dignified, new-looking. And it never needs refinishing.

IN one office, three cleaners labor far into the morning trying to get the old wood floors presentable for another busy day. Industriously they ply scrubbing brush and mop. Dirty water sloshes against file cabinets and the bottom of fine office furniture. It leaves its telltale stains on molding and woodwork. The floor itself is never quite clean, but grows shabbier and shabbier—and cleaning costs are high.

In the other office, cleaning is much simpler and far cheaper. It takes but one man only a few hours to sweep dust and remove dirt from the smooth-surfaced floor. Then he quickly glides over this spick-and-span floor with an electric polisher. That is all. No tiresome scrubbing. No periodic oiling. No damage to office equipment.

And what a different floor as months pass by! Repeated waxings and polishings mellow its rich colors and design. It never shows the scuffs and scars of walking feet. It quiets footfalls to faint whispers. It silences other office noises as well. It is so easy to walk on—so kind to workers who must be on their feet continually. It is an impressive floor, too — a dignified floor—a permanent floor of Armstrong's Linoleum.



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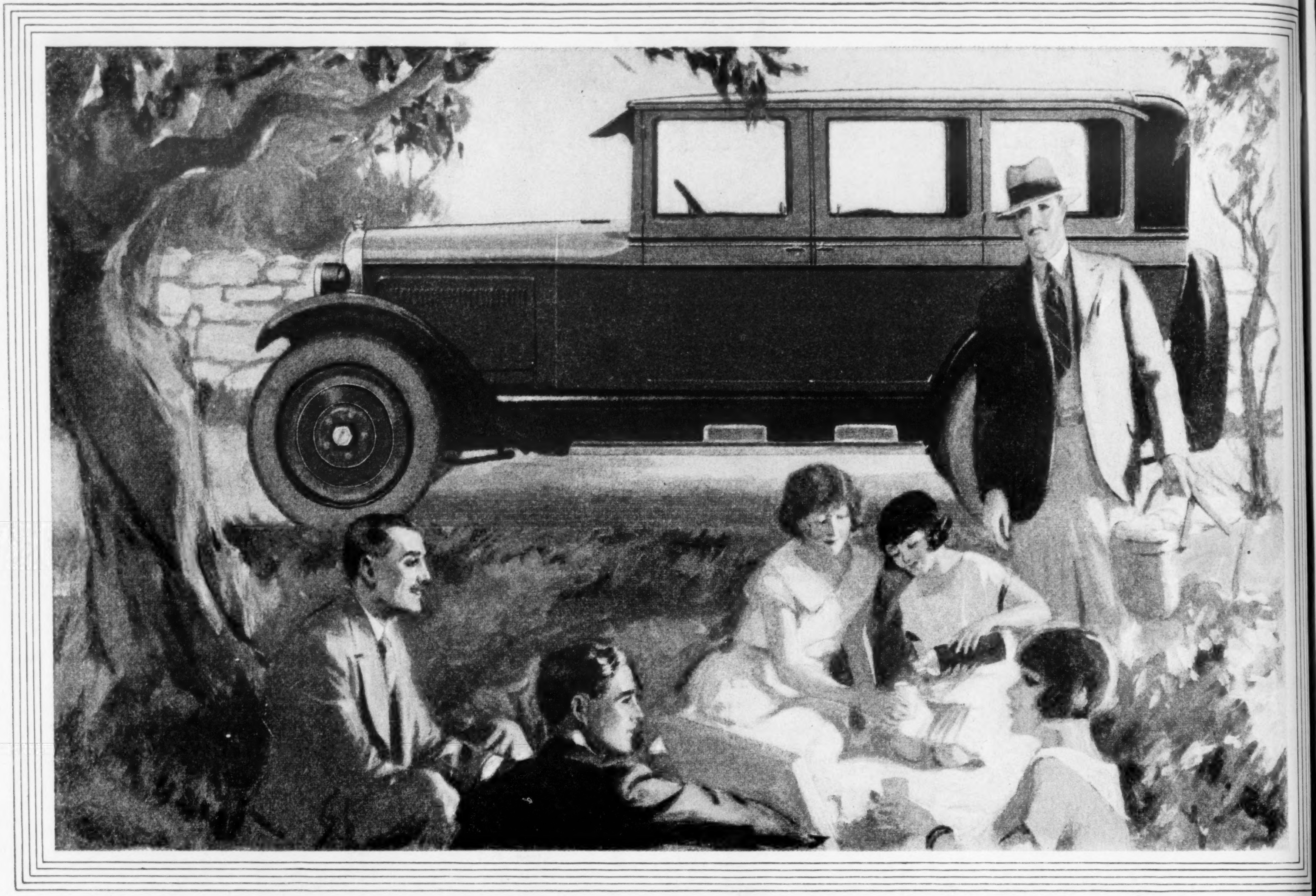

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